

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,  
and Politics.*

---

VOL. XXVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1870. — NO. CLV.

---

THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the spring of 1853 Hawthorne received from his life-long friend, President Pierce, the appointment of United States Consul at Liverpool, then one of the most lucrative places in the gift of the Executive. He held the post for four years, but remained in England two years longer, leaving the country finally in 1859. Though the duties of his office could not have been much to his taste, he discharged them with exemplary diligence, and, we believe, to the satisfaction of all who did business with him. His will was strong, and his sense of duty was not less strong; and he had already been trained to do disagreeable work, for he had been for six years a measurer of coal and salt in the Boston Custom-House, and afterwards for three years surveyor of the port of Salem.

But looking at the growth of his mind, these nine long years of enforced and against-the-grain work were precious to him. They took him out of the world of dreams into the world of life. They gave him subjects for reflection. They sharpened his powers of observation. They braced and gave

tone to his intellectual fibre. They kept rust and mould from gathering on his mind. If they postponed for a time the act of writing, they supplied ample material for literary work in the future. It may be well doubted whether we should have had *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables* but for the growth and discipline of the previous years of uncongenial drudgery and constrained contact with his kind. The iron of compulsion which entered into his soul became a tonic to his intellectual blood.

Indeed, as a general rule, it is well for a man of genius to give a portion of every day to some regular employment, more or less mechanical in its nature, which does not task the higher faculties, and is followed as a duty, and not from impulse merely. Coleridge gives the same counsel in another form when, in his *Biographia Literaria*, he earnestly advises young men, who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors, never to pursue literature as a trade. As he justly remarks, the necessity of earning one's bread by writing will, with most men of genius,

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XXVI. — NO. 155.

17

convert the stimulant into a narcotic. Coleridge himself, that stately argosy so richly freighted with intellectual wealth, but drifting to and fro over the waters of life without the rudder of will, was a striking proof of the evils of being without a profession, or any regular employment to which he might have gone, day by day, as a merchant goes to his counting-room or a lawyer to his office. Sir Walter Scott and Charles Lamb, men very unlike in mental structure, were both fortunate in having an occupation of this kind; and had a like lot been laid upon Byron, he would have been a better and a happier man, and none the less brilliant as a poet. To coin one's genius into bread is to harness Pegasus into an express-wagon. To be sure, there are striking exceptions to this general rule. Dickens, for instance, gained wealth by the exercise of a rare genius, but look at the ill-requited toils and heart-breaking struggles of Hood! And had Hawthorne himself earned nothing but by his pen, he would have left no provision for his family.

But if Hawthorne's life in England were not entirely to his taste, it was profitable, and bore good fruit; for we owe to it two remarkable books, — *Our Old Home*, published in 1863, and the *Passages from English Note-Books*, now before us. We say if his life were not entirely to his taste, for the mere fact that two such books grew out of the soil of his English experience proves that such experience could not have been all distasteful. No man ever makes a book out of what he desires utterly to forget. And there were elements in his nature which were in harmony with the duties of his official life, and which would lighten the burden of its drudgeries and dis gusts. For he was a man as peculiar in character as he was unique in genius. In him opposite qualities met, and were happily and harmoniously blended; and this was true of him physically as well as intellectually. He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black

hair, and large dark eyes. Wherever he was he attracted attention by his imposing presence. He looked like a man who might have held the stroke-oar in a university boat. And his genius, as all the world knows, was of masculine force and sweep.

But, on the other hand, no man had more of the feminine element than he. He was feminine in his quick perceptions, his fine insight, his sensibility to beauty, his delicate reserve, his purity of feeling. No man comprehended woman more perfectly; none has painted woman with a more exquisite and ethereal pencil. And his face was as mobile and rapid in its changes of expression as is the face of a young girl. His lip and cheek heralded the word before it was spoken. His eyes would darken visibly under the touch of a passing emotion, like the waters of a fountain ruffled by the breeze of summer. So, too, he was the shyest of men. The claims and courtesies of social life were terrible to him. The thought of making a call would keep him awake in his bed. At breakfast, he could not lay a piece of butter upon a lady's plate without a little trembling of the hand: this is a fact, and not a phrase. He was so shy that in the presence of two intimate friends he would be less easy and free-spoken than in that of only one.

And yet the presence of his kind was cordial, and in some sense necessary to him. If his shyness held him back, his sympathies drew him out with a force nearly as strong. And, unlike most men who are at once intellectual and shy, he was not a lover, or a student, of books. He read books as they came in his way, or for a particular purpose, but he made no claim to the honors of learning or scholarship. A great library had no charms for him. He rarely bought a book, and the larger part of his small collection had come to him by gift. His mind did not feed upon the printed page. It will be noticed that in his writings he very seldom introduces a quotation, or makes any allusion to the writings of others. The raptures of the bibliomaniac, fond-

ling his tall copies, his wide margins, his unique specimens, his vellum pages, were as strange to him as are the movements of a violin-player's arm to the deaf man's eye. In the summer of 1859 the writer of this notice — who confesses to an insatiable passion for the possession of books, and an omnivorous appetite for their contents — saw him at Leamington, and was invited by him into his study, the invitation being accompanied with one of his peculiar and indescribable smiles, in which there lurked a consciousness of his friend's weakness. The study was a small, square room, with a table and chair, but absolutely not a single book. He liked writing better than reading. The volumes he studied with the most satisfaction were the faces of men and women; provided always that the volumes did not know him. But a gleam of recognition was enough to turn aside his glance of observation. Without doubt, some of his happiest hours were passed in long rambles through the populous solitudes of Liverpool and London, where no man greeted him, where the human beings he saw were like trees in a wood, where faces could be studied like shells in a drawer or stuffed birds in a cage.

To a man with such powers of observation as Hawthorne, and such taste for using them, the post of American Consul in a large commercial city like Liverpool must have had some decided attractions. He was an artist to whom all sorts of picturesque subjects were constantly sitting for their portraits. And no man can know what strange beasts are produced by the soil of America, until he goes to Europe. At home, a man of Hawthorne's pursuits and position would have seen only the normal growth of his countrymen, — men resembling each other as marbles in a boy's pocket, prosperous and respectable men, graduates of colleges, who sit down to three meals a day, who draw checks to pay their bills, and lock their front doors at the same hour every night. But in Liverpool he would see Americans of a different class, — men

who had left their country for their country's good or their own, the step-children and outcasts of the land, poor waifs and strays of humanity, floating social sea-weeds with no root to grasp anything with a firm hold, forlorn wanderers over the face of the earth, always needy and sometimes ragged and starving. Not without gifts, faculties, and accomplishments are these vagabonds; sometimes many-tongued, always fluent of speech, plausible in manner, with marked individual traits which stand bare to the eye, with no rags of reserve or self-restraint to cover them. Without doubt these social outlaws were better subjects for a literary limner than the sleek children of prosperity, just as a ruined and ivy-grown cottage is a more picturesque object than a smart suburban villa. That Hawthorne improved his opportunities need not be said to any one who has read the first essay in *Our Old Home*, entitled *Consular Experiences*, — one of the best specimens in all his writings of what may be called the prose side of his genius. In minute detail and vigorous portraiture it is a sort of combination of Teniers and Rembrandt. For keen insight, sharp observation, shrewd common sense, knowledge of man, and a mingling of humor and tenderness, it can hardly be surpassed. Little did the originals of these sketches suspect that an eye like a blind man's finger was all the time fixed upon them! Little did they dream of the anonymous immortality that was awaiting them at the hands of the dark-browed man that said so little and heard so much! His account of the reprobate doctor of divinity is painfully interesting; a powerful delineation of a repulsive subject, but made tragic by gleams of light from the central caverns of passion and sin in the human heart. How singular it was that Hawthorne in his official capacity should thus have had revealed to him a man in whom the lowest and grossest propensities were covered over by a thin veneering of respectability and self-restraint, shattered by the first touch of temptation,

thus presenting a combination so much in harmony with the creations of his own genius !

We will, however, bring Hawthorne himself to testify as to the character of the persons with whom his consular life brought him in contact. Our readers may have read the passage before, but it will bear a second perusal : —

“ Hither, in the course of my incumbency, came a great variety of visitors, principally Americans, but including almost every other nationality on earth, especially the distressed and downfallen ones like those of Poland and Hungary, Italian bandits (for so they looked), proscribed conspirators from old Spain, Spanish Americans, Cubans who professed to have stood by Lopez and narrowly escaped his fate, scarred French soldiers of the Second Republic, — in a word, all sufferers, or pretended ones, in the cause of liberty, all people homeless in the widest sense, those who never had a country or had lost it, those whom their native land had impatiently flung off for planning a better system of things than they were born to, — a multitude of these, and, doubtless, an equal number of jail-birds, outwardly of the same feather, sought the American Consulate in hopes of at least a bit of bread, and, perhaps, to beg a passage to the blessed shores of Freedom. In most cases there was nothing, and in any case distressingly little, to be done for them ; neither was I of a proselyting disposition, nor desired to make my consulate a nucleus for the vagrant discontents of other lands. And yet it was a proud thought, a forcible appeal to the sympathies of an American, that these unfortunates claimed the privileges of citizenship in our Republic on the strength of the very same noble misdemeanors that had rendered them outlaws to their native despotisms. So I gave them what small help I could. Methinks the true patriots and martyr-spirits of the whole world should have been conscious of a pang near the heart, when a deadly blow was aimed at the vitality of a country which they

have felt to be their own in the last resort.” — *Our Old Home*, p. 13.

But there were other and better men that crossed his path. The masters of the American vessels trading to Liverpool are, as a general rule, persons worth knowing and talking to. They are intelligent men, fairly well educated, sometimes not ignorant of books, shrewd observers of men, with plain but good manners, and with a manly heartiness about them like a bracing breeze from the sea. The many tempests that have shaken their beards have given force to their characters and a keen edge to their faculties. A mind like Hawthorne's would find more satisfaction in communion with men like these than with men of more cultivation, finer fibre, but less strength and flavor. Without doubt, he was sometimes bored by respectable dullness in broadcloth and fine linen, by pompous emptinesses in the shape of great men in small places, by callers that had no due sense of the brevity of human life : but who in this melancholy world is not bored ? He who would never be bored must bolt his door and break his looking-glass.

His official duties were, for the most part, matters of routine, neither good nor bad, and certainly not worse than what he had experienced in Boston and Salem. We suppose that Hawthorne found no part of his official life so little to his taste as those ceremonials and parade occasions which would have been so congenial to most of his countrymen. For he was one of those exceptional Americans, — would there were more of them ! — who have no power of public speech, and recoil with horror and alarm from anything which may call upon them to display their incapacity. But the American Consul at Liverpool is a public personage, and thus his presence is a necessity sometimes at public gatherings, and especially at those civic banquets wherein the municipal dignitaries of so rich a city are wont to seek relief from the austere cares of government and administration. The dinner in England,



as every one knows who has been there, rises to the dignity of an institution. It is — not to speak it profanely — a sort of secular sacrament. It takes its place among the choicest jewels of the Englishman's soul, — with the memory of Alfred, with Magna Charta and the Revolution of 1688, with fox-hunting and the Times newspaper. The Englishman is willing to speak and to hear speaking, but he prefers to have them dressed with bread and beef sauce. If the tongue and the ear are to be busy, the teeth must not be idle. A dry-lipped entertainment like an American caucus, where the guests are treated to nothing more savory or nutritious than the east wind, is not at all to the Anglican taste. And thus it happened that Hawthorne, who was no eater, no drinker, and no speech-maker, was often called upon to take a conspicuous part at entertainments where there was nothing but eating, drinking, and speech-making. Indeed, these were sad days to him; when the summons came, he smote his breast like the wedding guest in *The Ancient Mariner* when he heard the loud bassoon. With many dollars would he have purchased exemption; but in his case, too, there was a "glittering eye" which constrained him, — the eye of the American eagle at home, three thousand miles off.

And so he went, with a little speech in his head, and perhaps in his pocket; and he survived the operation, and lived to tell us how he felt when under the knife. Both in *Our Old Home* and in his *English Note-Books* he alludes to what he endured in these postprandial exhibitions of himself. Though the reader of the former work can hardly have forgotten its closing passages, we will refresh his recollection by quoting them: —

"As soon as the Lord Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound; being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this

dilemma I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks complimentary to the Lord Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held — at least, my friend thought that there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no — was held by the descendants of the Puritan forefathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion. Seizing this handful of straw with a death grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honorably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But, as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude." — *Our Old Home*, p. 397.

How delightfully provoking this is! Never shall we know how he got out of the scrape. There he stands forever on his feet, with a listening table around and his lips pregnant with an undelivered speech. He is like the young lover in Keats's delicious *Ode to a Grecian Urn*: —

"Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal."

Never shall we know whether his speech was "neat and appropriate," whether it was "received with shouts of applause," or whether, after gasping and choking, he ignominiously broke down, resuming his seat with drops of agony on his brow, a humming sound in his ears, a sense of faintness and suffo-

cation at the heart,—in short, all the horrors and miseries of a stage fright.

There are passages in the English Note-Books in like manner expressive of his sufferings at civic feasts, when he was constrained to exchange the gold of silence for the silver of speech. But the playful way in which he recounts these experiences shows that they were not so formidable at the moment as they had been in anticipation. He toys and dallies with the reminiscence as if he were not entirely willing to let it go; without doubt, he was somewhat amused at his own terrors. He stood aside from himself, and observed himself, like a physician feeling his own pulse. He became for the time both object and subject. He sets down his own symptoms as if he had observed them in another person. There must have been a more commonplace satisfaction, too, in the cup, arising from the sense of having overcome a difficulty and done that which seemed at first impossible to do. It is the glow of self-complacency at awaking to the consciousness of a new power. It is the same feeling which flushes the cheek of a young girl the first time she fires a pistol, and finds that it has not blown her head off. The speech, perhaps, was not much, but still it was a speech, and better than he ever thought he could do.

We quote a passage from the work before us, showing how the burden of public speaking grew lighter as he became accustomed to it. Very soon after his arrival in Liverpool he was invited to a state dinner given by the Mayor to the judges and the grand jury, and, of course, he was called upon to speak. He thus chronicles his experience:—

“Afterwards the bar, and various other dignitaries and institutions, were toasted; and by and by came the toast to the United States, and to me, as their representative. Hereupon either ‘Hail Columbia’ or ‘Yankee Doodle,’ or some other of our national tunes (but Heaven knows which), was played; and at the conclusion, being at bay, and with no alternative, I got upon my

legs and made a response. They received me and listened to my nonsense with a good deal of rapping, and my speech seemed to give great satisfaction; my chief difficulty being in not knowing how to pitch my voice to the size of the room. As for the matter, it is not of the slightest consequence. Anybody may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk on without saying anything. My speech was not more than two or three inches long; and, considering that I did not know a soul there, except the Mayor himself, and that I am wholly unpractised in all sorts of oratory, and that I had nothing to say, it was quite successful. I hardly thought it was in me, but, being once started, I felt no embarrassment, and went through it as coolly as if I were going to be hanged.” — *English Note-Books*, Vol. I. p. 15.

This was on the fifteenth day of August, 1853. On the fifth day of October, 1854, he was present at a *déjeuner* on board the ship *James Barnes*, on occasion of her coming under the English flag, having been built by Donald McKay of Boston. Here another speech was made, and we can see from his report that the terror was beginning to pass away, and something like satisfaction to steal in:—

“I sat between two ladies, one of them Mrs. —, a pleasant young woman, who, I believe, is of American provincial nativity, and whom I therefore regarded as half a countrywoman. We talked a good deal together, and I confided to her my annoyance at the prospect of being called up to answer a toast; but she did not pity me at all, though she felt much alarm about her husband, Captain —, who was in the same predicament. Seriously, it is the most awful part of my official duty,—this necessity of making dinner-speeches at the Mayor’s, and other public or semi-public tables. However, my neighborhood to Mrs. — was good for me, inasmuch as by laughing over the matter with her I came to regard it in a light and ludicrous way; and so, when the time actually came, I stood up with

a careless dare-devil feeling. The chairman toasted the President immediately after the Queen, and did me the honor to speak of myself in a most flattering manner, something like this: 'Great by his position under the Republic, — greater still, I am bold to say, in the Republic of letters!' I made no reply at all to this; in truth, I forgot all about it when I began to speak, and merely thanked the company in behalf of the President and my countrymen, and made a few remarks with no very decided point to them. However, they cheered and applauded, and I took advantage of the applause to sit down, and Mrs. — informed me that I had succeeded admirably. It was no success at all, to be sure; neither was it a failure, for I had aimed at nothing, and I had exactly hit it. But after sitting down, I was conscious of an enjoyment in speaking to a public assembly, and felt as if I should like to rise again. It is something like being under fire, — a sort of excitement, not exactly pleasure, but more piquant than most pleasures. I have felt this before, in the same circumstances; but while on my legs my impulse is to get through with my remarks and sit down again as quickly as possible." — Vol. I. pp. 130, 131.

In April, 1857, another call was made upon his faculty of speech, on the opening of a free library given to Liverpool by Mr. Browne; and such is the effect of his previous training, that he is beginning almost to enjoy the novel sensation of "thinking upon his legs."

"I was really tired to death before my own turn came, sitting all that time, as it were, on the scaffold, with the rope round my neck. At last Monckton Milnes was called up and made a speech, of which, to my dismay, I could hardly hear a single word, owing to his being at a considerable distance, on the other side of the chairman, and flinging his voice, which is a bass one, across the hall, instead of adown it, in my direction. I could not distinguish one word of any allusions to my works, nor even when he came to the toast did I hear the terms in which he put it,

nor whether I was toasted on my own basis or as representing American literature, or as Consul of the United States. At all events, there was a vast deal of clamor; and uprose peers and bishops, general, mayor, knights, and gentlemen, everybody in the hall greeting me with all the honors. I had uprisen, too, to commence my speech; but had to sit down again till matters grew more quiet, and then I got up, and proceeded to deliver myself with as much composure as I ever felt at my own fireside. It is very strange, this self-possession and clear-sightedness, which I have experienced when standing before an audience, showing me my way through all the difficulties resulting from my not having heard Monckton Milnes's speech; and on since reading the latter, I do not see how I could have answered it better. My speech certainly was better cheered than any other; especially one passage, where I made a colossus of Mr. Browne, at which the audience grew so tumultuous in their applause that they drowned my figure of speech before it was half out of my mouth." — Vol. II. pp. 201, 202.

With his usual habit of self-observation he takes occasion to remark upon the effect produced upon himself by the custom of public speaking: —

"I can conceive of very high enjoyment in making a speech; one is in such a curious sympathy with his audience, feeling instantly how every sentence affects them, and wonderfully excited and encouraged by the sense that it has gone to the right spot. Then, too, the imminent emergency, when a man is overboard, and must sink or swim, sharpens, concentrates, and invigorates the mind, and causes matters of thought and sentiment to assume shape and expression, though, perhaps, it seemed hopeless to express them just before you rose to speak. Yet I question much whether public speaking tends to elevate the orator, intellectually or morally; the effort, of course, being to say what is immediately received by the audience, and to produce an effect on the instant. I don't quite

see how an honest man can be a good and successful orator ; but I shall hardly undertake to decide the question on my merely post-prandial experience." — Vol. II. p. 166.

What would Quintilian say to this startling doctrine, that an honest man can hardly be a good orator, — Quintilian, who lays down a canon directly the opposite : "*Oratorem autem institutus illum perfectum, qui esse nisi vir bonus non potest.*" We rather think that history shows more cases against Hawthorne's opinion than in support of it. But if he had said that no wise man can be a great orator, he would have laid down a proposition more easy of support. Most popular speakers, at least, are superficial thinkers.

As has been before said, we owe to Hawthorne's consular life two books, *Our Old Home* and *The English Note-Books*. They are alike, but with a difference. They resemble each other as an English flower-garden — in which the walks are swept and the lawn is mowed every day, where not a leaf is allowed to moulder where it falls, where every flower seems to glow with richer hues as if conscious of its privileges and anxious to make a grateful return for the care bestowed upon it — resembles an English park, where, though the shaping and restraining hand of Art is everywhere seen, Nature is yet allowed a certain range and scope. In both the style is exquisite, — the happiest combination possible of grace, harmony, flexibility, and strength ; but in the former work there is more of elaboration, in the latter more of ease. Hawthorne's English is absolutely unique ; very careful and exact, but never studied ; with the best word always in the best place ; pellucid as crystal ; full of delicate and varied music ; with gleams of poetry, and touches of that peculiar humor of his, which is half smile and half sigh. His style can only be matched by that of the best writers in France, a country in which the influence of an academy for so many generations has created a standard of excellence not elsewhere

attained except in rare cases. Every candid critic, let him have been born where he may, must admit that, as a mere vehicle for the expression of thought, irrespective of the weight and value of the thought, the best French prose, like that of Sainte-Beuve, Rénan, and George Sand, has attained a perfection not to be found in Italy, England, and least of all in Germany. Wherein this excellence in Hawthorne's style consists it is not easy to say ; the charm is too airy and impalpable for the grasp of language. It is to be described by negatives rather than positives ; his style is not stiff, not pedantic ; it is free from mannerism, caricature, and rhetoric ; it has a sap and flavor of its own ; it is a peculiar combination of ease and finish. The magic of style is like the magic of manner : it is felt by all, but it can be analyzed and defined by few. A very marked style, like that of Carlyle, is easily described, as the face of Brougham was easily caricatured ; but the style of Hawthorne and the face of Gladstone present similar difficulties. The difference between the two works inspired by English life, manners, and scenery is simply the difference between full dress and undress. Hawthorne never was, could not be, a careless writer. By an inevitable law of his mind, every conception to which his pen gave shape was graceful and exact. His style is remarkable for its negative as well as its positive merits, for its freedom from faults as well as its distinct beauties. Before his exquisite sentences verbal criticism folds its hands for lack of argument.

*Our Old Home* was carefully prepared for the press, but the *English Note-Books* were kept for his own use, containing observations and reflections which might afterwards serve as materials for works to be published, but not meant for the public eye in the form in which they were set down. Thus the former work has a minute and matchless finish not found in the latter. In point of form, grace of expression, and beauty of style, *Our Old Home* is entitled to stand at the

head of all his works; as the same place is due to *The Scarlet Letter* in creative power and tragic grandeur. The two together represent the whole circle of his genius, his vision, and his faculty, his originality in invention, his imaginative conception of character, his depth of light and shade in moral portraiture, his piercing insight, his power of passionless contemplation, his shrewd apprehension of every-day life, his feminine sympathy, and his unequalled skill in the use of the instrument of language.

The English and the American Note-Books have alike a peculiar value as illustrating the mind and character of the author. They form, indeed, a sort of autobiography. The question has been sometimes asked, Why have we no memoir of a man of such eminent rank in literature as Hawthorne? and the answer is, first, that it was his own emphatic and frequently expressed desire that nothing of the kind should be done; and, second, that in his case there are few materials for biography. The facts of his life could be put into two such pages as the reader now has before him. It was a very uneventful life, marked by long intervals of silence, wherein, however, the fruits of observation and reflection were slowly ripening on the bough. His birth, his college life, his service in the Custom-House at Boston, his brief experience at Brook Farm, his marriage, his official life in Salem, his consulship in Liverpool, his residence in Italy, his return home, his death, — these are really all the events in his life. For long years, while his classmates were busy in their several professions, making money, earning distinction, he was content to be a dreamer and seem to be an idler in the land. But idler he was not, and hardly a dreamer: he was an observer and a thinker. He was always a diligent worker, and at no easy calling. His work was with the pen, — careful, conscientious, painstaking work, of all forms of intellectual labor that which is attended with the greatest waste of nervous energy. His matchless style was

the product of long and laborious training. Much of what he wrote was never published, and much does not now exist in manuscript. He had no weak fondness for his own intellectual offspring, and never were his productions submitted to so merciless a criticism as his own. Hawthorne's life is to be read in his works, and especially in his Note-Books. His biography is simply a record of the growth of his mind. His Note-Books paint him as he was, his reserve included. He does not bare himself to the public gaze like Montaigne and Rousseau; but the essays of Montaigne and the confessions of Rousseau do not present a mind and character of more marked individuality than do the journals of Hawthorne. More of his life and conversation than these give the public is never likely to know, but he who reads them carefully can form a correct estimate of what manner of man he was.

Mrs. Hawthorne, in her Preface to the work before us, expresses the hope that these volumes of Notes, American, English (and hereafter Italian), will dispel an often-expressed opinion that Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid. That this impression should exist is not strange. *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Marble Faun*, and many of his smaller stories, have one marked characteristic in common, which may be defined a taste for studying and delineating the night-side of human nature. He had a passion for exploring the crypts and caverns of the soul, or, to state the case more exactly, his genius found congenial employment in painting the struggles of a heart burdened with the weight of a secret and unconfessed sin, and in portraying lives of a double aspect, which are fair and goodly outside, but spotted with guilt and shame within. He is the searcher and analyzer of dark bosoms. *The Scarlet Letter* is the highest expression of his genius in this respect, — a work of prodigious power, but so painful in the impression that it leaves that many can never read it a second time.



A kindred element in his genius is his affinity with the weird, the mysterious, the supernatural. His page is dappled with lights and shadows, derived from other suns than ours. No foot moves with firmer tread than his over that dim twilight region which lies between the seen and the unseen. The skill with which he weaves his threads of mystery into the web of common life, the firm hand with which he controls the shadowy shapes which he evokes, the art with which he leaves his problems half unsolved and the reader's mind in doubt as to how much he himself believed of the wonders he revealed or suggested, are among the most striking characteristics of his peculiar and original genius. But in all this he was obeying a law in his mind, and not a law in his members. His genius, by some irresistible force, was drawn towards the dark paths of the soul, haunted by shadowy shapes of gloom and mystery. The writer of this notice once asked him to write a story which should be cheerful and sunny from beginning to end. He smiled, and replied that it was impossible; that the dark cloud would come over the sun, that the spectral form would glide in and hush the noise of mirth. And to those who knew him it is not necessary to add that there was no affectation in this.

Whatever judgment may be passed upon his genius, there was nothing morbid in his character and temperament. He was indeed much the reverse of morbid. No man of genius ever had less of the infirmities of genius than he. There is a sympathy between the body and the mind, and the morbid habits and unhealthy cravings of men of genius often have their source in a sickly frame or an overtasked brain. But Hawthorne was physically one of the healthiest of men. His pulse kept always even music. In food and drink he retained to the last the simple tastes of childhood. He cared nothing for wine or tobacco or strong coffee or strong tea. He was a sound sleeper and an early riser. He was never moody or fitful or irritable. He was

never unduly depressed or unreasonably elated. His spirits were not brilliant, but they were uniform; and, as Mrs. Hawthorne says, "The airy splendor of his wit and humor was the light of his home." For happiness he was singularly independent of external influences. It mattered little to him in what place his lot might be cast. His family, the occasional presence of a very few friends, and the control of his own time, — these were all he asked. The long winter evenings of a quiet village like Concord had no terrors for him. He never felt the leaden touch of the monster *ennui*, the name of which we are obliged to borrow from the language of a people that has the least of the thing. Theatres, operas, concerts, balls, parties, — all the numberless devices which man has contrived to slay the great enemy, Time, — were to him rather surgical operations to be endured than pleasures to be enjoyed. Of all American men he was the least restless. There was indeed about him an atmosphere of calm repose and easy strength which lulled and quieted the restlessness of others of more excitable mood. The epithet "gentle," which the contemporaries of Shakespeare were so fond of applying to him, is exactly descriptive of Hawthorne's character and manners. He was a gentleman, if there ever were one, alike in things essential and things formal. Nature, which had been so liberal to him in many ways, had not given him in any great measure the faculty of speech, and the events of his life had not been such as to cultivate and enlarge such portion as he had. He was not a fluent or an abundant talker. Argument and discussion were not to his taste, as is generally the case with men whose insight is as keen and sound as his. With his best friends he was open, but not voluble; but his friends were taught that there can be companionship without speech.

We come now to a more direct consideration of the work before us, the *Passages from the English Note-Books*. The first recorded date is August 4, 1853, and the last is January 3, 1858.



They contain his impressions of what he saw and of what befell him, set down at the moment. They should be read with the caution pointed out by Mrs. Hawthorne in the Preface: "Throughout his journals, it will be seen that Mr. Hawthorne is *entertaining*, and not *asserting*, opinions and ideas. He questions, doubts, and reflects with his pen, and, as it were, instructs himself. So that these Note-Books should be read, not as definite conclusions of his mind, but merely as passing impressions often. Whatever *conclusions* he arrived at are condensed in the works given to the world by his own hand, in which will never be found a careless word." — p. viii.

We proceed to quote some passages from the English Note-Books, selected either for their literary merit, or as illustrating some of the traits of character we have before pointed out. Here are a few lines, under the date of December 6, 1857, indicating the peculiar pleasure felt by this shy and reserved man in the infinite and multitudinous life of London: —

"All these days, since my last date, have been marked by nothing very well worthy of detail and description. I have walked the streets a great deal in the dull November days, and always take a certain pleasure in being in the midst of human life, — as closely encompassed by it as it is possible to be anywhere in this world; and in that way of viewing it there is a dull and sombre enjoyment always to be had in Holborn, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and the other busiest parts of London. It is human life; it is this material world; it is a grim and heavy reality. I have never had the same sense of being surrounded by materialisms and hemmed in with the grossness of this earthly existence anywhere else; these broad, crowded streets are so evidently the veins and arteries of an enormous city. London is evidenced in every one of them, just as a megatherium is in each of its separate bones, even if they be small ones. Thus I never fail of a sort of self-congratulation in finding myself,

for instance, passing along Ludgate Hill." — Vol. II. p. 368.

The Note-Books abound with proofs of Hawthorne's interest in humanity, and the consequent sharpness and discrimination of eye with which he observed it. A noticeable man or woman is studied by him as a naturalist studies a new specimen. Of his unrivalled power in drawing pen-and-ink portraits no one need be reminded who has done no more than read his sketch of Leigh Hunt in Our Old Home. If there be anything in all English literature superior to this in niceness of observation and delicacy of touch, we have never chanced to light upon it. And in the Note-Books are many sketches, less elaborate, but marked by the same combination of masculine force and feminine fineness of perception. Here is a description of a young Jewish lady at a Lord Mayor's dinner in London: —

"My eyes were mostly drawn to a young lady who sat nearly opposite me, across the table. She was, I suppose, dark, and yet not dark, but rather seemed to be of pure white marble, yet not white, but the purest and finest complexion, without a shade of color in it, yet anything but sallow or sickly. Her hair was a wonderful deep raven black, black as night, black as death; not raven black, for that has a shiny gloss, and hers had not, but it was hair never to be painted nor described, — wonderful hair, Jewish hair. Her nose had a beautiful outline, though I could see that it was Jewish too; and that and all her features were so fine that sculpture seemed a despicable art beside her, and certainly my pen is good for nothing. If any likeness could be given, however, it must be by sculpture, not painting. She was slender and youthful, and yet had a stately and cold, though soft and womanly grace; and, looking at her, I saw what were the wives of the old patriarchs in their maiden or early married days, — what Judith was, for, womanly as she looked, I doubt not she could have slain a man in a just cause, — what Bathsheba was, only she seemed to have no sin in her,

—perhaps what Eve was, though one could hardly think her weak enough to eat the apple.” — Vol. II. p. 14.

Can anything be more exquisite than this? Who this radiant vision was we are not told. The artist and the subject met for a moment and parted to meet no more; but in that moment her image was taken and brought away like a sun picture.

Of things not animate there were none that Hawthorne studied with such interest, chronicled with such minuteness, and remembered with such delight, as the glorious cathedrals of England. And for this — setting aside the fact that a cathedral is such a revelation to an American, giving him for the first time a sense of the sublime embodied in architecture, — a reason may be found in his ever-present sympathy with man and his works. For throughout the vast bulk and infinite details of a cathedral there is interfused a spirit drawn from the mind and soul of man. Every part is instinct with faith and hope and love. Everything which the eye sees, every form, every color, is the embodiment and expression of an idea; and to a nature so profound and so sympathetic as Hawthorne’s to walk through a cathedral was to summon up before him, and converse with, the builders and worshippers of a former age, men to whom the very stones were vocal, and upon whom the carved saints and martyrs looked with eyes of benediction. He says himself: —

“I am weary of trying to describe cathedrals. It is utterly useless. There is no possibility of giving the general effect, or any shadow of it, and it is miserable to put down a few items of tombstones, and a bit of glass from a painted window, as if the gloom and glory of the edifice were thus to be reproduced. Cathedrals are almost the only things (if even those) that have quite filled out my ideal here in this Old World; and cathedrals often make me miserable from my inadequacy to take them wholly in; and, above all, I despise myself when I sit down to describe them.” — Vol. II. p. 77.

And yet he does describe them, and describes them often; so often, indeed, that we fear many readers will complain that they have a surfeit of cathedrals. But the descriptions are so good, so accurate, so vivid, so marked by his peculiarities of thought and style, that we cannot wonder that the editor had not the heart to strike out one of them.

But the splendid places, the stately homes, the magnificent mansions of England had comparatively little attraction to him. He does not appear to have visited Chatsworth or Wentworth House, or Castle Howard, or Belvoir Castle, or Woburn Abbey, or Longleat, or any of those great country houses, which are among the wonders of England and of the world; with the single exception of Blenheim, his description of which is so good that we have only to regret that we have not more of the same kind from his graphic pen. Even Knowsley, the splendid seat of the Earl of Derby, though within a few miles of Liverpool, was never seen by him, so far as the record shows. The fame of John Evelyn did attract him to Wootton, but the name of Sir Philip Sidney was not a spell potent enough to draw him to Penshurst.

In these Note-Books we have an expression of Hawthorne’s feeling both towards nature and art. He was a lover of nature, but not an impassioned or a fastidious lover. The sort of rapture and passion which Wordsworth reveals in his poetry and Ruskin in his prose was not felt by him. We doubt whether he would have taken much trouble or gone far out of his way merely to see grand or beautiful scenery. The common shows of earth — its woods, its waters, its plains and uplands — contented him. The pretty, quiet, somewhat tame landscape which lay around his home in Concord was all that he required. He never pined for mountains, as Arnold did amid the flat and monotonous scenery of Warwickshire. Indeed, we apprehend that the loneliness, the sternness, the solemn grandeur of mountains fell something like a shadow upon his spirit. We find a char-

acteristic passage in his journal of a tour in Scotland in the summer of 1857. Speaking of the Highlands he says : —

“These mountains, in their general aspect, must be very much the same as they were thousands of years ago ; for their sides never were capable of cultivation, nor even with such a soil and so bleak an atmosphere could they have been much more richly wooded than we see them now. They seem to me to be among the unchangeable things of nature, like the sea and sky ; but there is no saying what use human ingenuity may hereafter put them to. At all events, I have no doubt in the world that they will go out of fashion in due time ; for the taste for mountains and wild scenery is with most people an acquired taste, and it was easy to see to-day that nine people in ten care nothing about them. One group of gentlemen and ladies — at least, men and women — spent the whole time in listening to a trial for murder, which was read aloud by one of their number from a newspaper. *I rather imagine that a taste for trim gardens is the most natural and universal taste as regards landscape.*” — Vol. II. p. 253.

This last sentence doubtless is a personal confession, and not the expression of a general truth. He himself loved “trim gardens” because of the human element which they involved, because they bore marks of the designing mind and toiling hand of man. We apprehend that he would have found something to like in the highly artificial style of gardening, a taste for which came over from Holland with King William, by which nature was dressed and decorated as elaborately as are the fine gentlemen and ladies that live on the canons of Kneller and Hudson. We wish it had come in his way to visit Elvaston Castle, the seat of the Earl of Harrington, the most wonderful place in England for its topiary work, where he would have seen a good-sized house of seven gables at least, surmounted by two gigantic birds, one in a nest, and one attempting to fly, all cut out of

yew. This would have amused, and not displeased him.

Whenever, during his excursions in England and Scotland, it comes in his way to speak of nature, it will be noticed that he does it with much temperance of tone. He is self-possessed, and master of himself. He is a portrait-painter painting a beautiful face, and not a lover stammering and trembling before it. This may be owing in part to the character of English scenery, which is more marked by beauty and grace than by sublimity and picturesqueness, but we doubt whether he would have fallen into raptures before Mont Blanc or the Orteler Spitz. “The ancients,” said Goethe, “described the beautiful, but we describe beautiful.” So Hawthorne describes the beautiful, but does not describe beautifully, at least not in the sense in which Goethe used the word. He sets down his impressions of what he sees with inimitable grace, but much in the same quiet way as a sailor puts down in his log-book the course of a storm at sea. The reader will apprehend what we mean by comparing the poetic prose of Christopher North, in his *A Day at Windermere*, with a passage like this, in which accurate observation is not disturbed by any tumultuous beating of the heart : —

“Skiddaw lies at the head of a long even ridge of mountains rising into several peaks, and one higher than the rest. On the eastern side there are many noble eminences, and on the west, along which we drove, there is a part of the way a lovely wood, and nearly the whole distance a precipitous range of lofty cliffs, descending sheer down without any slope, except what has been formed in the lapse of ages by the fall of fragments, and the washing down of smaller stones. The declivity thus formed along the base of the cliffs is in some places covered with trees or shrubs ; elsewhere it is quite bare and barren. The precipitous parts of the cliffs are very grand ; the whole scene, indeed, might be characterized as one of stern grandeur with

an embroidery of rich beauty, without lauding it too much. All the sternness of it is softened by vegetative beauty wherever it can possibly be thrown in; and there is not here, so strongly as along Windermere, evidence that human art has been helping out Nature. I wish it were possible to give any idea of the shapes of the hills; with these, at least, man has nothing to do, nor ever will have anything to do. As we approached the bottom of the lake, and of the beautiful valley in which it lies, we saw one hill that seemed to crouch down like a Titanic watch-dog, with its rear towards the spectator, guarding the entrance to the valley. The great superiority of these mountains over those of New England is their variety and definiteness of shape, besides the abundance everywhere of water prospects, which are wanting among our own hills. They rise up decidedly, and each is a hill by itself, while ours mingle into one another, and, besides, have such large bases that you can tell neither where they begin nor where they end. Many of these Cumberland mountains have a marked vertebral shape, so that they often look like a group of huge lions, lying down with their backs turned toward each other. They slope down steeply from narrow ridges; hence their picturesque seclusions of valleys and dales, which subdivide the lake region into so many communities. Our hills, like apple-dumplings in a dish, have no such valleys as these."—Vol. I. pp. 223, 224.

Hawthorne's education in art began in England. We have seen how kindly he took to ecclesiastical architecture, but this was rather on account of the ideas embodied in the forms than the forms themselves; for secular architecture, in all its kinds, he passes by with hardly a glance. Sculpture and painting were new revelations to him, and it was not until after some time that he began to understand and feel them. His first visit to the British Museum was made in September, 1855, and then he was rather bored than otherwise by the remains of ancient art

which he saw there, and he has honestly confessed it in a passage of characteristic frankness:—

"It is a hopeless, and to me, generally, a depressing business to go through an immense multifarious show like this, glancing at a thousand things, and conscious of some little titillation of mind from them, but really taking in nothing, and getting no good from anything. One need not go beyond the limits of the British Museum to be profoundly accomplished in all branches of science, art, and literature; only it would take a lifetime to exhaust it in any one department; but to see it as we did, and with no prospect of ever seeing it more at leisure, only impressed me with the truth of the old apothegm, 'Life is short, and Art is long.' The fact is, the world is accumulating too many materials for knowledge. We do not recognize for rubbish what is really rubbish; and under this head might be reckoned very many things one sees in the British Museum; and, as each generation leaves its fragments and potsherds behind it, such will finally be the desperate conclusion of the learned.

"We went first among some antique marbles,—busts, statues, terminal gods, with several of the Roman Emperors among them. We saw here the bust whence Haydon took his ugly and ridiculous likeness of Nero,—a foolish thing to do. Julius Cæsar was there, too, looking more like a modern old man than any other bust in the series. Perhaps there may be a universality in his face, that gives it this independence of race and epoch. We glimpsed along among the old marbles,—Elgin and others, which are esteemed such treasures of art;—the oddest fragments, many of them smashed by their fall from high places, or by being pounded to pieces by barbarians, or gnawed away by time; the surface roughened by being rained upon for thousands of years; almost always a nose knocked off; sometimes a headless form; a great deficiency of feet and hands,—poor, maimed veterans

in this hospital of incurables. The beauty of the most perfect of them must be rather guessed at, and seen by faith, than with the bodily eye; to look at the corroded faces and forms is like trying to see angels through mist and cloud. I suppose nine tenths of those who seem to be in raptures about these fragments do not really care about them; neither do I. And if I were actually moved, I should doubt whether it were by the statues or by my own fancy."—Vol. I. pp. 325, 326.

But two years later he goes again, and by what he says of the Townley Gallery we can measure the training of eye and mind which he had gone through in the mean time:—

"I went first to-day into the Townley Gallery, and so along through all the ancient sculpture, and was glad to find myself able to sympathize more than heretofore with the forms of grace and beauty which are preserved there,—poor, maimed immortalities as they are,—headless and legless trunks, god-like cripples, faces beautiful and broken-nosed,—heroic shapes which have stood so long, or lain prostrate so long, in the open air, that even the atmosphere of Greece has almost dissolved the external layer of the marble; and yet, however much they may be worn away, or battered and shattered, the grace and nobility seem as deep in them as the very heart of the stone. It cannot be destroyed, except by grinding them to powder. In short, I do really believe that there was an excellence in ancient sculpture which has yet a potency to educate and refine the minds of those who look at it even so carelessly and casually as I do."—Vol. II. p. 373.

Of pictures in London he has very little to say. If he went to the National Gallery at all, he made no record of his impressions. He sees Raphael's cartoons at Hampton Court, and will "not pretend to admire nor to understand" them. We do not wonder at this, for, by reason of their being form without color, they should close one's training in pictorial art and not begin it.

But at Manchester, in the summer of 1857, he made a careful study of the paintings assembled at the Arts' Exhibition in that city. He is at first bewildered and distracted with the multitude of objects which court his attention, and sets down his sensations in language which will recall the experience of many in similar conditions:—

"Day before yesterday we went to the Arts' Exhibition, of which I do not think that I have a great deal to say. The edifice, being built more for convenience than show, appears better in the interior than from without,—long vaulted vistas, lighted from above, extending far away, all hung with pictures; and on the floor below, statues, knights in armor, cabinets, vases, and all manner of curious and beautiful things, in a regular arrangement. Scatter five thousand people through the scene, and I do not know how to make a better outline sketch. I was unquiet, from a hopelessness of being able to enjoy it fully. Nothing is more depressing to me than the sight of a great many pictures together; it is like having innumerable books open before you at once, and being able to read only a sentence or two in each. They bedazzle one another with cross lights. There never should be more than one picture in a room, nor more than one picture to be studied in one day. Galleries of pictures are surely the greatest absurdities that ever were contrived, there being no excuse for them, except that it is the only way in which pictures can be made generally available and accessible."—Vol. II. pp. 307, 308.

He recognizes the truth and power of Hogarth, but finds it unaccountable that the "English painters' achievements should be so much inferior to those of the English poets." He sees something wonderful in Turner's "lights and mists and yeasty waves," but "should like him still better if his pictures looked in the least like what they typify." He is strangely sceptical as to all portrait-painting, and says that he does not "remember ever to have



recognized a man by having previously seen his portrait." The only painter who calls forth a hearty burst of unqualified enthusiasm is Murillo, who seems to him "about the noblest and purest painter that ever lived, and his Good Shepherd the loveliest picture I have ever seen." This strong expression may be explained by the fact that Murillo, like Hawthorne himself, combined a delicate sense of ideal beauty with the most accurate observation of real life, and could paint equally well an old monk or a lovely infant.

He speaks of his last visit to the Exhibition in terms which show that he had made good progress in the study of art:—

*"September 6th.* — I think I paid my last visit to the Exhibition, and feel as if I had had enough of it, although I have got but a small part of the profit it might have afforded me. But pictures are quite other things to me now from what they were at my first visit; it seems even as if there were a sort of illumination within them, that makes me see them more distinctly." — Vol. II. p. 331.

Of music, other than street music, there is no record whatever in the Note-Books. The opera had no attractions for him, and the same is true of those musical festivals in the great cathedral towns of England, where the grand strains of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven are heard as they can be heard nowhere else, with the best artists in the world for the solo parts, and a vast tide of trained voices on which to float the choruses. He is equally silent as to the theatre. There is nothing in his journal to prove that he ever attended a dramatic performance during all his residence in England. And he passed by on the other side, without heeding, many things which most foreigners are particularly anxious to observe. It does not appear that he ever was present at more than one debate in the House of Commons, and by that he was evidently wearied. It is not strange that with his shy and reserved habits he should have avoided the great balls and

evening parties of the London season, and nothing but a strong sense of duty would have tempted him to take a seat on the platform at an anniversary meeting, though the most eloquent lips in England had been set down in the programme. And as for a presentation at Court, beyond all question he would have preferred to fight a duel or go into battle.

He is silent upon all the games, athletic exercises, and amusements which in England are embraced under the comprehensive name of sport, and in which the nobility and gentry take so much interest and spend so much money. He has never a word to say about cricket or yachting or fox-hunting or horse-racing. To be in England four years, and yet never be at Epsom on a Derby day, is as exceptional a thing as to be a Mussulman and never make a pilgrimage to Mecca; yet Hawthorne never witnessed this unique and characteristic spectacle. All forms of animal life are unheeded by him. English horses, English cattle, English dogs, are all matchless in their way, but he sees or heeds them not. Indeed, we do not remember that any animal is introduced into any of his romances. He was probably never the proprietor of a horse or a dog, and was never seen on the back of a horse. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to both Scott and Dickens, who show their fondness for animals by often putting them into their books.

We had marked other passages for extract, but our notice is already long enough, and we must come to an end. Were we to copy everything that struck us as remarkable in the reading, we should transfer to our pages about half the work. We have given our readers enough to satisfy them that they have in the English Note-Books a book of permanent interest and value, both from its essential literary merit and from its autobiographical character, as illustrating the mental and personal traits of the most original genius in the sphere of imaginative literature that our country has yet produced.

G. S. Hillard.



## IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT FREDERICKSBURG.

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg  
A gravestone stands to-day,  
Marking the place where a grave has been,  
Though many and many a year has it seen  
Since its tenant mouldered away.  
And that quaintly carved old stone  
Tells its simple tale to all:—  
“Here lies a bearer of the pall  
At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg  
I wandered all alone,  
Thinking sadly on empty fame,  
How the great dead are but a name,—  
To few are they really known.  
Then upon this battered stone  
My listless eye did fall,  
Where lay the bearer of the pall  
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg  
It seemed as though the air  
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,  
Flitting along before my eye,  
So sad, so sweet, so fair;  
Hovering about this stone,  
By some strange spirit's call,  
Where lay a bearer of the pall  
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg  
Juliet seemed to love,  
Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,  
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel  
Gleamed through the skies above,  
As here, beneath this stone,  
Lay in his narrow hall  
He who before had borne the pall  
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg;  
Still did the tall grass wave,  
With a strange and beautiful grace,  
Over the sad and lonely place,  
Where hidden lay the grave;  
And still did the quaint old stone  
Tell its wonderful tale to all:—  
“Here lies a bearer of the pall  
At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

*F. W. Loring.*

## JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the mean time the Hopetons had left for the sea-shore, and the two women, after a drive to Magnolia, remained quietly on the farm. Julia employed the days in studying Lucy with a soft, stealthy, unremitting watchfulness, which the latter could not suspect, since, in the first place, it was a faculty quite unknown to her, and secondly, it would have seemed absurd because inexplicable. Neither could she guess with what care Julia's manner and conversation were adapted to her own. She was only surprised to find so much earnest desire to correct faults, such artless transparency of nature. Thus an interest quite friendly took the place of her former repulsion of feeling, of which she began to be sincerely ashamed.

Moreover, Julia's continual demonstration of her love for Joseph, from which Lucy at first shrank with a delicate tremor of the heart, soon ceased to affect her. Nay, it rather seemed to interpose a protecting barrier between her present and the painful memory of her past self. She began to suspect that all regret was now conquered, and rejoiced in the sense of strength which could only thus be made clear to her mind. Her feeling towards Joseph became that of a sister or a dear woman friend; there could be no harm in cherishing it: she found a comfort in speaking to Julia of his upright, unselfish character, his guilelessness and kindness of heart.

The work upon the house was nearly finished, but new and more alarming bills began to come in; and worse was in store. There was a chimney-piece, "the loveliest ivory veins through the green marble," Julia said, which she had ordered from the city; there were boxes and packages of furniture already

on hand, purchased without Joseph's knowledge and with entire faith in the virtues of the Amaranth. Although she still clung to that faith with a desperate grip, the sight of the boxes did not give her the same delight as she had felt in ordering them. She saw the necessity of being prepared, in advance, for either alternative. It was not in her nature to dread any scene or circumstance of life (although she had found the *appearance* of timidity very available, and could assume it admirably); the question which perplexed her was, how to retain and strengthen her ascendancy over Joseph?

It is needless to say that the presence of Lucy Henderson was a part of her plan, although she held a more important service in reserve. Lucy's warm, frank expressions of friendship for Joseph gave her great satisfaction, and she was exhaustless in inventing ways to call them forth.

"You look quite like another person, Lucy," she would say; "I really think the rest has done you good."

"I am sure of it," Lucy answered.

"Then you must be in no hurry to leave. We must build you up, as the doctors say; and, besides, if— if this speculation *should* be unfortunate— O, I don't dare to think of it!— there will be such a comfort to me, and I am sure to Joseph also, in having you here until we have learned to bear it. We should not allow our minds to dwell on it so much, you know; we should make an exertion to hide our disappointment in your presence, and that would be *such* a help! Now, you will say I am borrowing trouble, but do, pray, make allowances for me, Lucy! Think how everything has been kept from me that I ought to have known!"

"Of course, I will stay a little while for your sake," Lucy answered; "but Joseph is a man, and most men bear

bad luck easily. He would hardly thank me for condoling with him."

"O, no, no!" Julia cried; "he thinks *everything* of you! He was so anxious for you to come here: he said to me, 'Lucy Henderson is a noble, true-hearted girl, and you will love her at once,' as I did, Lucy, when I first saw you, but without knowing why, as I now do."

A warm color came into Lucy's face, but she only shook her head and said nothing.

The two women had just risen from the breakfast-table the next morning, when a shadow fell into the room through the front window, and a heavy step was heard on the stone pavement of the veranda. Julia gave a little start and shriek, and seized Lucy's arm. The door opened and Joseph was there. He had risen before daybreak and taken the earliest train from the city. He had scarcely slept for two nights; his face was stern and haggard, and the fatigue, instead of exhausting, had only added to his excitement.

Julia sprang forward, threw her arms around him and kissed him repeatedly. He stood still and passively endured the caress, without returning it; then, stepping forward, he gave his hand to Lucy. She felt that it was cold and moist, and she did not attempt to repress the quick sympathy which came into her face and voice.

Julia guessed something of the truth instantly, and nothing but the powerful necessity of continuing to play her part enabled her to conceal the bitter anger which the contrast between Joseph's greeting to her and to Lucy aroused in her heart. She stood for a moment as if paralyzed, but in reality to collect herself; then, approaching her husband, she stammered forth: "O, Joseph—I'm afraid—I don't dare to ask you what—what news you bring. You did n't write—I've been so uneasy—and now I see from your face—that something is wrong."

He did not answer.

"Don't tell me all at once, if it's very

bad!" she then cried: "but, no! it's my duty to hear it, my duty to bear it,—Lucy has taught me that,—tell me all, tell me *all*, this moment!"

"You and your father have ruined me: that is all."

"Joseph!" The word sounded like the essence of tender protest, of heart-breaking reproach. Lucy rose quietly and moved towards the door.

"Don't leave me, Lucy!" was Julia's appeal.

"It is better that I should go," Lucy answered, in a faint voice, and left the room.

"But, Joseph," Julia resumed, with a wild, distracted air, "why do you say such terrible things? I really do not know what you mean. What have you learned? what have you seen?"

"I have seen the Amaranth!"

"Well! Is there no oil?"

"O yes, plenty of oil!" he laughed; "skunk oil and rattlesnake oil! It is one of the vilest cheats that the Devil ever put into the minds of bad men."

"O, poor pa!" Julia cried; "what a terrible blow to him!"

"'Poor pa!' Yes, my discovery of the cheat *is* a terrible blow to 'poor pa,'—he did not calculate on its being found out so soon. When I learned from Kanuck that all the stock he holds was given to him for services,—that is, for getting the money out of the pockets of innocents like myself,—you may judge how much pity I feel for poor pa! I told him the fact to his face, last night, and he admitted it."

"Then," said Julia, "if the others know nothing, he may be able to sell his stock to-day,—his and yours; and we may not lose much after all."

"I should have sent *you* to the oil region, instead of going myself," Joseph answered, with a sneer. "You and Kanuck would soon have come to terms. He offered to take my stock off my hands, provided I would go back to the city and make such a report of the speculation as he would dictate."

"And you didn't do it?" Julia's

voice rose almost to a scream, as the words burst, involuntarily, from her lips.

The expression on Joseph's face showed her that she had been rash; but the words were said, and she could only advance, not recede.

"It is *perfectly* legitimate in business," she continued. "Every investment in the Amaranth was a venture, — every stockholder knew that he risked losing his money! There is not one that would not save himself in that way, if he had the chance. But you pride yourself on being so much better than other men! Mr. Chaffinch is right; you have what he calls a 'moral pride'! You —"

"Stop!" Joseph interrupted. "Who was it who professed such concern about my faith? Who sent Mr. Chaffinch to insult me?"

"Faith and business are two different things: all the churches know that. There was Mr. Sanctus, in the city: he subscribed ten thousand dollars to the Church of the Acceptance: he could n't pay it, and they levied on his property, and sold him out of house and home! Really, you are as ignorant of the world as a baby!"

"God keep me so, then!" he exclaimed.

"However," she resumed, after a pause, "since you insist on our bearing the loss, I shall expect of your moral pride that you bear it patiently, if not cheerfully. It is far from being ruin to us. The rise in property will very likely balance it, and you will still be worth what you were."

"That is not all," he said. "I will not mention my greatest loss, for you are incapable of understanding it; but how much else have you saddled me with? Let me have a look at it!"

He crossed the hall and entered the new apartment, Julia following. Joseph inspected the ceiling, the elaborate and overladen cornices, the marble chimney-piece, and finally peered into the boxes and packages, not trusting himself to speak while the extent of the

absurd splendor to which she had committed him grew upon his mind. Finally he said, striving to make his voice calm, although it trembled in his throat: "Since you were so free to make all these purchases, perhaps you will tell me how they are to be paid for?"

"Let me manage it, then," she answered. "There is no hurry. These country mechanics are always impatient, — I should call them impertinent, and I should like to teach them a lesson. Sellers are under obligations to the buyers, and they are bound to be accommodating. They have so many bills which are never paid, that an extension of time is the least they can do. Why, they will always wait a year, two years, three years, rather than lose."

"I suppose so."

"Then," said Julia, deceived by Joseph's quiet tone, "their profits are so enormous, that it would only be fair to reduce the bills. I am sure, that if I were to mention that you were embarrassed by heavy losses, and press them hard, they would compromise with me on a moderate amount. You know they allow what is called a margin for losses, — Pa told me, but I forget how much, — they always expect to lose a certain percentage; and of course, it can make no difference by whom they lose it. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes: it is very plain."

"Pa could help me to get both a reduction and an extension of time. The bills have not all been sent, and it will be better to wait two or three months after they have come in. If the dealers are a little uneasy in advance, they will be all the readier to compromise afterwards."

Joseph walked up and down the hollow room, with his hands clasped behind his back and his eyes fixed upon the floor. Suddenly he stopped before her and said: "There is another way."

"Not a better one, I am certain."

"The furniture has not yet been unpacked, and can be returned to them

uninjured. Then the bills need not be paid at all."

"And we should be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "I *never* heard of anything so ridiculous! If the worst comes to the worst, you can sell Bishop those fifty acres over the hill, which he stands ready to take, any day. But you'd rather have a dilapidated house, — no parlor, — guests received in the dining-room and the kitchen, — the Hopetons and your friends, the Helds, sneering at us behind our backs! And what would your credit be worth? We shall not even get trusted for groceries at the village store, if you leave things as they are!"

Joseph groaned, speaking to himself rather than answering her: "Is there no way out of this? What is done is done; shall I submit to it, and try to begin anew? or —"

He did not finish the sentence. Julia turned her head, so that only the chimney-piece and the furniture could see the sparkle of triumph in her eyes. She felt that she had maintained her position; and, what was far more, she now clearly saw the course by which she could secure it.

She left the room, drawing a full breath of relief as the door closed behind her. The first shock of the evil news was over, and it had not fallen quite so heavily as she had feared. There were plenty of devices in store whereby all that was lost might be recovered. Had not her life at home been an unbroken succession of devices? Was she not seasoned to all manner of ups and downs, and wherefore should this first failure disconcert her? The loss of the money was, in reality, much less important to her than the loss of her power over Joseph. Weak as she had supposed him to be, he had shown a fierce and unexpected resistance, which must be suppressed *now*, or it might crush her whole plan of life. It seemed to her that he was beginning to waver: should she hasten a scheme by which she meant to entrap him into submission, — a subtle

and dangerous scheme, which must either wholly succeed, or, wholly failing, involve her in its failure?

Rapidly turning over the question in her mind, she entered her bedroom. Locking the door, she walked directly to the looking-glass; the curtain was drawn from the window, and a strong light fell upon her face.

"This will never do!" she said to herself. "The anxiety and excitement have made me thin again, and I seem to have no color." She unfastened her dress, bared her neck, and pushed the ringlets behind her ears. "I look pinched; a little more, and I shall look old. If I were a perfect brunette or a perfect blonde, there would be less difficulty; but I have the most provoking, unmanageable complexion! I must bring on the crisis at once, and then see if I can't fill out these hollows."

She heard the front door opening, and presently saw Joseph on the lawn. He looked about for a moment, with a heavy, bewildered air, and then slowly turned towards the garden. She withdrew from the window, hesitated a moment, murmured to herself, "I will try, there cannot be a better time!" and then, burying her face in her hands and sobbing, rushed to Lucy's room.

"O Lucy!" she cried, "help me, or I am lost! How can I tell you? it is harder than I ever dreamed!"

"Is the loss so very serious, — so much more than you feared?" Lucy asked.

"Not that, — O, if that were all! But Joseph —" Here Julia's sobs became almost hysterical. "He is so cruel; I *did* advise him, as I told you, for *his* sake, and now he says that pa and I have combined to cheat him! I don't think he knows how dreadful his words are. I would sooner die than hear any more of them! Go to him, Lucy; he is in the garden; perhaps he will listen to you. I am afraid, and I never thought I should be afraid of *him*!"

"It is very, very sad," said Lucy. "But if he is in such an excited condi-

tion, he will surely resent my coming. What can I say?"

"Say only what you heard me speak! Tell him of my anxiety, my self-reproach! Tell him that even if he *will* believe that pa meant to deceive him, he must not believe it of me! You know, Lucy, how he wrongs me in his thoughts; if you knew how hard it is to be wronged by a husband, you would pity me!"

"I do pity you, Julia, from my very heart; and the proof of it is, that I will try to do what you ask, against my own sense of its prudence. If Joseph repels my interference, I shall not blame him."

"Heaven bless you, Lucy! He will not repel you, he cannot!" Julia sobbed. "I will lie down and try to grow calm." She rose from the bed, upon which she had flung herself, and tottered through the door. When she had reached her own room, she again looked at her image in the glass, nodded and smiled.

Lucy walked slowly along the garden paths, plucking a flower or two, and irresolute how to approach Joseph. At last, descending the avenue of box, she found him seated in the semicircular enclosure, gazing steadfastly down the valley, but (she was sure) not seeing the landscape. As he turned his head at her approach, she noticed that his eyelids were reddened and his lips compressed with an expression of intense pain.

"Sit down, Lucy: I am a grim host, to-day," he said, with a melancholy attempt at a smile.

Lucy had come to him with a little womanly indignation, for Julia's sake, in her heart; but it vanished utterly, and the tears started into her eyes. For a moment she found it impossible to speak.

"I shall not talk of my ignorance any more, as I once did," Joseph continued. "If there is a class in the school of the world, graded according to experience of human meanness and treachery and falsehood, I ought to stand at the head."

Lucy stretched out her hand in protest. "Do not speak so bitterly, Joseph; it pains me to hear you."

"How would you have me speak?"

"As a man who will not see ruin before him because a part of his property happens to slip from him,—nay, if all were lost! I always took you to be liberal, Joseph, never careful of money for money's sake, and I cannot understand how your nature should be changed now, even though you have been the victim of some dishonesty."

"Some dishonesty"! You are thinking only of money: what term would you give to the betrayal of a heart, the ruin of a life?"

"Surely, Joseph, you do not, you cannot mean—"

"My wife, of course. It needed no guessing."

"Joseph!" Lucy cried, seizing the opportunity, "indeed you do her wrong! I know what anxiety she has suffered during your absence. She blamed herself for having advised you to risk so much in an uncertain speculation, dreaded your disappointment, resolved to atone for it, if she could! She may have been rash and thoughtless, but she never meant to deceive you. If you are disappointed in some qualities, you should not shut your eyes and refuse to see others. I know, now, that I have myself not been fair in my judgment of Julia. A nearer acquaintance has led me to conceive what disadvantages of education, for which she is not responsible, she is obliged to overcome: she sees, she admits them, and she *will* overcome them. You, as her husband, are bound to show her a patient kindness—"

"Enough!" Joseph interrupted; "I see that you have touched pitch, also. Lucy, your first instinct was right. The woman whom I am bound to look upon as my wife is false and selfish in every fibre of her nature; how false and selfish I only can know, for to *me* she takes off her mask!"

"Do you believe *me*, then?" Lucy's words were slightly defiant. She had



not quite understood the allusion to touching pitch, and Joseph's indifference to her advocacy seemed to her unfeeling.

"I begin to fear that Philip was right," said Joseph, not heeding her question. "Life is relentless: ignorance or crime, it is all the same. And if God cares less about our individual wrongs than we flatter ourselves he does, what do we gain by further endurance? Here is Lucy Henderson, satisfied that my wife is a suffering angel; thinks *my* nature is changed, that *I* am cold-hearted and cruel, while I know Lucy to be true and noble, and deceived by the very goodness of her own heart!"

He lifted his head, looked in her face a moment, and then went on:—

"I am sick of masks; we all wear them. Do you want to know the truth, Lucy? When I look back I can see it very clearly, now. A little more than a year ago the one girl who began to live in my thoughts was *you*! Don't interrupt me: I am only speaking of what *was*. When I went to Warri-ner's, it was in the hope of meeting you, not Julia Blessing. It was not yet love that I felt, but I think it would have grown to that, if I had not been led away by the cunningest arts ever a woman devised. I will not speculate on what might have been: if I had loved you, perhaps there would have been no return: had there been, I should have darkened the life of a friend. But this I say; I honor and esteem you, Lucy, and the loss of your friendship, if I now lose it, is another evil service which my wife has done me."

Joseph little suspected how he was torturing Lucy. She must have been more than woman, had not a pang of wild regret for the lost fortune, and a sting of bitter resentment against the woman who had stolen it, wrung her heart. She became deadly pale, and felt that her whole body was trembling.

"Joseph," she said, "you should not, must not, speak so to me."

"I suppose not," he answered, let-

ting his head sink wearily; "it is certainly not conventional; but it is true, for all that! I could tell you the whole story, for I can read it backwards, from now to the beginning, without misunderstanding a word. It would make no difference; she is simple, natural, artless, amiable, for all the rest of the world, while to me—"

There was such despondency in his voice and posture, that Lucy, now longing more than ever to cheer him, and yet discouraged by the failure of her first attempt, felt sorely troubled.

"You mistake me, Joseph," she said, at last, "if you think you have lost my friendship, my sincerest sympathy. I can see that your disappointment is a bitter one, and my prayer is that you will not make it bitterer by thrusting from you the hopeful and cheerful spirit you once showed. We all have our sore trials."

Lucy found her own words very mechanical, but they were the only ones that came to her lips. Joseph did not answer; he still sat, stooping, with his elbows on his knees and his forehead resting on his palms.

"If I am deceived in Julia," she began again, "it is better to judge too kindly than too harshly. I know you cannot change your sentence against her now, nor, perhaps, very soon. But you are bound to her for life, and you must labor—it is your sacred duty—to make that life smoother and brighter for both. I do not know how, and I have no right to condemn you if you fail. But, Joseph, make the attempt now, when the most unfortunate experience that is likely to come to you is over; make it, and it may chance that, little by little, the old confidence will return, and you will love her again."

Joseph started to his feet. "Love her!" he exclaimed, with suppressed passion,—"love her! I hate her!"

There was a hissing, rattling sound, like that of some fierce animal at bay. The thick foliage of two of the tall box-trees was violently parted. The branches snapped and gave way: Julia burst through and stood before them.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE face that so suddenly glared upon them was that of a Gorgon. The ringlets were still pushed behind her ears and the narrowness of the brow was entirely revealed; her eyes were full of cold, steely light; the nostrils were violently drawn in, and the lips contracted, as if in a spasm, so that the teeth were laid bare. Her hands were clenched, and there was a movement in her throat as of imprisoned words or cries; but for a moment no words came.

Lucy, who had started to her feet at the first sound, felt the blood turn chill in her veins, and fell, rather than sank, upon the seat again.

Joseph was hardly surprised, and wholly reckless. This eavesdropping was nothing worse than he already knew; indeed, there was rather a comfort in perceiving that he had not overestimated her capacity for treachery. There was now no limit; anything was possible.

"There is *one* just law, after all," he said, "the law that punishes listeners. You have heard the truth, for once. You have snared and trapped me, but I don't take to my captor more kindly than any other animal. From this moment I choose my own path, and if you still wish to appear as my wife, you must adapt your life to mine!"

"You mean to brazen it out, do you!" Julia cried, in a strange, hoarse, unnatural voice. "That's not so easy! I have not listened to no purpose: I have a hold upon your precious 'moral pride' at last!"

Joseph laughed scornfully.

"Yes, laugh, but it is in my hands to make or break you! There is enough decent sentiment in this neighborhood to crush a married man who dares to make love to an unmarried girl! As to the girl who sits still and listens to it, I say nothing; her reputation is no concern of mine!"

Lucy uttered a faint cry of horror.

"If you choose to be so despicable,"

said Joseph, "you will force me to set my truth against your falsehood. Wherever you tell your story, I shall follow with mine. It will be a wretched, a degrading business, but for the sake of Lucy's good name, I have no alternative. I have borne suspicion, misrepresentation, loss of credit, — brought upon me by you, — patiently, because they affected only myself; but since I am partly responsible in bringing to this house a guest for your arts to play upon and entrap, I am doubly bound to protect her against you. But I tell you, Julia, beware! I am desperate; and it is ill meddling with a desperate man! You may sneer at my moral pride, but you dare not forget that I have another quality, — manly self-respect, — which it will be dangerous to offend."

If Julia did not recognize, in that moment, that her subject had become her master, it was because the real, unassumed rage which convulsed her did not allow her to perceive anything clearly. Her first impulse was to scream and shriek, that servant and farm-hand might hear her, and then to repeat her accusation before them; but Joseph's last words, and the threatening sternness of his voice withheld her.

"So?" she said, at last; "*this* is the man who was all truth, and trust, and honor! With you the proverb seems to be reversed; it's off with the new love and on with the old. You can insult and threaten me in *her* presence! Well — go on: play out your little love-scene: I shall not interrupt you. I have heard enough to darken my life from this day!"

She walked away from them, up the avenue. Her dress was torn, her arms scratched and bleeding. She had played her stake and failed, — miserably, hopelessly failed. Her knees threatened to give way under her at every step, but she forced herself to walk erect, and thus reached the house without once looking back.

Joseph and Lucy mechanically followed her with their eyes. Then they turned and gazed at each other a mo-

ment without speaking. Lucy was deadly pale, and the expression of horror had not yet left her face.

"She told me to come to you," she stammered. "She begged me, with tears, to try and soften your anger against her; and then—oh, it is monstrous!"

"Now I see the plan!" Joseph exclaimed; "and I, in my selfish recklessness, saying what there was no need to utter, have almost done as she calculated,—have exposed you to this outrage! Why should I have recalled the past, at all? I was not taking off a mask, I was only showing a scar—no, not even a scar, but a bruise!—which I ought to have forgotten. Forget it, too, Lucy, and, if you can, forgive me!"

"It is easy to forgive—everything but my own blindness," Lucy answered. "But there is one thing which I must do immediately: I must leave this house!"

"I see that," said Joseph, sadly. Then, as if speaking to himself, he murmured: "Who knows what friends will come to it in the future? Well, I will bear what *can* be borne; and afterwards,—there is Philip's valley. A free outlaw is better than a fettered outlaw!"

Lucy feared that his mind was wandering. He straightened himself to his full height, drew a deep breath, and exclaimed: "Action is a sedative in such cases, is n't it? Dennis has gone to the mill; I will get the other horse from the field and drive you home. Or, stay! will you not go to Philip Held's cottage for a day or two? I think his sister asked you to come."

"No, no!" cried Lucy; "you must not go! I will wait for Dennis."

"No one must suspect what has happened here this morning, unless Julia compels me to make it known, and I don't think she will. It is, therefore, better that I should take you. It will put me, I hope, in a more rational frame of mind. Go quietly to your room and make your preparations. I

will see Julia, and if there is no further scene now, there will be none of the kind henceforth. She is cunning when she is calm."

On reaching the house Joseph went directly to his wife's bedroom. The necessity of an immediate interview could not be avoided, since Lucy was to leave. When he opened the door, Julia, who was bending over an open drawer of her bureau, started up with a little cry of alarm. She closed it hastily, and began to arrange her hair at the mirror. Her face in the glass was flushed, but its expression was sullen and defiant.

"Julia," he said, as coolly as possible, "I am going to take Lucy home. Of course you understand that she cannot stay here an hour longer. You overheard my words to her, and you know just how much they were worth. I expect now, that—for *your* sake as much as hers or mine—you will behave towards her at parting in such a way that the servants may find no suggestions of gossip or slander."

"And if I don't choose to obey you?"

"I am not commanding. I propose a course which your own mind must find sensible. You have 'a deuced sharp intellect,' as your father said, on our wedding-day."

Joseph bit his tongue: he felt that he might have omitted this sting. But he was so little accustomed to victory, that he did not guess how thoroughly he had already conquered.

"Pa loved me, nevertheless," she said, and burst into tears.

Her emotion seemed real, but he mistrusted it.

"What can I do?" she sobbed: "I will try. I thought I was your wife, but I am not much more than your slave."

The foolish pity again stole into Joseph's heart, although he set his teeth and clenched his hands against it. "I am going for the horse," he said, in a kinder tone. "When I come back from this drive, this afternoon, I hope I shall find you willing to dis-

cuss our situation dispassionately, as I mean to do. We have not known each other fairly before to-day, and our plan of life must be rearranged."

It was a relief to walk forth, across the silent, sunny fields; and Joseph had learned to accept a slight relief as a substitute for happiness. The feeling that the inevitable crisis was over gave him, for the first time in months, a sense of liberation. There was still a dreary and painful task before him, and he hardly knew why he should be so cheerful; but the bright, sweet currents of his blood were again in motion, and the weight upon his heart was lifted by some impatient, joyous energy.

The tempting vision of Philip's valley, which had haunted him from time to time, faded away. The angry tumult through which he had passed appeared to him like a fever, and he rejoiced consciously in the beginning of his spiritual convalescence. If he could simply suspend Julia's active interference in his life, he might learn to endure his remaining duties. He was yet young; and how much strength and knowledge had come to him — through sharpest pain, it was true — in a single year! Would he willingly return to his boyish innocence of the world, if that year could be erased from his life? He was not quite sure. Yet his nature had not lost the basis of that innocent time, and he felt that he must still build his future years upon it.

Thus meditating, he caught the obedient horse, led him to the barn, and harnessed him to the light carriage which Julia was accustomed to use. His anxiety concerning her probable demeanor returned, as he entered the house. The two servant-women were both engaged, in the hall, in some sweeping or scouring operation, and might prove to be very inconvenient witnesses. The workmen in the new parlor — fortunately, he thought — were absent that day.

Lucy Henderson, dressed for the journey, sat in the dining-room. "I

think I will go to Madeline Held for a day or two," she said; "I made a half-promise to visit her after your return."

"Where is Julia?"

"In her bedroom. I have not seen her. I knocked at the door, but there was no answer."

Joseph's trouble returned. "I will see her myself," he said, sternly; "she forgets what is due to a guest."

"No, I will go again," Lucy urged, rising hastily; "perhaps she did not hear me."

She followed him into the hall. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the first step of the staircase, when the bedroom door above suddenly burst open, and Julia, with a shriek of mortal terror, tottered down to the landing. Her face was ashy, and the dark-blue rings around her sunken eyes made them seem almost like the large sockets of a skull. She leaned against the railing, breathing short and hard.

Joseph sprang up the steps, but as he approached her she put out her right hand, and pushed against his breast with all her force, crying out: "Go away! You have killed me!"

The next moment she fell, senseless, upon the landing.

Joseph knelt and tried to lift her. "Good God! she is dead!" he exclaimed.

"No," said Lucy, after taking Julia's wrist, "it is only a fainting fit. Bring some water, Susan."

The frightened woman, who had followed them, rushed down the stairs.

"But she must be ill, very ill," Lucy continued. "This is not an ordinary swoon. Perhaps the violent excitement has brought about some internal injury. You must send for a physician as soon as possible."

"And Dennis not here! I ought not to leave her; what shall I do?"

"Go yourself, and instantly! The carriage is ready. I will stay and do all that can be done during your absence."

Joseph delayed until, under the influence of air and water, Julia began to recover consciousness. Then he un-

derstood Lucy's glance, — the women were present and she dared not speak, — that he should withdraw before Julia could recognize him.

He did not spare the horse, but the hilly road tried his patience. It was between two and three miles to the house of the nearest physician, and he only arrived, anxious and breathless, to find that the gentleman had been called away to attend another patient. Joseph was obliged to retrace part of his road, and drive some distance in the opposite direction, in order to summon a second. Here, however, he was more fortunate. The physician was just sitting down to an early dinner, which he persisted in finishing, assuring Joseph, after ascertaining such symptoms of the case as the latter was able to describe, that it was probably a nervous attack, "a modified form of hysteria." Notwithstanding he violated his own theory of digestion by eating rapidly, the minutes seemed intolerably long. Then his own horse must be harnessed to his own sulky, during which time he prepared a few doses of valerian, belladonna, and other palliatives, which he supposed might be needed.

Meanwhile, Lucy and the women had placed Julia in her own bed, and applied such domestic restoratives as they could procure, but without any encouraging effect. Julia appeared to be conscious, but she shook her head when they spoke to her, and even, so Lucy imagined, attempted to turn it away. She refused the tea, the lavender and ginger they brought, and only drank water in long, greedy draughts. In a little while she started up, with clutchings and incoherent cries, and then slowly sank back again, insensible.

The second period of unconsciousness was longer and more difficult to overcome. Lucy began to be seriously alarmed, as an hour, two hours, passed by, and Joseph did not return. Dennis was despatched in search of him, carrying also a hastily pencilled note to Madeline Held, and then Lucy, find-

ing that she could do nothing more, took her seat by the window and watched the lane, counting the seconds, one by one, as they were ticked off by the clock in the hall.

Finally a horse's head appeared above the hedge, where it curved around the shoulder of the hill: then the top of a carriage, — Joseph at last! The physician's sulky was only a short distance in the rear. Lucy hurried down and met Joseph at the gate.

"No better, — worse, I fear," she said, answering his look.

"Dr. Hartman," he replied, — "Worrall was away from home, — thinks it is probably a nervous attack. In that case it can soon be relieved."

"I hope so, but I fancy there is danger."

The doctor now arrived, and after hearing Lucy's report, shook his head. "It is not an ordinary case of hysteria," he remarked; "let me see her at once."

When they entered the room Julia opened her eyes languidly, fixed them on Joseph, and slowly lifted her hand to her head. "What has happened to me?" she murmured, in a hardly audible whisper.

"You had a fainting fit," he answered, "and I have brought the doctor. This is Dr. Hartman; you do not know him, but he will help you: tell him how you feel, Julia!"

"Cold!" she said, "cold! Sinking down somewhere! *Will* he lift me up?"

The physician made a close examination, but seemed to become more perplexed as he advanced. He administered only a slight stimulant, and then withdrew from the bedside. Lucy and the servant left the room, at his request, to prepare some applications.

"There is something unusual here," he whispered, drawing Joseph aside. "She has been sinking rapidly since the first attack. The vital force is very low: it is in conflict with some secret enemy, and it cannot resist much longer, unless we discover that enemy at

once. I will do my best to save her, but I do not yet see how."

He was interrupted by a noise from the bed. Julia was vainly trying to rise: her eyes were wide and glaring. "No, no!" came from her lips, "I will not die! I heard you. Joseph, I will try — to be different — but — I must live — for that!"

Then her utterance became faint and indistinct, and she relapsed into unconsciousness. The physician re-examined her with a grave, troubled face. "She need not be conscious," he said, "for the next thing I shall do. I will not interrupt this syncope at once; it may, at least, prolong the struggle. What have they been giving her?"

He picked up, one by one, the few bottles of the household pharmacy which stood upon the bureau. Last of all, he found an empty glass shoved behind one of the supports of the mirror. He looked into it, held it against the light, and was about to set it down again, when he fancied that there was a misty appearance on the bottom, as if from some delicate sediment. Stepping to the window, he saw that he had not been mistaken. He collected a few of the minute granulations on the tip of his forefinger, touched them to his tongue, and, turning quickly to Joseph, whispered: —

"She is poisoned!"

"Impossible!" Joseph exclaimed; "she could not have been so mad!"

"It is as I tell you! This form of the operation of arsenic is very unusual, and I did not suspect it; but now I remember that it is noted in the books. Repeated syncopes, utter nervous prostration, absence of the ordinary burning and vomiting, and signs of rapid dissolution; it fits the case exactly! If I had some oxy-hydrate of iron, there might still be a possibility, but I greatly fear —"

"Do all you can!" Joseph interrupted. "She must have been insane! Do not tell me that you have *no* antidote!"

"We must try an emetic, though it will now be very dangerous. Then oil,

white of egg," — and the doctor hastened down to the kitchen.

Joseph walked up and down the room, wringing his hands. Here was a horror beyond anything he had imagined. His only thought was to save the life which she, in the madness of passion, must have resolved to take: she must not, *must not*, die now; and yet she seemed to be already in some region on the very verge of darkness, some region where it was scarcely possible to reach and pull her back. What could be done? Human science was baffled; and would God, who had allowed him to be afflicted through her, now answer his prayer to continue that affliction? But, indeed, the word "affliction" was not formed in his mind; the only word which he consciously grasped was "Life! life!"

He passed by the bedside and gazed upon her livid skin, her sunken features: she seemed already dead. Then, sinking on his knees, he tried to pray, if that was prayer which was the single intense appeal of all his confused feelings. Presently he heard a faint sigh; she slightly moved; consciousness was evidently returning.

She looked at him with half-opened eyes, striving to fix upon something which evaded her mind. Then she said, in the faintest broken whisper: "I did love you — I *did* — and *do* — love you! But — you — you hate me!"

A pang sharper than a knife went through Joseph's heart. He cried, through his tears: "I did not know what I said! Give me your forgiveness, Julia! Pardon me, not because I ask it, but freely, from your heart, and I will bless you!"

She did not speak, but her eyes softened, and a phantom smile hovered upon her lips. It was no mask, this time: she was sacredly frank and true. Joseph bent over her and kissed her.

"O Julia!" he said, "why did you do it? Why did you not wait until I could speak with you? Did you think you would take a burden off yourself or me?"

Her lips moved, but no voice came.



He lifted her head, supported her, and bent his ear to her mouth. It was like the dream of a voice : —

"I — did — not — mean —"

There it stopped. The doctor entered the room, followed by Lucy.

"First, the emetic," said the former.

"For God's sake, be silent!" Joseph cried, with his ear still at Julia's lips.

The doctor stepped up softly and looked at her. Then, seating himself on the bed beside Joseph, he laid his hand upon her heart. For several minutes there was silence in the room.

Then the doctor removed his hand, took Julia's head out of Joseph's arms, and laid it softly upon the pillow.

She was dead.

*Bayard Taylor.*

## CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

GENIUS is no more a matter of accident than the rising of the sun ; for though genius dazzle with the unexpected brilliancy of a comet, like the comet it has its regular orbit, and when the science of art has been discovered, as it will be ere the dawn of the millennium, the world will know the cause as well as the effect of human greatness.

Blood tells under all circumstances, and never has it told a more straightforward story than in the character of Charles Albert Fechter, in whose ancestors we see the beginnings of himself. It is not a little significant that his mother bore the kingly name of Regis, with which name, too, royalty took personal interest, it being an old Piedmontese custom that the king should stand sponsor to the twelfth child of any of his subjects. Now it happened that Fechter's maternal grandfather was the twenty-first of twenty-six children, consequently the king became godfather to his twelfth and twenty-fourth great-grand-uncles ! Italian by birth, this grandfather was equally Italian in his profession of carver, yet not so Italian but he could make his home in Flanders, where Fechter's mother, Marie Angélique Regis, was born. Arcachon, France, was the birthplace of his father, Jean Maria Guillaume Fechter, his paternal grandfather being a

native of Cologne and of German lineage. This grandfather's tendencies were likewise in the direction of art. He found congenial employment in polishing court-suit buttons and in making sword-handles, the latter of which occupations was not scorned by Benvenuto Cellini.

The alphabet of art having been acquired by Fechter's grandparents, it was not strange that they should bequeath greater abilities to their children. Jean Maria Fechter was not only an excellent sculptor, but a born comedian, who, however, confined his acting to private life ; while his wife, whom he married in Lisle, was more than usually gifted. Though uneducated, she possessed literary and artistic tastes, writing verses and stories of considerable feeling and deftly turning her fingers to account by the manufacture of artificial flowers. She would take the delicate, almost impalpable tissue that lines the shells of eggs, and, fashioning it into roses, would simultaneously color and scent them with rose-water. But these flowers were too fragile for mortal use, so Madame Fechter resorted to stouter material. Born of Piedmontese parents, she spoke no Italian, very little Flemish, and adopted the language of her husband's chosen home. France.

Yet Gallic as was Fechter *père* in

all his feelings, he never became naturalized. Receiving an offer from Storr and Mortimer, the great jewellers of England, to take the position of the well-known sculptor Tamissier, whose unfortunate habits had rendered him unfit for work, Jean Fechter moved from Paris to London, where, in Hanway Yard, Oxford Street, Charles Albert Fechter was born October 23, 1824. He was the youngest but one of thirteen children, eleven of whom died in infancy. With artistic proclivities on both sides of the house, with the hot blood of Italy, the speculative blood of Germany strongly impregnated with French *verve* flowing through his veins, it is not strange that Charles Fechter, "the man without a country," should belong to all the world, which Shakespeare tells us is the stage. Learning to read at a very early age, his passion for the drama evinced itself in devotion to Shakespeare; the plays of Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth being especial favorites, and in peculiar theatrical monologues. Appropriating garments belonging to his parents, the youthful Roscius was in the habit of retiring to an unoccupied room, where, after locking the door, he blackened his nose and arrayed himself in motley attire. Thus, half-way 'twixt man and woman, he spouted and strutted, to the great terror of the mice and the infinite satisfaction of himself. During these private exhibitions Fechter dedicated his energies to tragedy, but, being endowed with great vivacity, relieved himself when off duty by jumping on chairs and tables, drawing caricatures, and playing monkey for the delectation of visitors. Not content with his own interpretation of imaginary heroes, Fechter's passion frequently overcame Fechter's conscience, and many of his father's valuable coins were secretly disposed of in order that, like a bad little cherub, he might sit up aloft among the gods of Drury Lane. There Fechter feasted his eyes and ears on Macready, Charles Kemble, the elder Vandenhoff and the elder Wallack, recollections of whom he re-

tains to this day. Of the four, Charles Kemble, with his charmingly natural acting, was his favorite, and Vandenhoff his "cold blanket." Wallack made a great impression upon him, and Macready delighted him in "William Tell." But the artist of all others whom he worshipped was no other than Malibran. She often held her young lover on her knee, little knowing the amount of sentiment she had inspired in an eight-year-old boy. Poor Malibran! that she with her great heart and great genius should have married a great brute and died neglected!

Sent to Templeton's College at the age of eight, Fechter stood very well, showing great aptitude for Greek and Latin, great fondness for history, although he never could retain a name or a date, and despising every branch of mathematics. Largely endowed with imagination, young Fechter entertained his teachers with marvellous stories of adventure, and, magnetizing them as he has since magnetized larger audiences, in more romantic situations, enjoyed their favor to an unusual extent. Of course a lad of Fechter's mettle could not but be attractive to the bullies of his school, who, true to their prerogative, set upon him in numbers and nicknamed him "French frog." Stung to the quick by this taunt, Fechter resented it, but, fighting single-handed, was always worsted. "Only come on one at a time, and I'll whip every one of you," said Fechter; but no, the bullies preferred to attack him in a body, and so the "French frog" vowed vengeance. Waylaying the leading persecutor one day, he so thoroughly whipped his adversary that the bullies cried "quits," and ever after treated the "French frog" like a true Briton.

England, with all its virtues, was not France to Fechter *père*, who in 1830 once more found himself in Paris; but the Revolution came, and the unhappy sculptor was again driven across the Channel. Though but six years old, Fechter remembers seeing the great Mademoiselle George act, and being

carried over the barricades on his father's shoulders. This abortive attempt at migration served to endear Paris still more to Jean Fechter's heart, and the failure of 1830 became a *faux accompli* in 1836. Poor as the father was, — the time had been when he had broken up chairs to serve for fire-wood, — he sent Charles to school at Boulogne-sur-Seine; but at the end of two years the boy returned home to aid in supporting the family. Assisting his father in making bronzes and candelabras, studying French with Hersant his drawing-master, reading the classics, and dreaming of the theatre, which he frequented with the constancy of a passionate lover, Charles led a busy life for two years, and at sixteen became the hero of a duel. How did it happen? Foolishly, of course. Taken to the Café Militaire by a friend much older than himself, — a captain in the army, — young Fechter listened to stories of prowess until, excited by the wine and cigars most unwisely given to him, he too longed for an opportunity to prove his courage. The subject of duelling being introduced, there was no man present but could revive some wonderful affair of so-called honor in which he had either killed or wounded his opponent. At least, young Fechter could fight a duel if some one would be good enough to insult him, and, flushed with the insidious thief that steals away even the best of brains, he found an enemy in his friend and host. Taking offence at a trifling remark, the aspiring youth slapped the face of Monsieur le Capitaine with his own epaulet and demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman. Badly as the Captain felt, he was forced by that *noblesse* which so frequently obliges people to make fools of themselves to accept the challenge; as the challenged party he of course had the choice of weapons, and selected the rapier. With pistols Fechter might kill the Captain; with rapiers the Captain could kill Fechter, but *would not*. So the two met, with their seconds, in that Bois de Boulogne of other days, when it was

a gloomy forest sacred to duellists and highwaymen. "Coward!" was Fechter's salutation to his friend, "you have selected the rapier, because you know you are master of it. With pistols the chances would have been more even; at least I can call you coward, and from my soul I do so." Coward indeed! the Captain's only fear was lest, in giving the "satisfaction" for which Hotspur panted, he should not be sufficiently expert to draw the minimum of blood. These fears were realized when Fechter's rapier fell and the blood flowed from his wrist. The wound, though severe, was not dangerous, and Fechter, having fought his duel, and learned how unjust he had been to the Captain, forgot his grievance, embraced his enemy, and was taken home alive to his terrified parents. Would that all equally absurd duels ended as happily!

From the Bois de Boulogne to the Salle Molière, from duelling to private theatricals, seems a long step, yet none too long for Fechter, who in this same year 1840 made his first appearance behind those foot-lights by which he had been dazed. The Salle Molière is a small theatre in the Passage Molière, which at that time was used by St. Aulaire, a famous teacher of acting, — Rachel's first and best instructor, — and let once a week to amateurs for private theatricals. Theirs was a unique company, changing with each performance and singularly enough brought together. A list of the pieces to be played being put up, any one by selecting his part and paying for it — the amount charged was in proportion to the importance of the character — could strut his brief hour upon the stage. Such a republican form of government would lead to eminently doleful results in this country, where actors are made, not born; but France is not America. There, it is said, all men and women are actors by nature, and the worst go upon the stage!

This company of the Salle Molière was eminently successful, so much so that Fechter's brother-in-law, himself

an ardent admirer of the drama, paid the young sculptor's fee, and put his name down for the *jeune premier* in Dumas's *Le Mari de la Veuve*. The amount expended for acting was returned in tickets, so that the aspiring amateurs were always sure of an audience. Fechter's success was so great that he soon became a necessity to the company, one of whose members, now a distinguished diplomatist, — diplomacy is but another name for acting, — insisted upon paying Fechter's fees in order that he might be "stirred up" by contact with so magnetic and admirable an actor.

After seeing Fechter perform, St. Aulaire came up with a strange gentleman, saying, "My boy, if you will come to my *cours* (class), I will teach you for nothing." "And if you make the stage your profession, I will give you all my parts," added the unknown, who turned out to be no other than Scribe! Fechter could not accept St. Aulaire's generous offer, for the reason that his father required his assistance in the studio; but he did not forget the great compliment paid him by the first of professors and the first of playwrights, and longed for emancipation.

Temporary release was not long in coming. At this time Duvernoir, a well-known "singer," now a professor in the Conservatoire of Paris, was organizing a company for Florence, Italy, and at the last moment lost his juvenile actor, Gaston, who was unexpectedly drafted into the army. Remembering the great ability displayed by Fechter at the Salle Molière, Duvernoir offered him the vacant situation. A winter in Florence, all the "interesting lovers," and a salary combined? The offer proved irresistible, and in spite of fatherly expostulation the stage-struck youth set off for Italy in January, 1841.

To dream of acting and to act are sadly different, as *le jeune premier* soon found to his cost. Starting with a modest wardrobe, he made the mournful discovery that his requirements greatly exceeded his possessions, and straight-

way developed latent abilities in tailoring and boot-making. Fechter not only made his own dresses, but cut those of actors as impecunious as himself. But top-boots, — what should he do for these very expensive and very necessary articles? The question was father to the answer. Is not genius ever equal to an emergency? What should he do for top-boots? Why, invent them, of course! So out of thin oil-cloth Fechter manufactured a pair of boots of so stylish a cut and perfect a fit as to be the envy of his associates. Love-making in those top-boots must have possessed a double fascination. It could not have been bootless. Ah, and there was that crowning glory of man, a hat! Silk hats are a poor man's natural enemy, yet a lover without a good-looking hat is about as impossible a creature as a pretty woman without a head of hair. But had not Fechter an old hat? What could be easier than to wet it whenever necessary and make it shine like the rising sun? Those home-made clothes, those ingenious boots, and that deceitful hat carried Fechter through his season in Italy; perhaps for the very good reason that the season was not much longer than his original top-boots. Never had Florence known such a winter. The oldest inhabitant went mad in endeavoring to conjure up the ghost of a like recollection. Almanacs were in vain. July invaded January, and the snow on the Apennines, melted by the hot breath of summer, vanished into thin air. Of what avail to perform French comedy at the "Cocomero" (Watermelon), when the astonished Florentines were longing with tragic thirst to eat their accustomed watermelons in the streets? Moreover, there was a rival French troupe at another theatre. One might have survived: the two killed each other.

Nevertheless, Manager Duvernoir persevered in his enterprise for six weeks, and Fechter won praise from the Sir Hubert Stanleys of the period. Strange to say, every play advertised was by Scribe. Those were the good

old days of Austrian surveillance, when grand dukes held their court, and censors supervised public morals. Dumas was their *bête noire*, Molière was sniffed at, but Scribe was considered harmless. So Scribe became the author of *Tartuffe*, wore Dumas's colors and displayed a versatility never known before or since. There was no press to tell tales, the censors nursed their blissful ignorance, and the knowing public enjoyed the joke.

And Fechter enjoyed a joke, of quite a different hue, however. Returning one night from the theatre, he was assaulted by a thief, who, attracted by a very large stage jewel, a diamond-paste pin, which he supposed to be real, thought it easy work to rob so slight a youth. Fechter's hot blood and practised muscle soon undeceived the robber, who, upon finding himself at a disadvantage, drew a dirk. What was to be done? Fechter spoke not one word of Italian; the robber not one word of French. There was a language common to both, however,—that of pantomime,—and they acted out the following dialogue.

"O strike, if you like," gesticulated Fechter; "I'm entirely unarmed, and you can have it all your own way; but as you want nothing of me but my diamond pin, it is hardly worth while killing me, when you can have it on easier terms."

"How so?" asked the robber.

"Why, I'll make an exchange. Give me that cameo in your shirt-bosom, and I'll give you my diamond."

"You're a queer sort of fellow," replied the robber. "I rather like you. It's a bargain."

Whereupon the exchange took place. Actor and robber shook hands and separated, the former in possession of a very beautiful cameo, the latter sole proprietor of pinchbeck! What that robber did to himself upon discovering how completely the tables had been turned remains a mystery. Certainly Fechter never acted better than on this occasion.

At the end of the six weeks Manager

VOL. XXVI. — NO. 155.

19

Duvernoir, poor in pocket and in spirits, called his company together, declared himself bankrupt, paid a few cents on a dollar, and dismissed his friends with a tearful blessing. With characteristic generosity, Fechter divided his share among the humbler actors, who expressed their gratitude by immediately decamping with a portion of his wardrobe. Penniless, Fechter applied for aid to a banker friend, proposing to leave his clothes, books, etc. as security. Believing the *jeune premier's* word to be as good as his bond, the banker lent him money and gave him a draft on a Marseilles house for one thousand francs. Thus fortified, Fechter started for France with the virtuous intention of making no use of the draft; but Fechter was young, and found as great difficulty in keeping as in making money. Marseilles was attractive, he might never travel again, and so in Marseilles he remained until his purse became an aching void, and the letter of credit his only friend. Presenting this letter he was received with unaccountable "effusion." "My dear fellow," exclaimed the banker, seizing Fechter's hands and wringing them vigorously,— "my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. It's a boy, I tell you it's a boy, and such a boy! A marvel! You never saw anything like it in your life and you never will, take my word for it. Money? Certainly. Any amount you please to name. I never was so happy in all my life. There! there's the amount, and to think it's a boy!"

Entirely bewildered by this extraordinary conduct, Fechter wondered whether he were dealing with an escaped lunatic. He became convinced of it upon finding that the banker asked for no receipt. Suggesting its advisability the banker replied: "Bless my soul, certainly. Did n't I take a receipt? Well, it's a boy you know, and how can I think of anything else? There now, it's all right; here's what belongs to you, and I'm the happiest man in the world!" "Well, he is mad," thought Fechter, as he walked

away, "a raving maniac," he added, when, upon opening the package, he discovered his receipt! Returning, Fechter apprised the banker of his mistake, and handed back the important voucher. "Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You don't say so? *Did* I do that? Well, well, it's a boy and a beauty. We haven't yet decided upon a name, but I'll write you all about it, for I'm sure you'll want to know." And again the happy banker took an affectionate farewell of his young customer with the final explanation that it was his first child!

It was a welcome day to Fechter's parents when the prodigal son returned. "No more theatre," said the father; "I want you to be a sculptor." So Fechter became a student of the Académie des Beaux Arts, working there every evening after spending his days over bronzes in his father's studio. Work, however, did not lessen his love of fun, which found many an outlet in pranks. One night he, in company with equally exuberant students, locked up an *écrivain public* (letter-writer for the ignorant poor) in his portable box of a shop, and, wheeling him off, left him several miles from his beat. The little man pounded, the little man scolded, the little man did his best to get out of the window, but little as he was the window was less, and there in solitude and rage he passed the night, no police coming to his rescue until the next morning. Unable to give any explanation of his strange situation, the little man got the credit of temporary insanity,—a verdict of great popularity with all juries equally averse to investigation.

Fechter's thoughts never failed to return to his first love, for it was during this same year, 1841, that he entered the Conservatoire with the determination of studying for the Théâtre Français. He aspired to grand rôles, and wished to base his style on classic models. Fired with ambition, he went before his judges. First among the inquisitors came Professor Provost, who eyed young Hotspur with disdainful

pity. Those who know the broad-shouldered, full-chested Fechter of to-day can hardly think of him as a very thin, very long, and sentimentally delicate youth; yet such was his appearance in 1841.

"Now, sir," said the grim professor, "what do you want?"

"I want to be an actor."

"An actor, indeed! Permit me to assure you that acting is out of the question. You've no lungs, sir. You are consumptive, sir, and my advice to you is to take a great deal of exercise. When you walk, throw your coat open and your shoulders back, put your thumbs in the armholes of your vest, and take long respirations. If you follow my advice you may live, but you can never be an actor."

Conscious of power, and by no means persuaded that the gods loved him sufficiently to mark him for an early death, Fechter ran the gantlet of the entire Conservatoire. Michelot was his next critic.

"Eh bien, what will you recite?"

"I am up in Séide of Voltaire's *Ma-homet*."

"That will do very well. Allons."

Sitting up after the manner of orchestral conductors, Michelot made an imaginary baton of his right arm and began to beat time as if the performance were operatic, and the youth before him a tenor about to sing his first romanza. This was too much for Fechter, whose eyes and ears are of the quickest, whose sense of humor is most acute, and whose daring is almost unparalleled in the annals of the stage. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he carried out Michelot's suggestion, rushed forward with operatic gesticulation, sang Voltaire's hexameters, and turned heavy tragedy into laughable burlesque. The effect upon Michelot can be more readily imagined than described. There was nothing to be said, because this suiting the voice to Michelot's action was too clever and appropriate a satire for words, especially as those present enjoyed the joke immensely.



In his third trial Fechter stood up before Sanson.

"You will attempt Séide," said Sanson. "Very well, begin at the fourth act."

"But, M. Sanson," remonstrated the youth, "I'd rather begin at the beginning. I must get warmed up before I can do my best in that act."

"Nonsense," replied Sanson. "You ought to be able to begin anywhere. Let me have the fourth act."

Obedying the sovereign command, Fechter plunged *in medias res*, going through the dramatic interview between Séide and Palmire as far as the question, "Qui? Zopire?" in scene fourth. Giving this with all the dramatic intensity demanded by the situation, the young tragedian was taken aback by Sanson's interruption of, "Plus bête, mon ami, plus bête. 'Qui? Zopire?' doit être plus bête!"

"I really cannot say it like you, sir," replied Fechter, and the rebellious youth was ordered down.

Last came Beauvallet, with whom Fechter had much better success, being allowed to go through Séide without comment. "That will do," said Beauvallet, "you are quite as bad as any of those at the Théâtre Français," — a gruff compliment, which was taken advantage of by him when, after Fechter's *début*, he claimed the revolutionary Séide as a *pupîl*!

At the end of three weeks Fechter left the Conservatoire, disgusted with a *régime* in which no two professors agreed. Provost, Michelot, and Sanson had removed the reverential veil from his eyes, and losing respect for their judgment, he refused to submit to their instruction. Disheartened, he discarded all thoughts of the stage, although he still memorized the classics and pursued his study of the French language with his old professor, Didier. Putting his best energies into his night work, at the Beaux Arts he labored diligently for three years, and the summer of 1844 found him one of the graduating class competing for the first grand medal, which includes the high

honor of being sent to Rome for five years at the expense of the government. Each scholar becomes a state's prisoner. He is condemned to solitary confinement, with one hour's solitary exercise per day, and at the end of six weeks, wet clay, his only companion, is expected to take the form of a bas-relief of original composition. The subject is always given and the best work obtains the prize. With emulation fully aroused, anxious also to please his father, whose fondest hope was that his son should be a sculptor, Fechter went to work with gusto upon the story of the Good Samaritan. Making the composition as simple as possible, introducing the bare facts of two male figures and a donkey, Fechter saw in the classic dress an opportunity for the display of his knowledge of the human form, and took advantage of it. Finishing his task long before the expiration of the time specified, he was yet held in durance vile until the last moment, when he returned home to await the verdict of the examining committee.

Meanwhile Fechter's brother-in-law had been quietly working in an entirely different direction. Never forgetting his own and Fechter's passion for the stage, and believing that the lad was born for "only this and nothing more," Monsieur le Beau Frère inscribed Fechter's name on the list of applicants for *débuts* at the Théâtre Français. Any one is entitled to this liberty, and if after a test rehearsal the applicant be deemed satisfactory, he is entitled to three public *débuts*, after which he is dismissed or received into the regular company, according to the ability displayed. Thus it happened, that while Fechter was nervously awaiting the verdict of the academy, he received an order to present himself before the tribunal of the Théâtre Français. Ignorant of the part played by his brother-in-law, and concluding that he had been called on the strength of merit only, he prepared himself as best he could. Trembling with fear, he faced the unseen and unknown judges who sat before him swallowed up in the

darkness which reigns throughout the auditorium of a theatre by day. With a few footlights for inspiration, and Rachel's sister, Rebecca Felix, for prompter, Fechter began Séide, — the same rôle which he had rehearsed at the Conservatoire, and again selected because of its scope for the display of human passions. Slavery, religious fanaticism, and love make up a character of flesh and blood very difficult to delineate, but entirely in sympathy with a mind like Fechter's, that seeks for nature in everything that it attempts to grasp. Few of the French classical plays possess the humanity of Mahomet, and it is significant that from the outset Fechter recognized the power of real "situations." Singularly enough, Talma selected the same rôle for his *début*, — a fact unknown to Fechter, and therefore suggestive of rapport between the two minds.

Fechter had not recited more than half of Séide, when a voice from out the darkness exclaimed, "That will do ; now for comedy." Once more bracing himself to the task, he began the light-comedy part of Valère the lover in Molière's *Tartuffe*. Again, when half-way through, the unknown voice broke the gloomy silence with, "That will do ; call another," and Fechter bowed himself off the stage, utterly ignorant of the effect produced upon the jury. But before leaving the theatre he overheard the dismissal of his successor, a woman, without any trial in comedy. "At least I have received better treatment than she," thought Fechter ; and laying this flattering unction to his soul, he went back to his studio in the Rue Paradis des Poissonnières.

Left in uncertainty, Fechter led a divided life between studying for the stage and modelling. Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire shared the honors with the "Seven Capital Sins," — the subject he had selected to put into clay. These Capital Sins were to be represented around the same table, seated or otherwise, according to individual character, and carrying out the dominant passion in action and facial ex-

pression. Surely a good idea, but immensely difficult of treatment. It was because of its difficulty that Fechter selected the subject ; and who can tell how great a sculptor posterity has lost in the actor who lives only for the present ?

Three months passed by, and, hearing nothing from the Théâtre Français, Fechter was again about to abandon the idea of acting, when a dragoon knocked at his door and placed two official documents in his hands. The first announced the award by the Académie des Beaux Arts of the first grand medal ; the second contained a call for Fechter's *début* at the Théâtre Français ! No wonder that the youth of nineteen had an *accès de joie* at this embarrassment of riches. No wonder that Fechter *père* wellnigh danced with delight.

The prize had been won ; would he go ? "No, I cannot," said the son.

"You must," replied the father.

"It is impossible," again answered the son. "My heart is wedded to the theatre."

So distressed was Fechter *père* at this decision, that young Hotspur relented so far as to risk his future on a fencing-match with his father, the winner to decide whether it should be Rome or the stage.

"No, no," said the father, "I'll do no fencing, for at that you must surely win."

"Well, then, we'll toss up. Heads I win, tails you lose."

To this the father consented ; — *heads won*, and in December, 1844, Fechter made his *début* in conjunction with Rebecca Felix. The rôles were Séide and Valère, for which he had but one rehearsal. Rebecca Felix performed the opposite part of Palmire.

From the beginning Fechter had ideas of his own ; and once convinced of having attained the truth in his art, no one could turn him from his purpose. The scene of Voltaire's Mahomet is laid in Mecca. Séide, Mahomet's slave, is an Arab, and should be dressed like an Arab, precedents to the contrary. So armed with a fine Arab cos-

tume which he had hanging in his studio, Fechter went to his dressing-room on the night of his *début*. There on a chair lay the properties supplied for Séide by the theatre: blue and white satin, to contrast with the pink and white satin of Palmire, who, Arab as she ought to look, would be painted red and white, like the fairest of Circasians! Stern in his resolve, Fechter laid aside rouge, whiting, and satin, gave a dark olive tint to his complexion, donned his Arab costume, and went to the wings to await his cue.

"Mon Dieu! what horror do I behold?" screamed out Geoffroy, the administrator of the week. "What do you mean by thus insulting established custom? Off with the vile stuff! Go to your room and put on the proper dress."

Flying from Geoffroy's rage, Fechter, with no intention of obeying orders, retired under the stage, where he remained until sought for by the call-boy, when he rushed on to begin the second act, which is Séide's first appearance. A murmur ran through the audience, followed by a rustle which Fechter took for disapprobation. In an agony of doubt as to what would be the result of his temerity, he had almost lost his presence of mind, when a burst of applause and encouraging *bravos* assured him of sympathy before, if not behind, the curtain.

The real work of Séide begins with the fourth act, where, in the interview with Palmire, the slave he loves, not knowing her to be his sister, he reveals the dreadful oath he has taken to serve Mahomet by killing Zopire (his unknown father), to whom he is drawn by an unaccountable sympathy. This passionate dialogue, the appearance of Zopire kneeling at the altar of his gods, Séide's working himself up to the requisite amount of frenzy necessary for the deed, and his return to Palmire after its accomplishment, wild in look and falling from exhaustion, as he exclaims,

"Où suis-je ? et quelle voix m'appelle ?  
Je ne vois point Palmire ; un dieu m'a privé d'elle,"

were a revelation to the spectators of the Théâtre Français, who had been educated on declamation and propriety. Distracted and panting, Séide lay upon the ground, giving the question, "Qui, Zopire?" in answer to that of Palmire, "Zopire a-t-il perdu la vie?" with a start and a heart-rending voice that thrilled the spectators.

"Ah! grande Dieu! Dieu de sang altéré,  
Ne persécutez point son esprit égaré.  
Fuyons d'ici!"

exclaims Palmire. Here Séide tried to rise, but falling on his knees,

"Je sens que mes genoux s'affaissent,"

delivered the confession of his crime, half reclining and half kneeling, not regaining sufficient strength to rise until the whole is told. No wonder that the public, accustomed to see Séide obey Voltaire's printed "business" ("*Il s'assied*"), and *sit down in a chair* in true Oriental fashion, lost all sense of decorum, and actually called out the real Arab at the end of this act, a compliment rare in those days and never before known in Mahomet. No less effective was Fechter in the last act, where, coming on delirious with poison administered unknown to him by Mahomet's orders, he calls upon the people to avenge Zopire's death; denounces Mahomet, and dies in the arms of his followers. Years before this scene had been cut out on account of its difficulty, but Fechter had stomach for it all, and when the curtain fell his *début* was pronounced the success of the night. Rachel came to him, saying, "You must act in my pieces. I will play with nobody else."

Fechter selected Valère for his *début* in comedy, first because it gave him time to rest, Valère not appearing until act second, and secondly because it was short. There is really only one good scene, but quite enough to prove capacity, which was all that the occasion demanded. Again he made a revolution in costume, wearing the dress of Louis the Fourteenth's time, the scene of *Tartuffe* being laid in the Paris of *le grand monarque*. Heretofore the costume had not been strictly correct.

The curtain fell upon a second success. Fechter had won his spurs in tragedy and comedy, in Voltaire and Molière, on the classic stage of the Théâtre Français, and had already gained Rachel's good-will. Human nature is weak, artists are sadly jealous, and perhaps it is not strange that old *sociétaires* looked with ill-favor upon the youth of nineteen who had jumped so suddenly into popularity. It was easy to reap a pitiful harvest of revenge, so the following week when Fechter went upon the stage to rehearse Curiace in Corneille's *Les Horaces* and Dorante in *Le Menteur*, which parts he had chosen for his second *début*, he found himself without support. Righteously indignant at this unseemly slight, Fechter left word that he would not act in either piece, and the manager might get somebody else. Later entreaty availed naught, old *sociétaires* assumed their old rôles and the *début* was postponed another week.

And what said Jules Janin, the prince of dramatic critics, the man who cannot be bought with money, but who revenges himself upon such artists as do not pay him court? "Bravo! bravissimo!" murmured Janin in private. "Come and see me, Fechter"; and Fechter, quixotically independent and indifferent to the verdict of critics, offended Janin's *amour propre* by staying away. So the *feuilleton* that followed the representations of *Les Horaces* and *Le Menteur* in both of which Fechter was supposed to have appeared, but which he threw up as has already been told, contained a most savage onslaught upon Fechter's Curiace and Dorante. The actor had his critic completely on the hip, but took no further advantage than to write the following private note:—

"DEAR JANIN:—Your criticism is excellent: true in every particular, except in attributing the acting of Curiace and Dorante to me. *I performed in neither part!*"

What did Janin do? In the next week's *feuilleton* the impartial critic

stated that, owing to gross carelessness, his manuscript had been misprinted. His remarks *apropos* of Mr. Fechter were intended for his rehearsal, and *not* for the performance, in which other artists had appeared. It was quite evident from this second falsehood that Janin meant war to the knife, so Fechter returned the blow by a published statement to the effect that, inasmuch as he had never rehearsed the parts criticised by M. Jules Janin, the explanation of the latter could hardly be called satisfactory! After this terrible and justifiable *exposé*, what was left for Janin but silence? And silence has been his revenge ever since. Even after Fechter's marvellous success in *La Dame aux Camélias*, Janin made but a passing notice of his name, which was recorded among the supernumeraries. Thus even in Paris does personality degrade art and genius.

The young Séide had not been three weeks a *pensionnaire* at the Théâtre Français before he broke an audacious lance in behalf of republican institution. Entering the green-room for the first time, he saw all the *sociétaires* ranged on one side of the fireplace and the *pensionnaires* on the other. The former received their appointment originally from the first Napoleon, who accorded to the Théâtre Français a yearly subvention of £16,000. Since then *sociétaires* have been elected by their own body. They divide the profits of the theatre among themselves, take turns in its management, at the end of twenty years can retire on a pension of \$5,000, or, remaining longer in the profession, are entitled to a still larger pension. Thus does France foster art. *Sociétaires* consequently hold the reins in their own hands, while *pensionnaires*, being on a salary and lower in official grade, are made to feel the difference between the throne and the step leading to it. "What's the meaning of this?" asked Fechter. "Why are all the *sociétaires* in one row and the *pensionnaires* in another? Is there no equality among artists?" With this the young demo-

crat sprang from one side of the wide fireplace to the other, and landing among the *sociétaires* began talking to Beauvallet as if nothing unusual had occurred, and as if *pensionnaires* had a right to trespass upon sacred ground.

Fechter's second *débuts*, when he appeared in *Les Horaces* with Rachel and in *Le menteur*, were received with plaudits. Again in the comedy did Fechter teach actors and public a lesson by wearing a thoroughly correct Charles the Second dress. So pronounced was the success that then and there Fechter became a regular member of the Théâtre Français, the high powers not deeming it necessary to await his third *débuts*. La Rue being lazy and Maillard ill, Fechter at first had many opportunities of testing his ability. Rachel's desires were fulfilled, and she found wonderful support in the stripling who, ignoring precedents, made human beings of Hippolyte, Oreste, Xiphaires, Bajazet, Nerestan, etc., etc. It was at the conclusion of *Zaire* that Regnier came behind the scenes, and addressing the assembled *sociétaires* exclaimed, "Now mark my words. I tell you that he is better than any of you." Such outspoken criticism was not likely to promote the interests of a beginner who was himself none too politic. Moreover, Buloz had private reasons for advancing a vastly inferior actor, and Fechter was soon made to feel the difference between favoritism and real worth. Appearing in the comedies of *Valerie*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Le Dépit*, *Le Ménage Parisien*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *La Vestale*, etc., he at last found himself shorn of almost every part rightfully his own. Notwithstanding that Dumas père had written the prominent male character in *La Fille du Régent* for Fechter, and had spoken of having done so, when the play came to be cast Fechter found a part in the prologue assigned to him. Easy in his principles, Dumas had been talked over by Buloz and others.

Though Fechter had a right to a

third *début*, with his own selection of parts, though it is a rule that every *débutant* shall perform the parts of every *début* at least twice during his first year, or whenever the plays are brought out, these rights were denied. Fechter felt that the *sociétaires* never intended to give him fair play, and when, at the beginning of 1846, the salary of every *pensionnaire* except himself was raised, the intention could not be mistaken. After appealing in vain for justice, Fechter frankly avowed his opinion, and at the end of eighteen months left the theatre in a glory of indignation. A man of less spirit and more phlegm might have known better how to subvert the machinations of rivals, but in all probability a man of less spirit would not have been so good an actor and therefore could not have fared so ill. Extraordinary ability is a dangerous possession, unless it be master of the situation. Thus closed Fechter's career at the Théâtre Français. He left a void that has never been filled.

With illusions gone, with aspirations clouded, Fechter returned to his studio for the fourth time, and betook himself to modelling. Once more he went to work upon the Seven Capital Sins, and it is safe to conclude that he put a great deal of devilish expression into the face of Envy. "Theatres!" he said; "never say theatre to me. I've done with the stage. Henceforth I am a sculptor." And so the actor believed, but Fate knew better. One day it chanced — as it always chances, in life as well as in books — that Dacier, the celebrated baritone, brought St. Aubin, once leading actor at the Gymnase and then manager of the Berlin Theatre Royal, to Fechter's studio for the purpose of seeing his statue. "By the way," said St. Aubin, "are you related to Fechter of the Théâtre Français, about whom I've heard so much?"

"Well, rather," replied the sculptor. "I am that identical individual."

"Is it possible? Why, then how is it that you are at work here?"

"For the reason that I have re-



nounced the stage. I shall never act again."

"What, you? the most promising man of the day? This will never do. Come with me to Berlin. I am forming a company for the Theatre Royal; you shall have just the parts you like, and as you will be paid by the government, you need have no fears on the score of money."

Of course Fechter accepted this offer, the Seven Capital Sins were once more wrapped in wet cloths, and the sculptor transformed himself into an actor with the agility of a harlequin. There was nothing that Fechter did not do in Berlin. He was everything by turns and nothing long. He was the best actor in the troupe "either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-comical, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited." He had a fine robust tenor voice, and sang, entirely by ear, the music of Daniel in the opera of *Le Chalet*. He played Paul Taglioni's ballet of *Le Corsair*, and executed all the dances with admirable effect. He made a great success in *Le Père Turlututu*, one hundred years old, and still another in doubling Buckingham and Tyrrell in *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, a piece taken from Shakespeare's Richard the Third. Fechter was so entirely transformed in the second assumption that the public failed to recognize him until the end of the act.

Being a very devout Catholic, the queen abstained from theatrical performances, but after repeated entreaty from the king, with whom Fechter was a great favorite, she consented to assist at a court representation at Potsdam of Bayard Melesville's comedy *Le Chevalier de St. George*, and Dupin's *La Polka en Province*. Reaching high-water mark, Fechter delighted the court. In the afterpiece Fechter's comedy was, so inimitable, that the king sent his chamberlain behind the scenes to request him to be less funny, otherwise his Majesty would die. Misunderstanding the message, and seeing that the king enjoyed the performance, Fechter be-

came more and more comical, until royalty degenerated into base humanity, and was carried out of his box in a state of complete exhaustion from laughing. The queen expressed her admiration in an autograph letter, accompanying it with busts of Schiller, Goethe, and Herder. Not to be outdone, Fechter modelled a Sister of Charity kneeling at prayer, and sent it to the queen, who placed the artist's gift in the Royal Gallery, where it still remains.

After an unusually prolonged and successful season of nine months, Fechter returned to Paris in 1847, and immediately signed an engagement for three years at the Vaudeville, where he looked forward to a reign of peace. The manager was all grace, the public all smiles, and his rendering of the hero Albert in *Marguerite* received the approving nod of claque and critics. About two weeks after its production the manager went to Fechter and with finely simulated enthusiasm exclaimed: "My dear fellow, your performance was admirable. You are the only man to replace Frederic Lemaître. I must make another engagement with you. The present one is not equal to your merits. Give me the old contract, and I'll have a better one made out." Dumfounded at this excess of virtue, and not suspecting foul play, Fechter complied with the request. However, after waiting a reasonable time and waiting in vain, he ventured to ask for the new contract. Mr. Manager coolly ignored it. An unworthy power behind the managerial desk had instigated the treachery and caused the written articles to be destroyed.

Stung to the quick by this baseness, and able to produce witnesses to the existence of a contract, Fechter had about decided to go to law, when he met an old artist friend, Anthony Berand, who was manager of the Ambigu. "Why, what's the matter, Fechter?" inquired the latter; "you look upset."

"Upset! I should rather think I was." And then followed a narration of what had occurred.



"Now take my advice," said the manager, at the conclusion of the woful story. "Don't go to law, but come to my theatre. I'll double your present salary, and bind myself by more writing than you'll care to read."

"Agreed," cried Fechter; and the threatening clouds disappeared.

Prior to the beginning of this engagement Fechter went to London with a troupe of admirable artists, including Boccage, Cartigny, Montalent, Josset, Mademoiselle Battiste, granddaughter of the great Battiste, and others. The season at the St. James lasted four months, during which time Fechter appeared in standard plays, the most prominent being Sophocles's *Antigone*. It was brought out with great care, and excited unusual attention. The queen and prince consort were constant in their attendance, not being absent more than twenty nights. D'Orsay was seen constantly, and with him Louis Napoleon, who made Fechter's acquaintance and often went behind the scenes to compliment his countryman. Upon bidding Fechter good by, Napoleon seemed much touched at the thought of his own continued exile from France, and said, "The next time we meet will be in the Tuileries."

"That is somewhat doubtful," answered Fechter, "for I really do not intend to be king."

"No," replied the man of destiny, "*but I intend to be Emperor!*"

To smile was impossible. Napoleon's tone and manner were such as to convince Fechter that an oracle had spoken, and when the prince became President of the Republic Fechter knew how the drama would end. Napoleon was right. The next time they met was in the Tuileries, and when Fechter acted for him at Fontainebleau the Emperor took off his watch and chain and begged his acceptance of them.

Fechter made so strong an impression in London, that Maddox, manager of the Princess's, went to him with an offer of £40 per week for three years, if he would appear on the English stage.

This was a large salary for those days, and the young artist felt greatly inclined to accept it, but there rose up before him the promise to his friend of the Ambigu. He wrote to be released, if release were possible. "Impossible," was the reply. "Sue and others are writing plays for you, and I cannot let you go." So toward the end of February, 1848, Fechter returned to Paris with the expectation of fulfilling this engagement, making his *entrée* in a new play, *La Famille Thureau*, the first and only production of an eccentric painter, one Lorentz. During the performance of *La Famille Thureau*, the story of which is not unlike that of *La Dame aux Camélias*, Fechter, while engaged in a dialogue of twelve or fifteen minutes, modelled a statue of Poetry three feet high. Fair as the prospect was, it did not long continue. A revolution came between him and public attention; and as the real drama surpassed in interest any that could be feigned, the Ambigu, following the example of other theatres, closed after a season of twelve nights. Freed from obligations, Fechter wrote to Maddox, accepting his former offer, but the letter arrived too late. The enterprising manager had already engaged an opera troupe, which absorbed his time and money.

Othello's occupation gone, Fechter solaced himself with fencing and shooting. In those days of anarchy no man knew what destiny lay in wait for him, and discretion led to anticipation of the worst. So Fechter fenced and fired himself into an enviable notoriety. No one dared to quarrel with him, lest a duel might be the consequence. Rochefort always referred to him with deference, and bullies gave him a wide berth. While thus vigorously engaged, Adrien Decourcelles went to Fechter, saying, "I've just written a reactionary play, called Oscar the Twenty-eighth, which if possible I want to have performed. You're the only man who has pluck enough to brave the crowd. I've burlesqued the Revolution. I anticipate what will most certainly happen months hence,

and if you and I can show the people themselves as they are and must be, it will be a great feather in our caps." Fechter read the play, sympathized with the travesty of royalty on the one side and mad democracy on the other, and with his usual daring consented to play Oscar the Twenty-eighth. The next step was to secure a theatre, and they appealed to Moran of the Variétés. "But you'll have the theatre down," argued the timid manager.

"Yes, that's one side of the argument," replied author and actor; "but, on the other hand, you *may* make a great deal of money. Your theatre is closed; here is an opportunity of turning an ill wind to good account. If you don't seize it, some other theatre will."

Persuaded in spite of himself, Moran consented to the production of Oscar the Twenty-eighth. On the first night no one but members of the press were present; nevertheless, Moran could not be found. Anticipating trouble, he had left Fechter and Decourcelles to bear the onus of it, instead of which they received the plaudits of a non-paying but appreciative audience.

A few hours acquainted Paris with the nature of the entertainment, and for two months, during the turbulent summer of 1848, Oscar the Twenty-eighth laughed in the face of the Revolution, and drew crowded audiences of reactionists. Instead of assaults upon the actors, there were occasional combats among the spectators, at which times Fechter delivered impromptu addresses upon the folly of useless expenditure of force in the presence of a play brought out for the express purpose of putting the people on exhibition. "Only keep the peace, and we'll show you just how it ought to be done," said Fechter; and, taken aback by his audacity and wit, the combatants were wont to sit down and look at their own portraits. Nine months later the burlesque of Oscar the Twenty-eighth became a positive reality. Decourcelles and Fechter had merely anticipated history.

Later in this year Fechter fulfilled an

engagement at the Théâtre Historique, performing Dumas's rhymed tragedy of Charles the Seventh, his drama of *Angèle*, and bringing out for the first time Dumas and Maquet's *Catilina*, and Paul Feval's *Mystères de Londres*. 1849 found him again at the Ambigu, during which twelve months he created no less than seven characters of totally different types, the pieces being Fournier's *Pardon de Bretagne*, Paul Feval's *Mauvais Cœur*, Charles Desnoyer's comedy of *Les Trois Étages*, Leon Gazlan's *Jeunesse Dorée*, Masson's *Les Fils Aymon*, Bourgeois's *Notre Dame de Paris*, and Labrousse's *Louis the Fourteenth*. In the last, Fechter, in the hero who attempts to save the queen, assumed seven different characters and surprised the audience by his wonderful "make-ups"; being especially effective as a cab-driver. When the Courier of Lyons was brought out at the Gaieté, a year later, Paulin Menier made an exact copy of Fechter's cab-driver, and gained a success thereby.

1850 and 1851 were equally divided between the Théâtre Historique and the Porte-Saint-Martin. In this time, Dumas's *Pauline and Corsican Brothers*, Bulwer's *Money*, Emile Souvestre's *Le Lion et le Moucheron*, De Montepin's *Le Vol à la Duchesse*, George Sand's *Claudie*, and Thiboust's *Le Diable* were first put upon the stage. The Corsican Brothers ran for one hundred nights; while *Money*, though pronounced a great artistic success, only held the stage forty nights, it being too high comedy for a melodramatic theatre. *Claudie*, at the Porte-Saint-Martin, rivalled the Corsican Brothers in the length of its popularity, whereby "hangs a tale." When the drama was first read, Boccage, to whom belonged the leading rôle, that of an old man, went to Fechter saying, "We can offer you nothing in *Claudie*, as I have the first part, and no other is good enough for you."

"On the contrary," rejoined Fechter, "I have taken a fancy to the plough-boy."

"What, the third part in the piece?"

"Never mind, we'll see what can be made of it."

So *Claudie* was mounted and Madame Sand came from Nohant to "assist" at the dress-rehearsal. At the end of the first act Fechter overheard an excited dialogue between Madame Sand and Boccage in the dressing-room adjoining his own.

"It will kill *Claudie*," said Madame Sand. "I will not permit such an outrage. If you allow that man to act, I'll withdraw the play."

"But, my dear madame," retorted Boccage, "you don't know what you are talking about. That man, as you call him, is doing you a great honor. He has taken an inferior part out of compliment to you, and will act it as no one else can. My advice to you is to keep quiet."

But Madame Sand turned a deaf ear to this advice, and with threats upon her lips left Boccage to his own reflections.

"What's the matter, Boccage?" asked Fechter, as soon as the lady had retired.

"Why, that foolish woman says you sha' n't play in *Claudie*. She's made a plough-boy, and is very much disgusted with you because you dress him in peasant's clothes and give him a *patois*."

"Very well," answered Fechter, "then I refuse the part. I won't go on with the rehearsal."

"But we are lost if you don't. For my sake, pay no attention to her, and go through your part."

Gradually soothed into complaisance, Fechter put on his street dress, spoke the purest of French, and at the close of the next act Madame Sand exclaimed: "What a charming young man! Why did he not look and act this way before?"

Fechter had made a gentleman of her plough-boy.

"Now," said Fechter, at the conclusion of the rehearsal, "if I can't do that part as I feel it ought to be done, I won't appear at all. Madame Sand can write, but she has proved that she does n't know the meaning of acting.

She has insulted me, and I've done with her."

Of course, much expostulation ensued, and it was finally decided that, Madame Sand to the contrary, Fechter should have his own way, by which he made *the* success of the play. "Take me to him," exclaimed Madame Sand, when the curtain fell upon the first night of *Claudie*,—"take me to him, that I may know him."

"I refuse to know Madame Sand," was Fechter's answer to this message. "You need not bring her. I do not forget an insult."

Madame Sand did not obtain her introduction; and when she wrote *Mauprat* especially for the man whom she declared would kill *Claudie*, the proud actor refused to accept his part.

The production of *Le Diable* being assigned to Fechter, he drew the dresses, read the play to the actors, superintended the rehearsals, and had it acted five days after receiving the manuscript. It was at this theatre also that Fechter gave up thirty thousand francs of salary to the minor actors who were suffering in consequence of the manager's failure during the engagement of another artist.

The next six years—from 1852 to 1858—Fechter was the star of the Vaudeville, where ten new plays were produced in which he personated the hero. These creations were Gozlan's *Le Coucher d'une Étoile* and *Louise de Nauteuil*, Bayard's *Hortense de Ceruy* and *Les Contes de Boccage*, Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*, Barrière's *Les Filles de Marbre* and *La Vie en Rose*, On Demande un Gouverneur, Scribe's *La Fille de Trente Ans*, and Maquet's *Les Dettes de Cœur*. Successful in all, Fechter made a great impression in his very difficult rôle in *Hortense de Ceruy*. This, however, was eclipsed by the furore he created in *La Dame aux Camélias*. Fechter objected to the fourth act of this play as originally written, and suggested certain changes of situation and dialogue, to which Dumas at first willingly assented, but over which he

grew exceedingly nervous as the trial night approached.

"If my play is a failure I'll lay the blame on you," said Dumas to Fechter.

"Nous verrons," responded the actor.

The curtain went up, the curtain went down, and the fourth act was over. "What mean that noise and tremendous applause?" asked Fechter of himself. "Is it a failure? Is it an expression of disapprobation?"

"Fechter, Fechter, you have made a sensation, you are called!" And the Vaudeville witnessed an expression of unexampled enthusiasm. The *chef* of the claque came behind the scenes, in great trepidation. "It was n't I!" he cried. "It was not my doing. The people did it; tell the manager. I tried to keep applause back for the last act, but they would have their own way." Dumas hurried to Fechter and clasped him in his arms; while Madame Doche, who had had nothing to do with the sensation of this act, clever as she was in what followed, calmly remarked: "Ah oui. Il m'a bien secondé!"

This play, which, in spite of Anglo-Saxon criticism, is one of the most moral ever written, ran for upwards of three hundred nights, and, whether Doche, Jeanne Ellsler, or others personated the heroine, the success was equally great with Fechter as Armand. What Dumas thought all who read may learn:—

"Thanks to Fechter. What can I say of him that all the world does not say and know? Fechter is the most youthful, most ardent, most enthusiastic, most insinuating of artists. What variety of talents, what unpretending skill in conception, what marvellous, thrilling, electric execution! Be it in *Mauvais Cœur* at the Ambigu, in the Corsican Brothers at the Théâtre Historique, in *Claudie* at the Porte-Saint-Martin, in *Hortense de Ceruy* or in *La Dame aux Camélias* at the Vaudeville, he is always the character *first*; then those happy, unexpected inspirations which are the seal of great artists, which transport an entire audience at

once, and invest the character with charms and proportions that the author himself, with all his high ambition, never dreamed of. In *La Dame aux Camélias* the illusion is complete; it is not an actor playing, it is the man taken in the very act. Fechter has the action, the look, the voice of our inmost emotions, of our most frequent passions. He is himself, he is ourselves. For a drama in which I have endeavored to cause the foot-lights to disappear and to bring the spectator in direct communication with its characters, for this study in which I have wished that a generation might live over even its errors, where could I have found a surer accomplice than Fechter, young in years, mature in talent? I am happy, it is but my duty to avow it. I seek, I ask in vain who could have given to Armand Duval the convincing poetry, the noble jealousy, the indescribable susceptibilities of feelings, the naturalness, the terror, with which he shaded the first three acts? As for the frenzy of the fourth, at the end of which the entire audience rose to cheer and to recall him,—him and Madame Doche,—if I were not so satisfied at having written the piece, I should wish some one else to have been its author that I might say of Fechter all that ought to be said. His heart beat in every part of the theatre. In the fifth act he gave the most piercing cry of which human grief is capable. Happy the brother author who next has Fechter for his hero! Happy I, who, taking my turn in representing the public, shall go to hear him and to clap my hands!"

Did ever actor receive greater praise from dramatist? And well might Dumas exclaim, he who had done all for the heroine, making Armand a secondary figure, and expecting no more from him than is down in the book! It is cleverness that succeeds in doing well what the author has made pre-eminent; it is genius that carries the author's conception beyond the letter, and makes the less appear the greater. After seeing Fechter in Armand, Le-

maître went to him, saying: "You are a great fool, my dear fellow. You throw yourself away. You always do justice to every portion of your rôle. Your performance is so even, so good throughout, that the audience don't appreciate you half as much as they ought. Now take my advice; follow my example. Save yourself for your great 'points,' and the people will be so startled by the strong contrast as to go quite wild. Don't you do anything in Armand until the fourth act, and then you'll see a hurricane of enthusiasm." But Fechter refused to take Lemaitre's advice. He is too true an artist to play for effects, and the great Frederic left him with the final remark, that, of all fools, he was the biggest.

Looking back upon *La Dame aux Camélias*, it is interesting to know that, though rehearsed on the stage of the Conservatoire during the Revolution, the moral censors of the Republic would not consent to its production; and not until the days of the Empire did Dumas's masterpiece receive gracious treatment. Count Morny attended the first rehearsal, expecting to be greatly shocked. "What fools those Republicans were!" he muttered, and immediately withdrew every objection.

Simultaneously with Scribe's *La Fille de Trente Ans* came Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche*. "Which shall we accept?" asked the manager.

"*Pattes de Mouche*, by all means," said Fechter. "It is admirable. Scribe's play will fail, in spite of acting." When Scribe heard the verdict, he went to Fechter and upbraided him. "Say no more about it," replied Fechter. "It was policy, not friendship, that prompted my decision. As a friend I will do anything for you, Scribe. Your comedy shall be accepted."

It was produced, it failed; the theatre was saved by a revival of *La Dame aux Camélias*; and Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche* fulfilled Fechter's predictions by running one hundred and fifty nights at the Gymnase.

In *Les Contes de Boccace*, a five-act comedy, Fechter sustained no less than

nine characters; while in *La Vie en Rose* he became the hero of a lawsuit as well as of the play. Not having read the piece before its acceptance by the manager, Fechter declared that he would not perform in it, unless the last two acts were entirely changed. He would not be connected with another failure. The parts had been given out, the date of production announced, and the manager, in despair, resorted to law. Law, however, did not produce the desired effect, as the verdict accorded three months' grace to Fechter, after which he was expected to comply with the manager's demands. Fechter asked for no better terms, as it only needed delay to kill the obnoxious play. Completely at Fechter's mercy, the manager went to him, saying:—

"Dictate your own terms. Barrière is down stairs in a hack. He will do anything you please, provided you'll play in his piece immediately."

"Very well," responded Fechter; "let him alter those last acts as at first suggested, and I'll rehearse."

Thus, while the company rehearsed the first three acts, Barrière reconstructed the last two, and *La Vie en Rose* had a rose-colored reception from the public.

One night, during the performance of the comedy *On Demande un Gouverneur*, Fechter was greatly inconvenienced by talking that proceeded from a stage-box. Nothing so embarrasses or mortifies an artist as this most brutal of insults, and nothing so justifies resentment. Louder and louder grew the noise, until, in righteous exasperation, Fechter impulsively flung his cane into the box with such force that it whizzed like a bullet. He then coolly rang a bell, and ordered the astonished servant to stop the noise and fetch him his cane. A dead silence took possession of the previously boisterous spectators, and a cold shiver passed over the rest of the audience, who saw in this act a speedy challenge, followed by a duel, and the possible death of one of the combatants. "Fech-

ter's done it again," whispered those of his friends who knew his readiness to resent injustice and insult; and Fechter himself was quite prepared for the worst, so that when the card of M. le Conte — was sent to him in his dressing-room, he expected to be called out.

"Monsieur Fechter," said M. le Conte, upon entering the dressing-room, "I owe you a very humble apology for my conduct. A short time ago I was intoxicated and insulted you unconsciously. Your cane brought me to my senses, and I now come to you for pardon."

Of course Fechter's wrath was quickly appeased, and M. le Conte took his departure with protestations of everlasting friendship upon his lips.

Leaving the Vaudeville, Fechter made a successful tour through the provinces, ending with Lyons, where he was to give six representations of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Hisses greeted his first appearance, the Lyonnais having given their allegiance to another actor in Armand, and being determined to make Lyons thoroughly uncomfortable for Fechter. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Fechter, approaching the foot-lights, "it makes no possible difference whether you like or dislike me, whether I act or do not act; I merely wish to say that, if I hear another hiss, I will leave the theatre and never enter it again."

Silenced by this independence, the Lyonnais kept their madness in the background, but preserved a discouraging gloom until the end of the fourth act, when Fechter's passion broke down their prejudice, and former enemies became ardent admirers. Before Fechter bade farewell to Lyons, his six nights had lengthened into three months.

Returning to Paris, Fechter accepted a profitable engagement at the Porte-Saint-Martin, where at the end of ten months, after having appeared in two new parts, in Sejour's *Fils de Nuit*, and Maquet's *Belle Gabrielle*, his engagement was cut short by a danger-

ous attack of typhoid fever, which seized him suddenly while acting. Singularly enough, he had but just climbed a wall and been fired upon from below by an actor who was supposed to be pursuing him, when he fell upon the stage as if he had been shot. A short time before, an actor at the same theatre had barely escaped death, owing to the pistol being loaded; and imagining a similar accident, Fechter's friend startled the audience by crying out, "I have killed him!" but afterwards pacified the excited multitude by assuring them there was no wound. For five months Fechter did not leave his bed; nor was he able to resume his profession until seven months later. Overwork had brought on disease, and rest was his only salvation. During the last five months of his stay at the Porte-Saint-Martin he had rehearsed pieces for the Odéon, the management of which he was about to assume. Exhausted Nature took her revenge. Upon recovery, Fechter carried out this intention, and before himself reappearing, mounted *André Gerard* for Frédéric Lemaître. He made his *entrée* in Ponsard's *L'Honneur et l'Argent*.

Loving the art of acting quite as much if not more than his own personal advancement, Fechter assumed the management of the Odéon with the intention of producing standard plays in a manner heretofore unknown. Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and Beaumarchais were to be humanized for the first time. Rhyme and hexameter were to be given colloquially. History was to be respected in *mise en scène* and costume. Turks were not to sit on French upholstery, nor was imperial Rome to be longer shorn of its splendor of appointments. If the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français were content to violate the laws of eternal fitness, at least Fechter aspired to better things. Such audacity filled the *sociétaires* with anger and dismay. "What! a minor theatre dare to produce our pieces and in a style superior to ourselves! We will show Fechter our superiority."



So when Fechter brought out *Tartuffe*, he playing *Tartuffe* for the first time, the same comedy was announced at the Théâtre Français. It would be given three nights a week, until the freebooter of the Odéon was sufficiently punished; but the public failed to appreciate this consideration, and the irate *sociétaires* were obliged to withdraw *Tartuffe* after the second night. Not so Fechter. His interpretation of the entire comedy was a revelation to playgoers. Night after night found Meissonnier at the theatre, making sketches of the costumes and scenery. "Il a mis *Tartuffe* dans ses meubles," said the journals. Fould, Minister of State, wrote to Fechter, expressing his delight, and declaring that he enjoyed it with all the relish of a new play. But Fould was first a servant of the government, then a man; and when the sacred powers of the sacred Théâtre Français demonstrated to him the impropriety of Fechter's poaching upon their ground, Fould requested the withdrawal of *Tartuffe*. "No," replied Fechter, "I cannot. A success of thirty nights proves that my efforts in behalf of dramatic art are appreciated by the public. When the sun of *Tartuffe* sets, that of *Britannicus* will rise with equal splendor." And he meant what he said. While acting in two new plays, *Le Rocher de Sysippe* and Emile Angiér's *La Jeunesse*, *Britannicus* and *Macbeth* were receiving the most elaborate and careful rehearsals; and when Fechter closed his first season of nine months, he determined that his reopening should mark an era in dramatic art.

Going to England during the summer of 1860 for the purpose of regaining his health, Fechter received flattering offers from Harris, who had superseded Maddox in the management of the Princess's; but all aglow with the idea of bringing out French and English classics in his own language, he refused to be tempted. Then going to the Tuileries he applied to the Emperor for what is called *la liberté des théâtre*, that is, the right to perform such plays as had heretofore been the

exclusive property of the Théâtre Français. Receiving Fechter with cordiality, Napoleon declared that if his own consent were alone required, the despotic law should be immediately rescinded. Unfortunately he could only recommend its annulment to the Chamber of Deputies, and this he would do most gladly. For once the Chamber of Deputies failed to agree with their imperial master, and Fechter impulsively bade farewell to the Paris he loved so well, declared he had no intention of devoting his life to melodrama, and crossed over to England. Had he waited patiently his dream would have been realized, for Napoleon never forgot Fechter's request, and two years later brought about the necessary reform. "Come back," said the Emperor, but the battle had been fought and Fechter could not resign his victory. He had conquered a foreign tongue and a foreign audience, and could not leave Shakespeare for Racine.

Understanding English perfectly when spoken, Fechter flattered himself that it would cost little effort to speak it equally well, but the mystified "What?" of the cabman, to whom he gave directions upon arriving in London, convinced the voluntary exile that there was no royal road to Shakespeare. Devoting himself for four months to our stern Anglo-Saxon language, he studied sixteen and eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; and selecting *Ruy Blas*, which had never been acted in English, as less likely to display his deficiencies of pronunciation than a native play, made his *début* at the Princess's Theatre on the 27th of October, 1860. The novelty of seeing an eminent French actor translated into English created more than a momentary sensation. The papers were enthusiastic, and *Ruy Blas* became the hero of a hundred nights. Not yet daring to trust himself with classical language, Fechter's next venture was in the Corsican Brothers, after which, feeling more glib with his tongue, he made his comedy *entrée* on February 11, 1861, in *Don César de Bazan*. Six weeks

later, the date being March 20th, he first essayed Hamlet. It was aiming high, but not higher than he could attain. Courage is the friendly breeze that ever fills the sails of genius; and Fechter, long familiar with Shakespeare, did not feel as if he were undertaking anything new. His conception of Hamlet was so thoroughly original, that it became the *open-sesame* to conversation in households and clubs. The actor was transformed into a lion, members of the royal family, the aristocracy and gentry rivalling one another in offers of hospitality. His rendering of Hamlet was generally praised by thoughtful critics.

"Perhaps," wrote Charles Dickens, "no innovation in art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intellectual persons pre-committed to, and preoccupied by, another system as Mr. Fechter's Hamlet." There were those who exclaimed, as they exclaim in America, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," but he had powerful support from the best minds. It was after seeing Fechter in Hamlet that Dickens sought an introduction, which took place at a dinner given by Chorley, the musical critic, and which led to a lasting friendship. So great an impression did Fechter make, that Hamlet continued running for one hundred and fifteen nights, from the 20th of March until the end of August! For twenty-one nights it was acted six times in the week; but the strain being too great on Fechter, who feels his text most acutely, it was limited to four nights a week.

Taking a vacation of two months, Fechter reappeared on the 23d of October, in Othello. Here was another hard nut for the critics to crack, and the war of *pro* and *con* waxed fierce and loud. Fechter's Othello was his own, and for forty nights the theatre overflowed with deeply curious and deeply interested audiences. He issued an acting edition of the play, in which all his stage business and reasons thereon were given. For years there had been no such excitement over

legitimate drama, and one might have supposed that the management would have been sufficiently clever to have taken advantage of it; but no, Christmas was approaching, and pantomime must be produced. Othello was good, but Columbine and Harlequin were better. Fechter refused to act in connection with the pantomime, retired from the theatre, and left Mr. Harris to ruminate on the fallibility of managerial judgment; for in accordance with Fechter's predictions, the public that had applauded Shakespeare failed to recognize the superiority of his successor.

"Come back," implored Mr. Harris at the close of the third week.

"No, I am not a feather to be blown about at will," replied Fechter. "You said you would run your pantomime ten weeks, and run it you may. When I return, it will be to perform Iago and not Othello."

Mr. Harris did not love Fechter for thus paying him in his own coin, — human nature never enjoys retorts of this description, — but being helpless, submitted to the actor's terms and gathered a rich harvest in consequence. Iago attracted large audiences for several weeks. Then Fechter brought out *The Golden Daggers*, a drama taken by himself from Paul Feval's novel of the same name, the scene being laid in Mexico. Admirably as the drama was acted and beautifully as it was put upon the stage, it failed to be a pecuniary success. A modern story and perfectly quiet, natural acting disappointed the general public. "There's no use in going to see that," they said; "it's just what people do at home."

So Hamlet was revived. At this time Fechter received a fine offer from Ullman to visit the United States; but not wishing to leave England during the great Exhibition, when he expected to continue acting at the Princess's, he declined. Then came Harris's revenge. Fechter had dared to dictate to him, and would not perform Hamlet more than four nights in the

week. London would teem with people, the theatre be patronized no matter what the attraction; Fechter should be sacrificed. Going to the generous-hearted Frenchman with a pitiful story of woes, Harris declared that Harrison (the tenor) stood ready to take the theatre off his hands and pay him a handsome bonus, provided Fechter could be induced to cancel his engagement. Touched in his weakest point, his heart, Fechter consented to withdraw, and on a Saturday morning wrote Mr. Harris to that effect. On the following Monday night Mr. Charles Kean appeared at the Princess's in Hamlet! The story about Harrison had been a miserable *ruse*. Hamlet with Kean will take as well as with Fechter, thought Mr. Harris, but again did he reckon without his public. Finding out the mistake, Mr. Kean conveniently managed to turn his foot on this first night, and did not appear for a fortnight, when Hamlet was quietly ignored. Once more did the honorable manager beg Fechter to return, and once more did he refuse.

But this scurvy trick was most unfortunate for Fechter, as it prevented him from acting during the Exhibition, — a consummation he had devoutly wished. Weary of managerial chicanery, he became lessee of the Lyceum, which opened on the 10th of January, 1863, with *The Duke's Motto*. For seven months this drama drew great houses, until Fechter, satiated with *Henri de Lagardere*, dropped it in the full tide of success. Reopening with *Bel Demonio* on the 15th of October, this highly colored drama bade fair to rival *The Duke's Motto* in popularity, when Fechter's evil genius stepped between him and fortune. On the one hundred and seventy-fifth night, Fechter, in making his entrance through a window, caught his spur in the sill, and fell so violently as to drive the hook of his scabbard through his right hand. Ready to faint with pain, he yet went through the scene, and even finished the play, not realizing how dangerous a wound he had received. Arising the next

morning with the intention of acting, his physician found him shaving himself.

"You had better go back to bed," said the doctor.

"O no, I shall aet to-night."

"Indeed! we'll see about that. Do you feel anything queer about the jaws?"

"No."

"Well, keep very quiet. I'll return in a few hours."

Return he did, and, as he expected, found Fechter in bed, but fortunately with no symptoms of lockjaw. The exhausted actor and manager lay for three weeks in a state of stupor, rarely conscious, saving when food was administered. Escaping the terrible death of lockjaw, he went to the Isle of Wight, where he gained strength so rapidly as to venture to act *Bel Demonio* for the benefit of the sufferers from the Sheffield inundation. In acknowledging the generous donation of £203, the entire receipts, the Mayor of Sheffield offered to return £80, the fund having reached the sum necessary to meet the most desperate cases. "Give the rest to the poor," Fechter replied.

The night following this benefit Fechter broke down, and three more weeks passed before he was able to resume his profession. Such contretemps were not likely to advance the interests of a theatre of which he was the pecuniary attraction; and the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration being announced for April 23 (1864), Fechter determined to bring out *Hamlet* with every possible effect. His orders were not fulfilled until a fortnight later, and the indignant manager indulged in the luxury of a lawsuit. *Hamlet* then ran forty nights.

The autumn season of 1864 opened with Paul Meurice's comedy-drama of *The King's Butterfly*. Splendidly gotten up and introducing Fechter's favorite blood-mare, Minerva, who understood French and English equally well, — knew almost as much as her namesake, and acted in a wonderfully human way, — the new sensation endured three or four months, when it was withdrawn

to make way for *The Mountebank*, which was no more nor less than Belphegor entirely rewritten by Charles Dickens, with a child's part introduced to display the great dramatic ability of Fechter's son Paul, then a child of seven. The counterpart of his father in appearance, — it was like seeing him through the small end of an opera-glass ; — the lad astonished everybody by his acting. On the first night he brought tears into the eyes of the old artists around him, and introduced bits of "business" that amazed even his father. But Paul soon tired of the many repetitions, and being a pet with the ladies, found it much more interesting to play to the boxes and be showered with bonbons, than to lose himself in his part.

"How can you smile at those women when the situations are so tragic?" asked the father in despair.

"Well, but father, you don't really die, you know. It is n't true. It's only make-believe. We all come home alive and enjoy ourselves, so where's the harm?"

Fechter saw that the stage would be Paul's ruin, regardless of pecuniary loss withdrew the drama, and brought out *The Roadside Inn*, a new version of Robert Macaire. This novel rendering of an old friend drew immense houses for three months, and might have continued indefinitely but for the Prince of Wales's desire to witness a performance of Ruy Blas.

"If I comply with your request, I'll surely ruin the future of *The Roadside Inn*," said Fechter.

"Not if you give Ruy Blas on a Saturday night and by royal command," argued the Prince.

Very doubtful as to consequences, Fechter complied. The papers waxed furious at the idea of royalty leaving native talent unhonored, and commanding a performance at the theatre of what they were pleased to call "a French importation." The treasury took £ 230, £ 10 more than the theatre held, and enthusiasm ran riot. But alas for *The Roadside Inn*! The next Monday's receipts drooped to £ 70, and the

previously successful drama fell into a rapid decline. The public is a queer monster, far queerer than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ever dreamed, and the only sop Fechter could throw to it was Ruy Blas. Victor Hugo reigned until the close of the summer season of 1865.

The Lyceum is not a theatre adapted to the legitimate drama. When Fechter assumed its management, he did so as a *pis aller*; and while earnestly longing to produce other Shakespearian plays, he found himself hedged in by fate. He thought in prose what no less a man than Garrick had written in verse, —

"If an empty house, the actor's curse,  
Shows us our *Leans* and *Hamlets* lose their force,  
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,  
And in our turn present you *Harlequin*.  
Quit poets and set carpenters to work,  
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.  
For though we actors one and all agree  
Boldly to struggle for our — vanity.  
If want comes in, misfortune must retreat;  
Our first great ruling passion is — to eat!"

With this idea of eating in view, Fechter began the autumn of 1865 with *The Watch-Cry*, a drama in three acts, founded on the story of the three brothers Salviati. It held up its head quite firmly for two months; but as Fechter represented a dumb man and confined his language to that of pantomime, the people declared that he did not talk enough. "We want to hear as well as see him." Wishing to gratify this amiable desire, Fechter produced *The Master of Ravenswood*, on December 23, 1865, and made so deep an impression in the romantic Edgar that he played nothing else for the remainder of the season.

September, 1866, saw Fechter personating Hamlet for two weeks. Going from one extreme to the other he revived *The Corsican Brothers*, which attracted excellent audiences for one month. Then came Fechter's drama of *Rouge et Noir*, founded on *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*. It was pronounced good work, and lived luxuriously for one hundred and fifty nights.

Feeling himself utterly incompetent to circumvent the harpies who fattened

upon his treasury, Fechter determined to retire from the lesseeship of the Lyceum, and henceforth confine himself to his proper sphere of acting and stage direction. Behind the scenes Fechter is a master; before them he is, like most artists, a child. Wishing to close his theatre with *éclat*, he produced *The Lady of Lyons*, and created so great a *furor* in Claude Melnotte as to astonish even Bulwer. It ran seventy nights, the curtain falling last upon it on November 16, 1867. Then followed the great success at the Adelphi of *No Thoroughfare*, dramatized by Fechter, Dickens, and Wilkie Collins, and acted one hundred and fifty-one times. Fechter's powerful rendering of Obenreizer made the drama; and no sooner was it withdrawn than he went to Paris with Dickens to superintend the rehearsals of its French adaptation, *L'Abîme*. Returning to the Adelphi, Fechter won double laurels for one hundred nights in his clever drama of *Monte Cristo*, after which he appeared in *Black and White*, the joint work of himself and Wilkie Collins.

Not having visited the provinces since 1865, when his circuit had been limited to Glasgow, Birmingham, and Liverpool, Fechter gave eight months of last year to a tour through Great Britain and Ireland. Even Liverpool acknowledged his power. This city is not greatly given to legitimate drama, nevertheless Liverpool wanted to see Fechter in *Hamlet*. "Very well," said Fechter, "Black and White cannot be withdrawn, because it is filling the theatre; but if you like I will give you one act of *Hamlet* every night until finished, and you shall have it after the drama."

The Liverpoolians readily assented to this arrangement, and, putting all his intensity into each act, Fechter never acted *Hamlet* as equally as on those five nights; Liverpool was an easy conquest, but not so Manchester. This good town had a grievance. Years before Manchester had commanded, had petitioned, had finally implored Fechter to come to them, but it was not until this season that he was able to re-

spond to the prayer. Then Manchester arose in all her might to resent a prolonged absence, which she chose to consider a slight. Manchester hides neither her light nor her cutlery under a bushel. The world may think what it pleases of London as the heart and head of Great Britain, but Manchester has opinions of its own, pre-eminent among which is the religious conviction that Manchester is the centre of the solar system. Consequently when Fechter did appear at the Theatre Royal, it became incumbent upon a club clique to punish him for his previous indifference. So the clique decided that Fechter should play to empty benches until the production of *Hamlet*, when the entire solar system should shine upon the star. Feeling the injustice of such treatment, and determined to preserve his personal as well as professional dignity, Fechter held the cards in his own hands and won the game. Playing to audiences of three and four hundred, he never acted better in his life. For those who did come to see him he felt that he owed all that he could give; for those who childishly attempted to humiliate him he inserted a card at the head of the play-bills, in which Mr. Fechter took great pleasure in announcing that his engagement would not be prolonged after the performances of *Ruy Blas* and *Black and White*! He was as good as his word, and the clubs of Manchester discovered that for once they had found their match.

Accepting an offer to visit this country, Fechter hurried back to London, and, after fourteen farewell performances at the Princess's of *Ruy Blas*, *Lady of Lyons*, and *Hamlet*, set sail for America, where he has found as ardent appreciation and as warm friends as in the older world. "Come back soon," said the Prince of Wales on that last of farewell nights. "Remember that we cannot get on without you." Well might even flippant royalty confess as much, for it will be long ere England salutes the peer of that "French importation," Charles Albert Fechter.

Kate Field.

## T H R E N O D Y .

[June 9, 1870.]

G LADNESS remains, though man has said, " 'T is done."  
 The universal smile on Nature's face  
 Again man's smile hath won !  
 Yet the accustomed trace  
 Of footsteps, nevermore  
 Is washed from the curved shore.

What can the dull waves tell us now of him  
 Who was so very human ! What speech left  
 In the wild tempest's whim !  
 Or June trees, unbereft,  
 What whisper can impart  
 To the grief-laden heart !

We were grown deaf to music, the soul's ear  
 Being all untuned ! We were grown dumb to tell  
 Even of what lies most dear !  
 Yet, led where chance befell,  
 The voice of the wild bird  
 Dropped one note, not unheard.

Joy shall endure, the dark is but for Time !  
 Thus sings the bird from Napa to Cathay.  
 O stillness of the Prime !  
 Broken art thou as mid-May  
 Breaks on the frozen earth  
 With her white enflowered birth.

The fresh, strong tree that whispered while he spoke  
 Cannot be silent now that he is still,  
 And human hearts are broke !  
 But murmuring must fill  
 With voice of permanent joy  
 A world death shall destroy.

Light of green leaves and lustre each day born,  
 Why are all else grown silent before thee ?  
 Our hearts shall cease to mourn,  
 The abbey bells to be,  
 But thou shalt ever shine  
 Wearing thy grace divine !

Gladness of life, thou joy of this green earth,  
 Immortal art thou, therefore we love thee  
 With rapture of new birth :  
 When from the dark we see  
 Morning's transparent gray  
 Fade into the blue day.



## LITTLE BEN.

IT's pleasant faring down here on this Eastern Shore, with the air so soft it's a mere bliss to breathe it, all manner of sweet smells from the woods coming to me when the land breeze blows, and sometimes the southeast sweeping up the bay with the salt vigor on its wet wings that carries me back to the happy days when I used to make all the lights in Boston Bay at once. I can see them now, as I used to sight them then, twenty miles out, the whole nine of them, sparkling up in that great dark horizon in their sudden and mysterious way, the Boston Light, Thatcher's Island and Baker's Island Lights, the Highland wading out to sea, far off on one hand the Plymouth lights, far off on the other the Eastern Point, and Minot's Ledge swinging its lantern over the waters, — a ring of beauties, I've heard many an old salt say, tired of his rolling voyage.

Well, there are lights here on the Chesapeake; and I suppose there are men to whom they stand for all the others did to me; but they're no more like my old lights than the flare of this smoky pitch-pine knot is like the trail of a meteor; and sometimes I think if my scow could only float safely up the five hundred miles of coast that lie between, and in some night of still, starlit summer weather I could see the lights suddenly and silently as spirits spring up all about me once again, why, I'd lie down in the boat and die content.

Not that I've any idea of dying, — folks don't do that down here on the Eastern Shore. Healthy? I believe you. Just look at me. I wonder whether the branch that runs beside my door does n't trickle out of the fountain of everlasting youth. At any rate, I've a fancy that my island is one of the outlying suburbs of the Garden of Eden.

It's a garden run wild itself. I don't know who owns it. I don't. I put up

a cabin here, and put old Milly and her man John in it; there is n't another human soul to be had till you come to the mainland. The birds build in the eaves and in the sods and all around everywhere; the deer come and drink at the door; I hear the quail piping out there in the reeds. See the ducks, with their backs green and gold in the sun! They mind me no more than if I were that old stump; and sometimes the wild pigeons perch on my shoulder. A man may live like a lord here, too, with the yams in the ground, the plums, the berries, the royal grapes, the fresh salads; with the crabs you see scuttling through the clear water; with the oyster-bed yonder that a king would covet. I come home every night loaded with my game, venison rich with all the juices of the woods, birds that have spiced themselves on the wild celery. But, for all that, the crack of my rifle is never heard on this side of the island; the great level floors of the snowy dogwood boughs in their season stretch away into the forest unstirred by the plunge of anything flying from me, the magnolia shakes down its scents through no rude motion of mine, and the ringdoves sit on the low cedar branches and coo as though I were nothing but a juniper myself.

Well, that's all very well for once in a way; the gentlemen who come over here hunting, and use me for a guide, think it's the picked place of the earth; but take it lonely, day after day and year after year, and you find it's not people. You find that it's enough to make a man go melancholy mad. When it gets beyond endurance, I take my float and go poking up the creeks and inlets and currents, and in among the shoals and shallows, and I find the measure of this and sound the depth of that, and set it all down in my chart, and compare my chart with those I bought in Baltimore, and by the time

the chart's done I shall have served what'll be as good as a seven years' apprenticeship and be ready, if I want it, for a commission as full pilot of the Chesapeake. It's hard on a man to have to serve two apprenticeships to the same trade, but it's my own fault, I reckon.

I had as jolly a service once, though, tumbling round Boston Bay, fair weather and foul, as ever any one had to remember his name by, — long years while I went from boy to boat-keeper, and from boat-keeper to captain, but happy as they were long. Little I cared for danger then, a wet jacket all my delight, all my ambition to run my boat alongside of a European steamer, in a sea too rough for boarding, and bring her up to the wharf when everything else in the harbor was holding for dear life on its cable. Still, there was plenty of sport ashore, off nights when we cruised round by the theatres, Wilbur and I, and days too down at the farm where Kate lived, and when we all went picking wild strawberries in the field together, and Wilbur and I grew madder with love for Kate over every berry we dropped in her basket. You would n't have wondered at that either, if you'd ever seen her; for she was nothing but a sunbeam. Such a rosy face, always blushing, always smiling, smiles and blushes and dimples one after another there, and all together; and eyes as blue as heaven; and hair, as yellow as the light, clustering in little rings round the white forehead; she was n't made to stay here any longer than the morning light is made to stay, and she went away alone on her long journey the year after she married Wilbur. For you see I stood no chance at all beside him, — he a tall, proud, handsome fellow, with a way with him to win a woman's heart at the asking, quick to make the most of his chances; and he had her and was married to her, and had broken her heart, and buried her, before I — slow and stupid always as an owl in the daytime — fairly knew whether the world was upside down or not.

Perhaps I had loved her the better of the two, — I don't know. We were neither of us full pilots yet, and Wilbur himself could n't have afforded to marry but for the rent of Kate's little farm that her mother left her. But that made no odds to him: he never felt nearer to anybody for the favors done him; he was the sort that cares for little but a pretty face, and tires soon of that; and, neglecting her till her soul was sore, if he did n't positively abuse her afterwards; yet the shrinking thing, all alive to any touch, took careless words and unkind ones from him, like blows; and when her child was born she had no heart to live any longer, and so slipped out of life.

As for me, I had n't loved Kate after that fashion, at any rate. If I had married her, homely and awkward and uncouth as I might have been, I'd have died but I'd have made her happy. But I never had told her, or had hinted to her, that I cared for her, though Wilbur knew it well enough; for I had confided in him, and he had said nothing, but had just stepped in before me. It would n't have made any difference though, if he had n't; Kate never could have cared for me. But I never saw her, from the day I heard she was to marry him till the day I went and looked at her lying in her coffin, the little white, pinched face so worn and weary for a year's wife, — oh, so sad! And I glanced up at Wilbur, and our eyes met, and he knew I hated him. "I killed her," was what his guilty eyes said; "and I mean to kill you," must have been what mine replied.

So we each went back to our life in the boat, day by day and night by night, side by side, as we had been for years; Wilbur always meaning to be transferred, but always delaying about it, full of an indistinct notion, as I've since thought, that I meant to do him an evil turn, going ashore but little, and seldom trusting himself alone with me when he could help it. For my part I never noticed that; after that first pang I had no idea of any re-

venge upon him. Kate had loved him, — how could I harm him? I used to envy him, to envy and to wonder at him, thinking of the child's voice I heard crying that last time I looked on her face, remembering that it was hers, that he had it to go home to and never did. One day — I can't say what made me, I'm sure I did n't think of it till I found myself on the spot — I stole up that way and went in to see that baby myself, — a great blue-eyed, happy boy he was, who held up his mouth like a bud and came to me on the minute; and my heart closed round him, all at once, the way my arms had done.

I don't know as you'll believe me, but, as much as I had cared for Kate, from that day I began to care for this child more, and, much as once I longed to make her mine, I longed now to get possession of the child. It seemed to me that Wilbur set no value on him; and I began to torment myself with the thought that possibly I might have him. Whether I might or not I wanted him, and the want got hold of me like an insanity, and that's a fact. After a while, when I made sure that Wilbur never went, I used to go and see him whenever I was on shore, and carry toys to him first, and toys and sweet-meats afterwards, and bribes to the nurse where he was boarded out in Gasket Lane, a woman who resented his father's lack of feeling for him like an insult to herself. Perhaps it was wrong, but, right or wrong, I meant the child should love me; perhaps because I knew well that no one else in all the world ever would, for now I should never marry, and there was not a soul alive in whose veins my blood ran. I never could tell why I cared so much about him; it might have been a freak at first, and then the affection grew with the indulgence; it might have been because he was a part of her, because I could not remember Wilbur's share in him; but care I did, and every time I saw him I felt his little grasp tighten round my heartstrings. Before his first year was out he knew me, and would

crow and dance when he saw me coming, and babble my name, and hold out his chubby arms to be taken and kissed and dandled; and I'm telling the truth when I say that by that time he was dearer to me than my lifeblood.

So the days went on, one like another, and little Ben was two years old, the moment he could stand alone walking off like a man, the moment he could walk taking things at a run, tumbling and rolling and laughing and up again, a wholesome little red-cheeked chap who had never had a tear in his eye and who had a heart full of love for all the world. And in the mean time I was Ben's visible Providence, as you might say; I brought him his lollipops, his woolly horse, his red balloon, his flying ball; I stole him and the nurse away for a day in the country, and took him in my arms long walks over the strawberry-fields, or dipped him in the roller down on Chelsea Beach; sometimes I sang him to sleep with the sea-songs that many a night his mother and Wilbur and I had sung together in our boat down the harbor, and that now my voice trembled over, and he would turn and rub his face all over mine with great wet kisses before he went to sleep, — Lord, I never wiped them off! and my heart would beat like a trip-hammer when I watched him and thought, if he was all this to me now, what it might have been had he been really mine; but those were thoughts I had no right to think.

One wintry afternoon, having some spare hours on my hands, I went over to see the boy again; I never could keep away! And I had a ginger-snap, and a gibraltar, and a jumping-jack in my pockets, for him to hunt after and find in a frolic over each pocket; and at last, after a good game of romps, he dropped asleep on my arm, tired out. He was a handsome little rascal then, the damp curls round his rosy face, and his lips parted over the split pearls of his teeth, while he still kept smiling even in his sleep; and as I was looking at him and admiring him, it crossed me, all of a sudden, that he

was getting too dear to me, and I was only breeding trouble for myself and perhaps for him. I had n't laid him down; but as I was thinking this to myself, and thinking it had got to stop, that maybe it was n't the fair thing by Wilbur, — I had n't spoken to the man in two years, except in the way of the boat, but I'd go and say what a noble little fellow his son had grown to be, for Wilbur had never seen him more than two or three times in his life, and I knew Kate would never want him to love me better than his own father, which he did to-day, and I would just step aside, cost me what it might, and play the second part in life which seemed to have been allotted me, — as I sat there, thinking these very thoughts, so help me Heaven, and glum enough with the prospect before me, and undecided, and half sensible that I could n't do it, there came a pull at the bell, and the door opened, and in stalked the man I was thinking of. He stopped a moment, taken all aback. "So!" he cried then, in a loud, sharp voice that presently woke the child, "it's not enough that you took one, but you must have the other."

My blood boiled, though it's not quick blood, with the tone, the speech, the insult, the lie. God knows it was a lie. But I was sure that if I ever wanted to see little Ben again, I must keep it down. And I said just as coolly, I think, as if he had n't spoken: "Look here now, Wilbur, if ever I'd known you to set by the little chap, I'd have held off. But 't was no more 'n right that somebody should see to him. And I was thinking, this moment, that I'd speak to you about him; for, God be my judge, I've no wish to steal a child's affections from his father."

And with the loud words the child waked entirely out of his dream in a sudden terror at the sight of the dark angry man bending above him with an uplifted hand, for Wilbur was so blind with rage that he did not know what he was doing. The child gave a shriek and clung to me. And at that Wilbur caught him, — I letting him go, of

course, — and as he flung himself backward in fright from the man who was almost a total stranger to him, and who was so fierce and violent, and as he held his little arms to me and called my name, Wilbur slapped his face with the palm of his hand, a red blistering blow. But that was more than I could stand, and I caught his wrist; if I'm little, I'm strong; he could no more have wrenched that wrist free than if it had been under the keel of a launching ship. "You're a man!" said I, — "a man, you brute. Does n't it answer you to have broken his mother's heart? Now, hark ye, if I ever see or hear of your striking that little lad again, father or no father, I'll have him put under guardenship and you put into jail, as true as there's a God above you!" And I flung him his hand, and walked off, and left Benny sobbing his little soul out. Much as it hurt me, I had nothing else to do, for not a bit of right had I in that place, I knew.

"I broke his mother's heart, did I?" said Wilbur, as I went out the door. "Very well, I'll break his spirit."

It was nothing but bravado, I might have known; but at the moment it seemed deadly earnest, it seemed worse than any death-warrant for Benny and me together.

Well, I went to the boat, where she lay at the wharf. It was n't the most cheering place for a man to take a bruised heart to; once I had loved every plank in her, now she seemed nothing but a prison. It was a bitter cold afternoon, just edging into twilight, the gray sky full of snow that could not fall, a wild wind whistling through the rigging with a piercing, desolate sound to me as I came on board and went below. I did not think, as I heard that sound, of Kate's voice crying for her child, or of little Benny's miserable wail, but hearing it, I felt as those things would have made me feel that night, though I had heard it a thousand times before without a qualm, and it was an evil mood that filled me while I lit the lamp and hunted out my tobacco-pouch.

There was only one fellow on the boat, and, as there was nothing up, I let him off, saying I would keep the watch myself; for I could no more read the paper I had bought than if I had been raked up in red-hot coals; and I wanted to be alone, and to go up and fight it out with the night and the weather, while I paced the deck.

It was a tingling air above that froze the breath itself; the town lay sparkling off through the murk of the night under a mist of light, the wharves were all deserted, and even the watchmen had found shelter somewhere; nothing was to be heard about me but the piping wind, the creaking ropes, the lapping of the water, and, miles away, the rumble of the storm rumored from wave to wave, — a black, wild night, and I as black and wild within myself, as I thought of the luck that shut me out from every joy there was, that robbed me of a wife, that robbed me of a child's love, that robbed the woman for whom I would have died of peace, that robbed her child of care and protection, and left him to the brutal mercies of one who, if he did not hate him because I loved him, did not love him because I did, — a luck that made me the means of trouble to all who were dear to me. I knew well that Wilbur would not fulfil his threat about the boy; he would not relish a poltroon in his son more than I would myself; he was not a monster either, in cold blood, and had probably some sparks of pride and feeling, and the worst he would do would be to let the boy run wild, and hold him with that fast-and-loose hand which thrashed him to-day for the deed praised yesterday; but I was n't in the frame for reason or conjecture; I could only remember and feel, and with every moment I was working myself up to a fiercer froth of rage against the man who had made my existence so wretched for the last three years, and now had the power, the right, the will, to make it wretched for all time to come. I said to myself I was a fool, a fool for my pains. What was little Ben Wilbur to me? If I wanted something to

love, there were plenty of Blenheim spaniels that would never outgrow it, there were plenty of foundlings ready for adoption by any idiotic young man. But they were none of them Ben, they were none of them Kate's, they were none of them the one that I loved already like a portion of my own life. And I could n't alter it if I tried. And the more I thought of it the more frenzied I became, and I swore it was impossible to give the boy up. But whether it was impossible or not, the thing was done, I knew. While the man lived, it was not likely I should ever be allowed to see my little Ben again; he would be taught to laugh at me and to despise me by and by for a milksop; I was perfectly powerless, and I cursed Wilbur for it.

My pipe was out at last; it was curdling cold; savage enough, by this time, not to care what happened to the boat, I went below and made myself snug by the stove. I had been there perhaps five minutes, and was not half thawed out, when I heard a quick, firm step coming down the wharf. I gave a start, for I thought it was Wilbur's step, and I thought we should hardly be pleasant company for one another that night; and before I had more than thought the thought there came a splash and a cry, and then I recollect imagining I had been mistaken, and that it was the watchman returned and sending his dog for something afloat in the harbor, forgetting the cruel weather.

And with that there came the cry again, but fainter, weaker, farther off, and this time I knew it was Wilbur's voice. I knew? No, I can't say I knew, I never could say, I can't to-day, whether in those five minutes, standing unsteadily between wind and water, I committed murder or not. Murder, you know, because whether it was Wilbur or another, — if I thought it was he, — and whether he sank and never came to sight again, or whether he was picked up and carried off to come back on me at some time, like a clip of the day of judgment, so far as I was concerned, if I thought it was he and I

let him sink, it was murder of the deepest dye. But minutes are swift and fly, and my mind is slow and lumbers after, and I have never been able to put my finger on the thing, and say I did it. I thought, "That's Wilbur. Wilbur? No, he's not coming down to-night. It's the watchman." I thought, "That's Wilbur's voice. He's missed his foot on the hanging-ladder there,—tide's at the ebb. He's gone down in his heavy clothes, like a lump of lead. He'll freeze to the bottom, and that'll be the last of him." And what do you suppose I did then? Jump on deck, and over, and after him? Nothing of the kind. "Then I'll have Ben," I thought. "Drown, you fool! you can't do better!" And then came the sound again. And with that third shout, faint and far as it was already, "What good will Ben be to me," I cried, "if I let his father die? Can I ever look the lad in the eye? won't every smile on his sweet face drive me mad with remembrance of the way I got it? Up with you, call for help with the canoe, over with the lines!" It was just one moment too late. The bitter breath of the bleak night whipped my face like the wrath of a departing soul, as I sprang on deck. There was not a being to be seen, and nothing but the twinkling harbor lights and the lanterns of one great bark spreading sail for sea on a favoring wind. There was not a sound to be heard, except the swash of the strong current washing down the tide. The wind cut through me as I stood there shivering; some watchmen came running up to see where that cry came from; we put out in a boat and sculled about and found nothing; and when I went aboard again Maybee had returned, and I took a swallow of something hot, and turned in.

But Wilbur did not come on board that boat again. And, as it was found that he had really started to come down, it was gradually understood that it was he whom I had heard, that he had missed his footing and gone under with that splash, and either he had not

come to the top, or else he had been carried along by the strong tide and taken up by that bark which we had seen spreading her sail for foreign parts,—one chance in ten thousand. In that case he would have returned with the pilot, you say. But that pilot never came back; and, unless he himself had gone cruising through the Pacific and Indian seas with the bark, his canoe had swamped and he had drowned, in the growing storm, between the bark and the boat; for what was only a heavy gale at night was blowing a tempest by morning.

Well, I changed into another boat pretty soon. I never could bear our old wharf and moorings again. A night and a day of agony, if ever anything was agony, had poisoned the whole region. With every storm, with every spring-tide, I expected to see Wilbur's accusing face come floating to the top. I lived in misery that winter; my nights were horrors; for now it was Wilbur visiting me with hate, and now it was Kate's reproachful face as I had seen it in her coffin; I felt that the foulest, filthiest creatures on the street had whiter souls than I; and it was weeks and it was months before I went near little Ben again. I did n't want to see him, I did n't dare to see him; I kept saying to myself, "The wages of sin is death." Perhaps of my own accord I never should have gone near him again,—it's hard telling,—if one fine spring day, with all the earth and air in a rejoicing, I had not come across his nurse and him strolling upon the Common; and he knew me far off, and called after me, and sprang into my arms; and feeling him there once more, I never could let the little tyke go again.

But as the year slipped on after that and memory dimmed and pain dulled, I began to believe there was no sense at all in those whims of mine; that I was not accountable for my thoughts, coming quickly, a whole raft of them, while I clapped on my hat, very like; that in reality I had not lingered below a second; that it was n't like me, at



any rate; but that I had run on deck without deliberation or delay, that I did then all there was to do, and that Wilbur drowned through no fault of mine. Was I the man to do a murder, — I who never could kill a fly? And, by the time the new year came, I was sure of it, and dismissed the matter from my mind. Moreover, all the world could see there was no malice between that drowned man and me, when I was making his child my own. For I had taken the charge of the house that Ben's nurse lived in; I paid her for keeping it, so that she need n't take in any other sewing than Ben's and mine; I had been promoted in the new boat, and had my commission then, and could afford it all; and I paid the rent and the bills, and had trustees appointed for Ben's little bit of money; and his kinsfolk, being distant, were glad enough to give up any claim to him; and I felt I had a home at last, and the child was mine.

There was only one thing that looked bad about it; I had a devout turn of my own naturally, as they call it; I had always liked to be grateful for any blessings that fell to my share; I said my prayers every night, for I had promised my mother, when she left me at ten years old, that I would, and I did; but every time I tried to thank God for giving me this happiness at last, I stopped as if I was choked; I could n't do it; there was a black step between me and thankfulness for that child's possession. Still, that was only now and then, because it was only now and then I thought of thankfulness, and for the most part I was happy. Who could have helped it with that urchin clambering round his knees, — the sunny little spirit opening every day, always glad, always gay, slipping out of one birthday and into another, happy and ashamed in his first trousers, strutting in his first boots, surprising you with his letters to-day, reading print next time you saw him, and believing you to be the greatest and the wisest man alive. If I was anxious that, when Benny heard others speak of me, it

should be as the best pilot on the coast, daring any danger that opened, and skilful as a spider on a thread when daring was of no use, Benny was just as anxious I should have good report of him; his pockets were full of tickets of merit, he wore a little medal on a blue ribbon whenever I was in the house, and I remember the first time I took him down the wharves aboard a ship the little monkey was in the ratlines, waving his hat to me, and running up the rigging before you could say Jack Robinson. Well, some are born to it. I suppose he's doing it now. I don't know.

However, every man has his day, and that was mine. I often wondered then whether Ben or I was the happier fellow. He used to regard me as a powerful being who ruled the elements, and for whom the tides set, and the moon rose, — a sort of rough guardian angel that he saw now and then, but who was over him all the time, and who knew his thoughts, or else how did he always get just what he had been wishing for? I used to regard him as just the pole-star of my life; I set my compass by him, I steered by him, there wasn't a thought of my heart which did n't belong to little Ben. When I came ashore he seemed to feel it in the air; I always found him at the window, and heard him shouting with delight before I opened the door.

What holidays we used to have! We used to begin getting ready for the Fourth of July the minute the Christmas pudding was gone, and for Christmas the minute the Fourth of July rockets went out. That last Christmas! I won't forget that in a hurry. It was a gay old day; we didn't know the cloud that was coming up behind us, — that was coming up behind me. I got home just as the Three Blind Mice began the chime for Christmas eve; and Ben was all of a tickle the livelong evening, for he had a secret, and he was to sit up till nine o'clock, the way he always did when I came; and I let him count down the money for Goody Nurse's wages, and for the

house-rent, and for all the New Year's bills; and then we popped a dish of corn; and after that we went out and carried a basket full of roast meat and pies to the starving children he had heard about down in Friend Court; and coming home we stopped in the doorway of a church where the choir was practising, and the organ was pouring out a tune, and all the voices singing together,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around";

for I thought it might stand to him for never having heard his mother sing it. And after that we snowballed each other all the way home like boys together, and he was tired enough to tumble into bed when he got there. And it was just the gray of the dawn when I was disturbed with something creeping into my room; and, never stirring, I opened my eyes and saw Ben's little figure in his nightgown, the curly hair standing up in a snarl all round his own sleepy eyes, while he tried to pin one of my socks to the shelf, and only saved himself by great effort from spilling all he held in his nightgown with every thrust he gave the pin. And into that sock, at last, he dropped a bun, — Ben was mighty fond of buns; and a stem of raisins, — I'm afraid Ben stole those when the pudding was put together; and a taw-alley, — I used to play marbles with him so that he could n't tell but a taw-alley meant as much to me as it did to him, and this was his best; then came an almanac, that was the nurse's gift; and then a stick of molasses candy, — he stopped and took a little nibble of that, and stopped again, as if he was thinking about taking another, but did n't; and then came the crowner, a great jack-knife almost as big as a bowie, with thirty-two blades and a corkscrew in it, that he must have saved every penny he'd had for half a year to buy; and he'd meant to put that in first, for a great surprise at the end, and not last, and so had to take down the sock and

empty it and do it all over again, making a little by the transaction, as two of the raisins came off the bunch, one of which, after looking at it, he put back like a hero, but the other was too much for him. And that done, off he crept like a mouse, as he had come, giving one great smack at his raisin, though, that almost woke me up! That was my stocking; but Ben's was hung up down stairs, as slender a stocking as ever swung empty, and it was a sight to see the rueful look on Ben's face one instant while he glanced at it, and the joyful one there the next, when, running his hand desperately down to the toe, he brought up a little silver watch, on a black guard, and with a key the shape and nearly the size of a pistol. Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday at one side of his breakfast-plate, and a Latin grammar at the other, — for I meant that boy should have an education, — were totally covered and eclipsed behind that watch and key. He almost ruined the watch that very day with winding it up; he regulated it by the kitchen clock every half-hour, and he had more reasons for knowing what time it was than a pickpocket. Then in the afternoon we had a sleigh-ride, the three of us, away over the Milldam and into the country; and though we were tipped out into a snow-bank, that was only half the fun; and we came home in great glee, and I went off down the harbor with the stars. I can feel Ben's little cold cheek on mine now, as I bade him good night at the door, the last good night I ever gave him.

Well, delight's delight, come when it will. If there was any other little chap I could make as happy now as I made Ben that day, I don't know but it would be worth trying. I thought of him all the way down the bay; I thought I wouldn't have him leading the hard and venturesome life I did by night and day, shine or storm, wet to the skin, with my clothes freezing on me, death always at my right hand; but I thought that, as sure as I lived, I'd have him college-educated, and my heart came

into my mouth fancying the time when I'd go into court and hear his voice ringing out with a great argument that judge and jury and crowd all hung breathless to hear. And I thought of the time, too, when I had neither home nor child, but was a forlorn and lonely wretch without an object in the world; and I shivered to remember it; and I said to myself, I would rather drown a hundred fathom deep than have to go back to it; and I knew it was Ben that saved me from it, that it was Ben all my happiness came from, and the love of him filled me to the lips and made me more light-hearted than any man who ever swung a tiller or steadied a wheel. I dare say it was a sort of madness with me. That made it neither better nor worse; but to think that I might lose him was to think of annihilation,—was impossible. I never did think it.

It's a strange thing, but I can remember every word I said that night, every thought I had, every sound I heard, every rope I touched, just how the sea looked, the stars in the sky, the rig of the boat. I remember when the wind hauled round to the eastward, near daybreak, and the weather thickened, what sail we took in, and how it came on to blow great guns just after we'd set old Clews aboard the *Burd Helen* in the afternoon. It's all stamped on me as if a hot iron had done it, for those, rough as they were, were the last hours of my happiness.—No, now, I'll not be such a spoon as to say that I've seen no happy days since those. Perhaps I'm content enough with things after all, perhaps I'd let them drift as they are. But it's no wonder that time is alive and tingling yet, if you touch it on the raw, for these were the edges of a mighty wound.

So, as I was saying, the weather began to thicken up for foul, a pretty stiff easterly breeze blowing the foam in our teeth and presently veering to east-northeast, the sky the color of a gull's breast, and the snow falling, the wind growing to a gale, dark setting

in early, and a great sea running. A pilot-boat, with a wild winter storm close upon it, is not the pleasantest place in the world; and as the vessels in the bay were likely to stand out for more sea-room, and there was nothing in sight for us to do, we had just decided to run for a harbor, when I thought I spied a large ship to windward, steering west-northwest, under topsails and fore and main courses; and our duty being to hail her, let what would betide, we put about and stood out the Bay for her, stivering along ourselves as we might, a close-reefed mainsail and bonnet off the jib being all the pilot-boat could carry. It was the ship *Dibdin*, as we afterwards learned, from Valparaiso, with a cargo principally of copper-ore, and entering the South Channel, after a pleasant voyage, she had been delayed by the wreck of a ship on the South Shoal,—an ugly place in heavy north-east gales for vessels bound to Boston,—and had saved the crew from the wreck through breakers running like white-fire. Taking her departure for the Highland Light off Cape Cod, she had passed the Cape at about meridian with a six-knot breeze, everything set, and was half-bay over when the wind veered to the east-northeast, blowing a gale with a thick snow-storm, as I told you; and being bay-locked, there was nothing for it but to run for Boston Light, which she was doing when I caught sight of her, having taken in all her light sails and reefed her topsails.

It was not till the gray of the evening had blackened into something near midnight, that we fell in with her at last in the chops of the channel, where tremendous cross-seas made any getting at her impossible. We hailed her; but we might as well have hailed the Flying Dutchman; we shouted the trumpet hoarse, yet the wind scattered the sound behind us like foam; we hung out our lanterns; but all in vain. The captain of the *Dibdin* could see nothing but his ship and old Boston Light; and now he was running past the light with his topsails clewed down upon the cap, courses hauled up snug,

buntlines, clew-lines, and leach-lines taut, and jib down, and, just her shadow darker than the other shadow, she was walking through the water like a great, gaunt ghost. But I knew the lay of the land about there better than she did, and could see that she was edging much too close to the northern side of the channel. "If she ain't aground in three minutes," says I, "it's because she's a cherub!" And sure enough the words had no more than passed my lips when there came a plunge, a shiver shaking all through the towering skeleton, a wild wash of backwater, and the ship was fast upon a shoal, with the waves leaping round her like wolves round their prey. Says I to myself, "I'll steal your sport yet!"

Bringing the pilot-boat near that ship in such a blow had been something not to be thought of, unless we wanted to run the risk of grinding her to powder; but now there was a chance of boarding her with the canoe, frail as it was, and of course it must be tried; that was our business here, or else that ship would be splintered before morning. It was my turn to go; but there was no hanging back on board our boat, and one of the keepers was in the canoe before I was there myself, and we put off on our doubtful errand, for it was a skilful oar that kept a canoe afloat in such a sea, made worse, as it was, by the swell of the ship's grounding. "It's no use your trying to go back," yelled I to the keeper; "you'll go aboard with me, if we ever get aboard at all"; and then we went round under the lee of the ship,—it was a night almost as black as pitch,—and keeping well off, we hailed her once more. "Ship ahoy! Heave a line!" I cried; "two bowlines and a lantern! Look sharp!"

That voice out of the storm and the blackness must have seemed to them on the Dibdin's deck, in their desperate strait, like the voice of angelic spirits, telling them of hope, in spite of all its hoarse rough cry, and promising them safety close at hand; for in an instant a line came flying over our

heads, as luck would have it, right across the canoe. I caught it and hitched the painter, and the next instant we slipped into the bowlines by the light of the lantern, and giving the order we hauled up hand over hand. Though we sprung for dear life, and they drew in the same, yet before we had touched the ship's rail, some one calling out to look behind us at our boat, we turned our heads to see it, and there was nothing left of it.

"Pilot!" cried the captain, grasping my hand with a grip that hurt it, stout as it is, "I'd rather see you than my wife, I swear I would!"

"If you had n't seen me you never would have seen her, I reckon," says I.

"Two of you?" says he, then. "Well, it'll take two to get us out of this fix. Be — blest, you know if I can make out what it is has got us fast!" And if oaths could sink a ship, and there had been water enough, that one would have gone down plummet-fashion. "How's the tide, do you know?" he asked when he'd sworn out.

"Low water," I answered him. "Sheered a little too close; that's all. Float her off when it turns. Now, sir, I'll take the ship, if you please." For the more my captains fumed, the more polite I always grew,—they were n't swearing at me, and the weather could stand it.

"Come below and have something hot first," he urged then. "A glass of grog, a Santa Cruz punch?"

"No time for that, thank you," says I, for I knew grog would n't float that ship. And presently I had the main-topsail set and braced sharp up with the starboard braces to keep her in position; and, when the tide flowed sufficiently, she backed off into the channel, and we let go the anchors and paid out both chains to eighty fathoms. There was n't much choice of places either, when that was done,—ahead of us the shoal, and astern a ledge which, if she so much as grazed upon it, would rip a hole in her side and send her to the bottom like a shot. Life or death

just then depended on her holding her position.

I never could tell what fear was on the water, for every pebble in the bay, and every drop that washed it, I knew like a friend; and if there was a trick of ropes or canvas in those days that I did n't know, you may depend upon it it was n't worth knowing. For all that, I felt that I had never passed an hour of greater danger than the one then creeping by, and never in all my life had I met a fiercer gale. Still, whether it was confidence in my own power, or whether I was too well worn out to care if we went to pieces or not, though I realized the peril and meant to do my duty, it did n't matter to me the tossing of a rope's end what happened. But what did frighten me was to find that out, — my feeling so, — I did n't know how to account for it; I not to care, — fortunate, and blest, young, healthy, happy, — but there it was; she might drag over to the ledge and welcome; and the reason it frightened me was that I could n't help regarding the feeling as an omen of disaster. And the moment that fancy crossed me and I had looked it in the face, then for the sake of the others, and for Ben's sake, and for the sake of my profession, I was shaking off my numbness, — a numbness like that with which an anaconda strikes his victim, — and was all alert and alive again. "Come," says I, "this 'll never do! If I lose my head, the Dibdin 'll lose hers, and there's an end to all." And I had the lead throwing every half-minute.

In the mean time, sir, the gale was steadily increasing to such a fury as I never saw before or since, and that made me think it would be short-lived at any rate; on shore they said it lifted buildings and uprooted trees, but out there on the bay it seemed to tear up whole seas and slap them in our face; the sleet cut through us like needles; the snow swept by us in sharp blinding sheets; we could no more breathe against the wind than if we had been sealed up in close graves; and, lifted and lowered by the huge swell, the

ship gored at her anchorage like a mad bull.

"Blow away!" says I. "I'm equal to you yet, if she don't kedger."

By gracious, sir, she was kedging.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, and foot by foot, and fathom by fathom, she was kedging straight across toward the ledge that only waited to rip her open. In a moment when I saw it, I had given the order to furl all sail, and the crew had sprung aloft to execute the order. It seemed an age that they were there, and still we dragged; presently the extra crew, those taken off the wreck, were sent up to help them. If they did n't jump at their work, it would be of no use for them to work at all; the foam was already white under our bows.

I suppose they might just as well have tried to furl the clouds of heaven. The wind and the sails pinned them flat on their faces, while we below waited breathless, with our lives in our hands; they scrambled and tumbled down upon the deck, thinking neither of rag nor of rope, but only that they had been blowing into the sea. Perhaps the volleys that the mate and I bellowed after them were worse than the danger was, for again they tried the task, and again, abandoning all efforts and seeking safety on the deck, came down, the thing undone, while the ship drove on towards her doom. No human power could furl those sails, I saw; and then I trumpeted my order to spring aloft once more, and cut the seizings and stops from the yards and get her clear of the canvas. There was not a heart-beat to lose, and yet for a single second no one stirred; but, in the next one, the chief and second mate, and a third man, — one of those taken from the wreck, I fancied, but I could not see his face, of course, though it was lighter than it had been, — ran up the shrouds, their knives between their teeth, and in a moment afterwards, with an explosion like artillery and nothing else, and a shudder that trembled to the ship's keel, the freed sails were plunging through the night, like angry

spirits, and burying themselves miles away in the sands of Long Beach, for all I know to the contrary. Then, the chains being run out to their end and stoppered securely, we waited and watched, the storm roaring over us, and our fate hanging on that instant like a wretch upon his rope. But the ship held on and we were safe.

Another hour's watching, in which we could not make out that the Dibdin dragged half a length, or the cables parted a strand, but felt her taking the great swells and butting against the storm like a beast at bay; then, as the tide approached the flood, the gale plainly began to abate, and there was no doubt at all but she would hold on till a tug could come down by daylight, and take her up; and so I started to go below for a dry jacket and a snack of anything there was to be had.

It was then, while the first gray of the dull dawn struggled through the darkness, that a man stepped up to me, the same man who had gone aloft with the mates to cut the sails loose, as well as I could judge. Hidden in that great beard and in the shadows of the night, I had not known him, or had not been conscious that I knew him, though I must have felt his presence from the moment I set my foot on the same deck; now something shook me from head to foot before I heard his voice, and I understood then why I did not care, for myself, whether the ship went to pieces or not, and felt no exultation over my night's work. Why should the living live, when the graves give up their dead?

"Pilot," said he, "since the night I might have drowned in Boston Bay, for all of you, I have been wrecked in the South Seas and tossed from port to port, tossed for six years, and wrecked and saved again not twenty-four hours since. I have spoken with your boat-keeper and learned no news. And now I am come to claim my rights and properties. So, in the first place, can you tell me where I shall find a boy I left behind me? My name is Wilbur." There was a stealthy triumph in that

quiet tone, with which the great, stalwart fellow spoke as he stooped over me, that I have thought since a Sioux might use as he tomahawked a sleeping foe. Ah, well there might be, well there might! Asleep, secure, a moment before, now desolated and destroyed, I could neither see, nor feel, nor think. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, I was as dumb as any stone, a thunderbolt could not have crushed me more into the clods. It was not till he repeated the question, adding to it a threat that sent the angry blood bubbling back to my brain, that I gathered my wits about me.

"I have an account to settle," said he, "with an old comrade, for an attempt at murder. But first, I mean to have my boy."

Thoughts course through their way swifter than any lightning through the sky. While he spoke, I saw there was no help for it, — laws of man and laws of blood were on his side, — the boy was his; I had tried a hand with Fate, and Fate had euchred me. A thought swept over me, it's true, of making off with the child into some wilderness such as this is, but the answer came that it would be impossible that I should not be traced. So far, too, my hold of the boy had been in open honor, — I could not turn thief even for the sake of Ben. If in my heart, that night six years ago, I had been willing to put Wilbur out of life, he was even with me at last, — he was wringing the life out of me, he was leaving me dry and dead and hollow as a shell. All that in an instant, a wild look on every side like a hunted fugitive, and then the struggle was over. "You will find your child where you left him," said I hoarsely, "at No. 7 Gasket Lane."

"The same," said he. "And his mother's money, — is there any left of it?"

"His trustees must tell you," said I, choking down the rising rage.

He waited a minute. "And how do you like the wearing of dead men's shoes?" he said then, with a sneer no words of mine can tell.



"Look here, Wilbur," said I. "You threatened me a moment since with an account you had to settle. It didn't frighten me. I don't mind having the matter out with you, here, in a tug of main strength to see which can drop the other into this boiling pit below us. But for the rest, — I have taught your boy to love and respect his father's memory; now that I'm gone, don't give me the lie!" And I went below.

I had been a rich man when I stepped on board that cursed craft; I stepped out of it a homeless, childless pauper, my heart aching to think of little Ben crying for me, as he would be sure to cry that night; to think of him smarting under Wilbur's blows, which it was little likely would be spared; to think of him reared at last as Wilbur must rear a boy, to be a man only less evil than himself. That was something I could not live to see; it would be death at slow torture.

However, that was the end of it all. 'T was no use harrowing up the boy by going and bidding him good by; he 'd find he 'd lost me soon enough at farthest. Why should I stay, either, there

where every glance at every familiar thing was a stab? I had no one else to see, no business to do, no bills to pay, no accounts to square with the world; I just disappeared out of it, and here I am. I asked myself then, I ask myself now, why under the sun did I love another man's child to the point of heartbreak? Lord knows! But I did. But I do. I please myself by thinking now, that some time, when I have my commission and am taking a coaster up the bay, — for few but coasters try these Chesapeake waters, — perhaps I shall come across a sturdy youth, a lad who has run away to sea, — for that is what Ben will be doing presently! — and then, it may be, I shall have my own again. It's a dream I am always dreaming; and though it's pleasant faring down here, as I said, it's weary waiting. That's all the story yet, sir. Perhaps you'll be this way again some day, when that cabin's a different place, with flowers blooming about it, and a fair-faced woman in it, and Ben's children toddling round the door or running to meet him and me as we come off the water. Lord knows!

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

## MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

OUR musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be further from the old New England character and "bringing up," — we will not call it culture. But, strangely (and not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, influential souls. This was when the new spirit of culture, in the

fullest, freest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the Conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which has for some time been imputed to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering *ideas*, — with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice,

equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the beautiful, — ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervor of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers, — ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of CULTURE, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing upon from without with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and maxims, and time-honored prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art? — art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance that the interest here felt in Beethoven began at the same moment with the interest in Emerson, and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, be it remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago

or more, in that old theatre long since vanished from the heart of the dry-goods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Odeon," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how young men and women of the most cultured circles, whom the new intellectual dayspring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that far-off upper gallery or sky-parlor, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and coloring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble, home-made, and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of those plain farmers, teachers, and (but for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so-called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the *music* was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtle solvent of the delicious harmonies. And our genial friend who sits in Harper's "Easy-Chair" has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fa-

tigue, carrying home with them a new good genius, beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labors. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set"), began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the "Harbinger," for years printed at Brook Farm, in the "Dial," which told the time of days so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favorite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the rest of the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given in those days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that the free-thinking and idealistic class referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement,—that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation heaving, till it has cast off the vampire of at least one of

its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the elevation of mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way, too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "*beauty* of holiness," and for communion with the Father in some sincere way of one's own without profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauty and the prophecies of art,—found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by auroral gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human, one heard, as in a sea-shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness" (as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would not have belief imposed upon them, who cared more for life

than doctrine, and to whom it was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial*. This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this, to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, has a magnetic, quick affinity with the great thoughts and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of the age. With the casting adrift from old authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling forth for art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct woke in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry, killing *prose* of life, unquickening, discouraging, conceited, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the almighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference; a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this temper, and naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtle, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which, weaving airy motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not stand a milestone of arrested progress; the art which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpre-

tations, to mere word meanings, or too inquisitive *thought* meanings; does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affectation, or illusion? What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for mere laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that which is weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakespeare than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lecturer be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallow creature of convention, why should you not be to the music into which some finer, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakespeare, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, pot-pourris of the hackneyed sentimentalities or flash fancies of third and tenth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illu-

sion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

Our point is simply: The great music has been so much followed and admired here, not by reason of any great musical knowledge in said followers, not because we have any technical musicianship or proper musicality, but purely because the music was *great*, deep, true, making itself felt as such; we love the music for the great life that is in it. Let the emphasis fall on the word *great*, — *great* music, — if you still find it hard to credit our capacity of pleasure in mere music pure and simple.

From such beginnings, by degrees, and for a long time through the medium of very poor means of performance, — which only confirms our theory, that it was some inkling of the divine ideas, the life within the symphony, that first caught the imagination of listeners not very musical, it might be, — there grew up here a pretty deep and general love of noble music; until, at length, for better or for worse (we think for better), music occupies this people's time and thought quite largely, yet not so largely as it will and must do. What may be called a "musical movement" is making headway. Much froth about it, no doubt, there is; much vainglory, *splurge*, and sounding advertisement; too much passion for excitement, for the extraordinary, for "big things." Our great choral societies, for example, may shrink from the real great work, from the sincere, quiet, outwardly unrewarding tasks, which build up the artistic character, which are the true tests of sufficiency in art, in favor of the easier enterprise that carries with it more *éclat* and advertisement. They may postpone solid everyday excellence to exhibition splendors, festivals, and jubilees on some unprecedented scale. But all this implies a genuine heart-life in music somewhere. Where there is smoke there must be

fire. Fuss and feathers make the greater show and catch the vulgar; but it is because heroes have been and will be again when God and a great crisis call. Do not charge all the egotism and vanity of musical artists, their catering to low tastes by cheap display, their grandiloquent announcements, their jealousies of one another, to music, or even wholly to themselves. It is the speculating, sordid, money-getting fever of the whole world around them that does the mischief, sets the singers at loggerheads, lowers the standard of composers and performers, and tempts the artist soul to sell its birthright and become a travelling thaumaturgic virtuoso. Music would make all this better, could she become ten times the public mistress that she is.

So much by way of introduction to the real purpose of this paper, which is to show THE WORTH OF MUSIC TO THIS PEOPLE AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

But for the present we confine ourselves to culture in a general sense, too well foreseeing that it will require a special paper to exhibit music as a type of law, a revelation in its way of the divine organic movement through all spheres of matter and of mind, hence as a means of *Intellectual Culture*; and still another, to deduce from this the right of music to be regarded as a *Universal Language*, and therefore as the native language, pure and perfect, of what in man is universal and most human, *The Religious Sentiment*.

Music must become a great part of our common, we may say our atmospheric education. It has already gone too far for us to doubt it. Let its importance but begin to be appreciated, and the next Peabody will feel his way to general gratitude by liberal endowment of an art of vital interest to millions, where only tens or hundreds can know how to care for some of the learned branches for which professorships are founded. Money will



yet be poured out freely for true colleges of music, as it has been for those of literature and science. Is it not worth as much fostering as a boat-race, international or other?

1. Consider, first, the simplest, *prima facie* claim of music; consider its civilizing agency, so far as it may become part of the popular, the public education.

We, as a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music even more than others. We need some ever-present, ever-welcome influence that shall insensibly tone down our self-asserting and aggressive manners, round off the sharp, offensive angularity of character, subdue and harmonize the free and ceaseless conflict of opinions, warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society, lest he become a mere member of a party, or a slave of business or fashion. This rampant liberty will rush to its own ruin, unless there shall be found some gentler, harmonizing, humanizing culture, such as may pervade whole masses with a fine enthusiasm, a sweet sense of reverence for something far above us, beautiful and pure, awakening some ideality in every soul, and often lifting us out of the hard, hopeless prose of daily life. We need this beautiful corrective of our crudities. Our radicalism will pull itself up by the roots, if it do not cultivate the instinct of reverence. The first impulse of freedom is centrifugal, to fly off the handle, unless it be restrained by a no less free, impassioned love of order. We need to be so enamored of the divine idea of unity, that that alone, — the enriching of that, — shall be the real motive for assertion of our individuality. What shall so temper and tone down our "fierce democracy?" It must be something better, lovelier, more congenial to human nature than mere stern prohibition, cold Puritanic "Thou shalt *not*!" What can so quickly magnetize a people into this harmonic mood as music? Have we not seen it, felt it?

The hard-working, jaded millions

need expansion, need the rejuvenating, the ennobling experience of JOY. Their toil, their church and creed, perhaps, their party livery, and very vote, are narrowing; they need to taste, to breathe a larger, freer life. \* Has it not come to thousands while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to open and come down? The governments of the Old World do much to make the people cheerful and contented; here it is all *laissez faire*, each for himself, in an ever-keener strife of competition. We must look very much to music to do this good work for us; we are open to that appeal; we can forget ourselves in that; we blend in joyous fellowship when we can sing together; perhaps quite as much so when we can listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest inspirations of a master. The higher and purer the character and kind of music, the more of real genius there is in it, the deeper will this influence be.

Judge of what can be done by what already within our own experience has been done and daily is done. Think what the children in our schools are getting through the little that they learn of vocal music, — elasticity of spirit, joy in harmonious co-operation, in the blending of each happy life in others; a rhythmical instinct of order and of measure in all movement; and a quickening of the ear and sense, whereby they will grow up susceptible to music as well as with some use of their own voices, so that they may take part in it; for, from these spacious nurseries (loveliest flower-gardens, apple-orchards in full bloom, say, on their annual *fête* days) shall our future choirs and oratorio choruses be replenished with good, sound material.

Think what unconscious culture, what refining influence, the people of a city might breathe in with the common breath of life from concerts in the open air, from military bands, and, better still, from civic bands, if only our king and lord, the people aforesaid in its



corporate capacity, would make enlightened provision for these things, and institute a competent commission, or commissioner, a "Philostrate, master of the revels," of real taste and judgment, to see to it that the bands be good ones, the programmes of a kind to elevate and civilize, and not demoralize by brutal bray of everlasting brass; and that the *repertoire* be made up of models of enduring beauty, instead of specimens of every foolish reigning fashion in its turn. Such an office should be of high honor, of careful appointment, and safe tenure, like a judgeship.

Think what revival of the best enthusiasm, what enriching of the inner man's resources, what a lift to thought and feeling, may be given, has been given, by great festivals of music, and even by "great jubilees," could their ambition be a little sobered, and all the claptrap and extravagance left out.

Think, above all, how much of the best kind of culture, though it be undefinable, undemonstrative, a silent absorption, as it were, through all the pores and into every finest spiritual fibre, may be found in the stated series of concerts of the highest order, where to listen well is to take part, and where every person present both in body and in soul "assists," in the French sense of the word. All that is necessary to this is, that, besides rich material, there shall be a pure artistic *spirit* pervading the whole concert; the programme ought to be an art-work in itself, with nothing miscellaneous about it, it being not enough that it should contain fine things; it should contain them so placed that they shall not jostle one another, each obliterating the impression of the last; and that their spell shall not be broken by bringing them into incongruous company with things of so irreconcilable a spirit that one can carry home no clear impression of the concert as a whole.

But of the good influence of music in the more popular and public way the half is not told, so long as we have not hinted how much fitly chosen music

may do, has done, though too seldom, as an element in public celebrations of great events in human progress, in commemorations of great men, or in aid of noble charities. On such occasions its chief efficacy depends upon significant, appropriate selections to be played or sung; upon the close affinity or correspondence of each strain of music, both with the spirit of the hour and with whatever spoken thought or ceremony it may prepare or follow; in a word, upon a certain artistic unity of programme, of which it catches by quick sympathy the key-note, dictates in some way the order, moulds all into symmetry, tenderly guards throughout the unbroken continuity of meaning, and serves as frame and background to the whole. She, Music, should be called in at the first inchoation of the plot as the most sympathetic, subtly appreciative, suggestive confidante; and when it comes to the fulfilment, hers is the part of chief interpreter, as well as of disposer, of all minds to the right mood of expectation and the right impression after. Commonly we do quite differently. We call in music upon such occasions, not as an equal, a co-working intelligence, but rather as king's jester, to supply a little idle recreation in the pauses. We employ a band of instruments, mostly military, to discourse loud polkas, pot-pourris from operas, or what not, selected without rhyme or reason, and so rudely break the spell and rob the hour of character and meaning. Art would reform this. Art knows nothing miscellaneous.

We are not quite without examples of the better way; our Boston Music Hall, within a few years, has been witness of a few which might be followed. Who that was present will forget that welcome to our noble Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation on that first of January, when Emerson first read his thrilling "Boston Hymn" of liberty and justice; and when music, furnishing first the darker prelude, in allusion to the days of bondage and of hope deferred, through the Overture to "Eg-

mont," and that exciting number from the "The Hymn of Praise," in which to the anxiously repeated question, "Will the night soon pass?" the clear soprano, like a stream of sunshine, startles with the cry, "The night is departing!" and the glorious *crescendo* of the chorus floods the world with light and carries all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmony and trumpets, — then proceeded in the lofty vein of heroism and of holy triumph, by making heard, in such significant connection (not to name all), the glorious Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the chorus from "Elijah," full of oomfort to the long-suffering, "He watching over Israel"; Handel's sublime Hallelujahs; and finally the patriotic "sun-burst" of the Overture to "William Tell"?

Think, too, of the part that music bore the day we listened to the eulogy on our good Governor. How the organ whispered peace in those sweet strains of the concluding chorus, sung at the tomb of the Saviour, of Bach's Passion Music; and how the mournful effect of that grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, was tempered by the chorus, full of comfort, from "St. Paul," "Happy and blest are they who have endured"; then by the heavenly *andante*, reassuring and uplifting, from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; and then, to sum up all in one grand lesson, the strong, confiding choral, harmonized by Bach, "What God does, surely is well done!"

Think, too, how music lent new meaning and new beauty to that commemoration of a great man of science, when our Agassiz paid noble tribute to the life and labors of his great friend and teacher, Humboldt; how the music and the spoken word shed light upon each other; how Mozart's chorus of the Priests of Isis sang of the consecration of the noble youth to Truth, wherever she might lead him; and how the wondrous Overture to "The Magic Flute," and the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, by

their fascinating hint of the perpetual pursuit of unity through all the labyrinthine windings of variety, fitly prepared and followed a discourse of which that was the very theme!

Now out of all these ways of popular exposure to the influence of good music, as well as from private, even solitary communion with its master spirits, comes much valuable culture; not in the sense of musical or any other knowledge, technical and special; not a direct conscious culture, as such, of the memory or of the reasoning faculties; not scholarship, perhaps, nor ease and elegance of manners nor address; not force of will or quickness of decision; but, nevertheless, a culture moulding us insensibly, a sort of atmospheric culture, weighing gently upon each and all, like wholesome air, expanding the chest, warming the heart, putting the nerves in tune, disposing to unconscious courtesy and kindness, prompting each to fill his place cheerfully and unobtrusively, forgetting self in the harmonious whole, weaving a sympathetic bond, making us all feel like happy, trustful children, free and not afraid.

We may learn something from our German fellow-citizens in illustration of this important chapter in the art of life. We as a people seem somehow to have lacked this art. We court prosperity like anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call a moment of our lives our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living. We are enterprising to a fault; we go ahead faster than others; but it is by a centaur-like contrivance, letting a large part of our real vital, human self run down into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Why, O "live Yankee," O proud Westerner, why waste your life in rivalling a steam-engine! Man makes himself a mere machine for generating or accumulating power, and all for what? And with what a solemn, sanctimonious, lean, hard-favored way he does it often! With what a quasi-religious and self-righteous tone he quotes his business maxims! How he amalgamates

unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares ! How he practically confounds religion with his own self-love, as generalized into prudential maxims !

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet ; yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other ; for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement in some good, conventional, approved way of business, or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *geniality* ; nor do we, as a people, understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius is the spontaneous principle ; it is free and happy in its work ; it is artist and not drudge ; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and disinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Jov," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakespeare, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius ; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we

so much need ; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts,—music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

2. Such civilizing, educating power has music for society at large. Now in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the *salon*, in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name,—*good* music, of course,—does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy ? does it not better mould the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without ? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone ! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few ; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way at once free, happy and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society" ; whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, unedifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself, like that of fashion, which makes

wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as exclusive as you please, by the soul's right, not wronging any one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art, or poetry. But music is the most social of them all, even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *tacet*.

3. We have fancied ourselves entering a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report, or picture out the scene. Now could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! Could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art and bequeath himself in that form, in his works, for any who know how to read.)

If the best of all society is musical society, we go further and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there's nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes to so little solitude, ignoring the fact that often there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before, and he soon finds that he never was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader, and must get it out by piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from

the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone? what spirits you can summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of Sonatas, the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorals, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth and beauty of meaning, and you have the very essence of all prayer and praise and gratitude, as if you were a worshipper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, *then*, to banish the benumbing ghost of *ennui*. It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, loves, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul, or to the secret wound, than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's springtime, — that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine *end* of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty, anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, importunities, beneath the notice of a soul so richly occupied; lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony), — Fate and the pursuing Furies, — and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses, Eumenides!

Music in this way is a marvellous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of the Moonlight Sonata, the old man is once more a lover; with the *andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, he loiters by

the shady brookside hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music,—not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, an humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your best powers into discredit with yourself; then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

"Who never ate his bread in tears,  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste or knowledge, that debars many people—naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures—from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the *Passion Music* of Bach, for instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you *need* such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible, when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beet-

hoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then, morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration,—and who can doubt of immortality?

Now in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world, and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul? He goes forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accept authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all, whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist," belongs to the harmonic and anointed body-guard of peace, fraternity, good-will; his instincts all have caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minutest fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetized, as it were, into a loyal, positive direction toward the pole-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music-hall, by much music-making, become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

*John S. Dwight.*

## MOUNTAIN SONNETS.

## CLOUDS ON WHITEFACE.

SO lovingly the clouds caress his head,—  
 The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,  
 With white face set like flint horizon-ward;  
 They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,  
 And gossamer of airiest silver thread,  
 To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.  
 They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,  
 Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.  
 He upward looks, but moves not; wears their hues;  
 Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;  
 And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,  
 His grandeur and their grace so interfuse;  
 And when his angels leave him unawares,  
 A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares.

## CHOCORUA.

The pioneer of a great company  
 That wait behind him, looking toward the east,—  
 Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,—  
 Though after him none dares to press, where he  
 With bent head listens to the minstrelsy  
 Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.  
 What vision beckons, when that rhythm has ceased?  
 What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?  
 Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well.  
 He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear  
 The yearning secret he apart must tell  
 To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.  
 A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,  
 He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain crowd.

## BLACK MOUNTAIN IN BEARCAMP LAKE.

A little lake, that in a quiet place,  
 Bordered with green home-fields and forest pines,  
 Seems to lie dreaming, rippled with soft lines  
 That glide like smiles across a sleeping face.  
 In the lake's depth an outline vague you trace;  
 A shadowy mountain on its breast reclines;  
 And tremulous with the wonder of its dream  
 A shape sublime it makes that image seem.—  
 So is the greatest man not half so great  
 In wise men's thoughts, or the world's wondering eye,  
 Crowned with a grandeur sure to isolate,  
 As in some heart where he may mirrored lie;—  
 He finding in that distant nearness rest;  
 She with her grand illusion more than blest.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

## II.

NOTE.—The passages enclosed within brackets are from a copy of Mr. Minor's journal, written out apparently for publication. The original notes seem fresher and more interesting, but they will be supplemented here and there, on occasion, with extracts from the more elaborate copy.

[“NORTHAMPTON, MASS. — 1834.

“AND you will positively excommunicate me, if I do not send you ‘some First Impressions’ of Yankee land? Have at you, then: though, really, my time has been so filled with seeing and hearing, that hardly a scrap remains to write down a hundredth part of the curious or striking things that meet my eyes and ears.

“Unusual opportunity has been afforded me, for using various lights and shades of Yankee character. In stage, steamboat, and railway-car, — in jersey wagon and on foot, on highways and by-ways, in farm-houses and city palaces, I have seen and chatted with all sorts of people, from the \* \* \* of the \* \* \* to the tavern porter and the country laborer. Five days I have spent in a pedestrian stroll, calling often at the country houses to get a draught of water, rest myself, and talk with the farmer or his wife. These gossipings, you may well suppose, commonly produced amusement, and frequently solid information; or at least solid materials for reflection. And, considering that it is only a few weeks since my first entry into New England, methinks I have a pretty exact measure of Jonathan's foot. — Yet, for all this preface, do not expect any very astounding revelations. From the thousand incidents that unitedly make my tour exceedingly interesting to myself, it is not certain that any one, or any dozen, can be selected, which will very much interest another person. Though sore at times from long walks, and sorer still, once or twice, from rude manners and uncivil answers to civil questions, I have experienced kindnesses and pleasure preponderating a thousand fold over all.

“In the visible face of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the features which by their novelty or beauty most strike a Virginian eye, are the small farms, usually of from fifty to two hundred acres; the fields, disproportionately small, there being sometimes fifteen or twenty on one farm; the stone fences, often rendered necessary and numerous by scarcity of timber, and by the troublesome superabundance of stones which can be best got rid of by piling them in fences; the universality of hay-crops, on hills as well as in low land; the almost entire absence of wheat — for the prevalent grain-crops are oats, rye, and indian corn; the clustering of habitations in villages, instead of dispersing them at intervals of a mile over the country; the white-painted village churches, all with stately spires, visible for miles around, having gilt vanes, and clocks with hands so large and stroke so loud, that I have repeatedly seen and heard the hour half a mile off. The country is more hilly, or *rolling*, as our farmers would say, than the lower half of Virginia; and the hills have a smaller base, and a more gracefully swelling, dome-like top, than our hills. These rotundities, with their attendant hollows, traversed by numberless stone fences, with here and there patches of woodland, and detached white farm-houses half embosomed in elms and fruit-trees, — while perhaps two or three villages with steeples piercing the sky are at once within view, — exhibit countless landscapes of a beauty unknown to Eastern or to Western Virginia.

“Here is not apparent a hundredth part of the abject squalid poverty that our State presents. I have not seen a log house in New England; nor a dwelling-house without one or more glass

windows. And nine tenths of the common farm-houses are painted. Indeed, paint for the outside of a house is here considered an indispensable piece of economy; and is applied to many humble dwellings, of one story, and one, or two, or three rooms. Brick and stone buildings are not common, except in the cities. This village, the loveliest in all the North, and Worcester, (take care to call it *Wooster*)—having, respectively, 4,000 and 5 or 6,000 inhabitants—contain, both together, hardly more than a hundred and fifty brick and stone houses.

“But the *morale* of New England—the character of her people—their tones of thought and feeling on some important subjects—their social and political institutions and usages—their modes of promoting comfort and convenience in their houses, and in all departments of life—have interested me far more than her physical lineaments.

“Would that I had time and space to unfold the Road, Pauper, and School systems of Massachusetts and Connecticut,—the only Yankee States except Rhode Island that I have visited. But that would require too much detail. Their happy organization may be inferred from their effects.

“The common roads are nearly all *ridged up*, turnpike fashion; and are as good as our turnpikes. I do not mean such as a certain one leading from F\*\*\*\*\* to \*\*\*\*\* , which the traveller knows to be a turnpike only by the tolls and the jolts; but those in the great Valley, and near Richmond. For mending roads, two instruments are used here, which many road-overseers in Virginia have long been vainly urged to employ: the plow and the scraper. A two-horse plow is said by those who have tried it fairly to be equal to six men with hoes; and a scraper, to sixteen. The latter implement may be bought for five, or even three dollars. The making and repair of roads here is wholly a concern of the township,—or *town* as the provincial dialect hath it. If any one is damaged by a road’s being out of order, he can sue the

township for it. Several instances have been told me of such damages recovered: \$7,000 against the town of Lowell, by a man and girl who, driving a gig along the road, plunged over a precipice made by a deep cut of a new railroad, crippled themselves, killed their horse, and crushed the gig.

“There is probably not a beggar by trade in New England—except solicitors for pious charities, and for subscriptions. The needy are sent to a poor-house, having a farm attached to it, on which they work for *their* parish, the township; or are *let* to the lowest bidder for their maintenance; as the people of the township choose. In different townships the number of paupers greatly varies. I have heard of five, ten, and thirty or more upon the lists: and as a county contains many ‘towns,’ perhaps the number of such pensioners here equals ours. But (mark!) the expense here is next to nothing; sometimes absolutely nothing; nay, some ‘towns’ derive a revenue from the labors of their parish poor. Salem has thus gained several thousand dollars in a year. All the paupers who are able render a fair equivalent, and some render more, for the relief they receive. The problem so puzzling to England, Virginia, and other countries these Yankees have solved by a union of tact, shrewdness, and vigilance—the problem, how to make poor-houses not attractive enough to tempt and foster laziness, yet not repulsive enough to frighten away real misery from asking relief. The secret is the simple one, of furnishing plain, clean, and comfortable houses, lodgings, and diet; with *labor as the inexorable condition of their enjoyment*, if the pauper can labor. Two things mitigate the hardship of living at the township poor-house: first, that it is in the poor’s own neighborhood, within reach of relations or friends, and not involving a rough transportation of ten or twenty miles, like our county poor-houses; and secondly, that a COMMON-SCHOOL, open and free alike to rich and poor, is always near. The comfort of this, to

such paupers as have children, need not be descanted on.

"This is the general usage: but near this village there happens to be, at the poor-house, a school purely for its juvenile inmates. I walked out to it — a mile or two — one day. It (the poor-house) is managed by a superintendent, who keeps the sufficiently able-bodied inmates at work. I went by invitation, into his house: entered also the school-room. The teacher is an elderly man, himself a pauper. There were two black scholars, sitting rather apart from the whites. In nearly all the approaches between white and black in New England, there is a manifest shrinking back in the former; a *noli me tangere* air, which seems to snuff contamination in the slightest fellowship with Cuffee. These dark-skinned school children are evidently in bad odor in more senses than one.]

"1834.

"June 16, Monday.

"At 23' past 6 a. m., alone in a huge four-horse stage-coach, with wheels creaking as if grease had never touched them, I set out from my law-office at Louisa C. H. on a tour of pleasure to N. England. As the road was familiar and dull, the time was filled by a sort of MS. analysis of 3d Leigh's Reports, a newspaper, and a handsomely written tho' sublimated and question-begging letter written to the people of Culpepper, on the Removal of the Deposites, by Col. Storrow — whom the Rd. Whig styled once 'magniloquent orthoepist.' Beguiled the time was not; for the carriage's motion kept me almost sick; and 5 hours brought me 20 miles to Orange Court house, in no dulcet mood. Here I stay from  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 a. m. till 2 p. midn't; when a stage passing on from Charlottesville will take me to Fredericksburg.

"Orange C. H. being one of my monthly haunts as lawyer, my travels hardly seem yet begun. Sit I down then, and parley awhile, about the *whither*, the *why*, and the *how*, of the

said travels. The *whither*, is ultimately Boston. What intermediate points, will be seen time enough when recorded in the ensuing pages —

Therefore there need no more be said here —  
We unto them refer our reader.

But the plan is, to tarry a day or two in Washington — a day in Baltimore — two in Philadelphia — one or two at Bristol (Pa.) Trenton, and Princeton, conjointly — 2 or 3 in N. Y. — some hours at West Point — ditto at Catskill — do. Albany — and thence across the S. W. angle of Massachusetts into Conn. and R. Island, which deserve such perusal as ten days will suffice for — then to Boston. The *why*, is well nigh too various to set down in detail: and perhaps I flatter myself in believing that some high motives are among its ingredients. The sum and substance may be stated to be — to see and hear all that I can. There is a due mixture of vague, with a good deal of determinate curiosity; and an eagerness for this recreation excused to self-love by 7 or 8 years of unbroken, tho' not unmitigated or undulcified toil. — The *how* — in stages, railway cars, steamboats, or chance-carriages, and on foot. The last method more practised than by most travellers. — Enough of preface.

"Supped with my ex-brother, M. A. P. — lately turned from lawyer to merchant. Asleep at 11, p. m.

"Tuesday, June 17.

"Wakened at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 1, to enter the stage. Set out after 2, — on the seat with the driver. But rain drove me in, after going 2 miles. Then soon began the qualmishness again; lasting the whole 35 miles to Fredericksburg, and spoiling appetite for breakfast even after a drive of 26 miles. Seven fellow-passengers — none interesting. Such as could, spent the first 2 or 3 hours in sleep. Not I — the tossing, pitching, rocking, heaving up, and sinking down, suffered but an unrefreshing doze, the mockery of slumber: a disturbed, dreamy state, broken every 2 or 3 minutes. At the breakfasting house, Chancellor's, Dr. Blackford of Page joined us — a wel-

come addition. — Reached Fredg. at 10 a. m. Friends there (W. M. Blackford and his house) as ever. *Ex. gra.*, knowing of my trip, they had written and procured me 23 letters of introduction to people north of the Potomac, And chiefly thro' their means, others await me on the way. Nothing could surpass their solicitude for the pleasure and profit of my tour.

"Wed. June 18.

"Arranged for a probable travelling companion — my cousin Lancelot M., student at the Episc. Theol. seminary, near Alexandria. He will join me, if at all, in Phila. or N. Y. He is a practised pedestrian — having walked twice or more to Ohio, and thro' N. Y., Pa., and Vermont, into Canada. This alters my route from N. Y. It will be thence, to New Haven, Hartford, and Boston, first, taking Albany, etc., on the return.

"At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10, a. m., set off, 3 stage-coaches filled, — to the steamboat landing at Potomac creek. Mine, fortunately the coach containing Mr. B——, (Presbyterian minister) from Charlottesville, and 3 ladies thence: among them Miss — of Massachusetts — who, having taught a school some years in Albemarle, now goes finally home. A winsome lassie, in person, manners, and mind.

"Our voyage of 60 miles up the Potomac, in the St. Boat Sidney, would deserve pages, if it were less trite. Pity, that it should be vulgarized by so many thousand eyes a year. The noble expanse of water — 6 miles, at least — ruffled into respectable billows of 18 inches high, — the banks and hills, rounded by distance, — their trees softened into tufts of shrubbery, and thin grass into velvet, — the broad estuaries of creeks — the bellied sails of vessels meeting us, scudding joyously before what was to us a head wind and an opposing tide, insurmountable save by 'thine arm, unconquered steam' — the venerable roof and cupola of Mount Vernon, almost hidden in foliage — the frowning battlements and gaping port-holes of Fort Washington, commanding

the river, there narrowed to one mile — the busy wharf at Alexandria, beset with masts — our meeting with a gallant steamboat downward bound, with many a smiling face on deck, kindled by the bravery of our two barques — the bridge at Washington, stretching its mile of length seemingly on the water's very surface — and a score of incidents beside — might serve a Will Marvel like me with copious matter for remark, did mood or time allow.

"From the wharf at Washington, an omnibus, capable of 24, carried 15 of us into the city — me to Gadsby's Hotel — the rest elsewhere. — It was nearly 6 p. m. yet flags on the Capitol showed both Houses to be still sitting. So strolled thither. Met the Senators coming out. But in the H. of R. was a debate, in which a Mr. Beaty of Ky. and Bailie Peyton of Tennessee spoke: Beaty a speech poorly written, badly spoken, and worse listened to; — Peyton, plain good sense, in a homely, but forcible style, which gained him 10 times the hearers. — Saw my late representative, Patton. At the hotel, found Mr. Calhoun in the bar-room. Shook hands with him, in virtue of an acquaintance formed here last winter. He seemed not to recollect me quite; but carried it smoothly, as if he did. Asked about public sentiment in my part of Virginia; and only gave a slight, sardonic laugh, when told that the late course of Administration had produced few or no changes against Jackson. Last winter, I had brought him (he then said) the first news of any portion of Virginia's approving the removal of the Deposites. He and his clique had then appeared civilly skeptical of my report. It was but a few weeks after, that it was confirmed by unquestionable demonstrations from nearly all parts of the Commonwealth. The sneer now seems less of incredulity than of scorn for the man-worshipping subserviency of our people. He tells me the Senate will to-morrow take up the subject of indemnity to our citizens for French spoliation — those committed before 1800 — not the subject of Mr. Rives'

right able and successful, tho' well nigh frustrate negotiation.

"Thursday, June 19.

"Dressed early, for a walk: and in the bar-room met Mr. Calhoun again, who had just called in from *his* morning's walk. Introduced me to a major — (I could not catch the name) with whom he was conversing; and I left them. Went to Fuller's Hotel, in hopes of breakfasting with my lady fellow-passengers of yesterday — and of seeing Mr. Gurley, champion and secretary of the Colonization Society, who lived there at my last visit. But he had removed thence. Saw Mr. Bowman. The ladies were not there, though the guest-book said they were. Called at the Colon. Office, neither Mr. Gurley nor Mr. Fendall there. After breakfast, saw Miss — and her companion, Miss — in the stage, bound for Baltimore. Hardly time for 'good morning,' before off it went.

"To Senate chamber at 11. Admission to the Lobby, on the Senate floor, through Mr. Clay's means. At 12, Mr. Van Buren as Vice-President, took the chair — calling to order by raps with an ivory something upon his table. Mr. Hatch, the spruce chaplain, said a prayer shorter than some graces before meat; and business began. A Report from the Secretary of the Senate, reckoning up the number of memorialists about the Bank and the Deposit question, gave rise to some happy cutting and thrusting between Messrs. Clay and Forsyth. Mr. Webster, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Chambers, and Mr. Poindexter were all up for a few moments. Mr. Forsyth has for some time had to stand foremost here, almost alone, as defender of the Administration; and has done so with singular success, considering the overwhelming reputations and abilities arrayed against him. With a smile perpetually on his lips, they launch forth sarcasms of unmatched keenness, and oftentimes arguments of hardly matched power. Poindexter's colleague, Black, — very youthful in look: and, if I rightly 'read the mind's construction in the face,' no

more senatorial in wisdom than in years: one of the many bubbles borne onward, aloft, by the billowy tide of Party-excitement. Sprague of Maine, a right intellectual looking, spare man, who too much affects the tragical, in his oratory. His gesture is palpably, and awkwardly, copied from the introduction and plates to Scott's Lessons, or Enfield's Speaker. For the life of him, he cannot hold his hand or bend his arm naturally or gracefully. Tyler — Old Virginia forever! He has no great measure, or force, of intellect: but for a bland, persuasive manner, — I speak of tone, head-and-hand gesture, turn of period, and winningness of words and thought — Gov. T. has not his superior in the Senate. Clayton of Delaware — how fallacious a guide physiognomy is! If nature has written *nihil* on any front here, it is upon his, when he is not roused by any mental spur. Yet he is a second-rate, at least, in a body where to be 4th rate is no mean praise — and at the head of the Delaware Bar.

"Mr. Calhoun was up for five or ten minutes, upon his own motion to postpone the French-spoliation Bill until the next session. His grounds were, its vast importance, — the questions, not only of individual claims against our government, but of international right, which it involved — the immense sum (probably \$ 5,000,000) of which it contemplated the expenditure — the diversified and momentous bearings of those questions and that expenditure, upon the yet smouldering fires of the scarcely adjusted Tariff controversy — and the extreme temerity, not to say madness, of taking up a subject of such varied and awful import just at the close of a session, when the detailed examination and discussion it would require were absolutely impossible. — I never heard him in public before — never had a precise idea of his peculiar sort of power. He is one of the purest of originals. Nothing can be more unique than his style, of diction and delivery. Heedless of words, he yet pours out the most apt and forcible in a torrent.



Not one superfluous — his sentences are pared of every redundancy. So rapid seem his conceptions, that his tongue (though of extraordinary volubility) cannot mould them into language fast enough — they crowd and choak the vent, like water poured from a narrow-necked bottle. Hence perhaps a vicious habit, of clipping his words. The torrent is not a smooth, continuous one. Ever and anon there was a dead pause; evidently not for lack of matter, but at once to breathe himself amid the intensity of his mental exertion, and to give his hearers time to ponder what he had uttered. Very little gesture — his hands generally stretched at arms' length down his sides, only now and then raised and put forward, to strengthen the emphasis upon some burning thought, or some flooring argument. I have somewhere seen — it is in Combe's Phrenology — a masterly delineation of a powerful debater's mind, whose 'words fall, like minute-guns, upon the ear'; his faculties acting, at first, 'slowly, but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain-wave.' But Mr. Calhoun's first onset is the storm itself: at once deep, strong, impetuous, overwhelming. Instead of minute guns, a running broadside would best typify the rapidity of his utterance: gun succeeding gun, as fast as thought, till one side is discharged; and then after a moment's pause, the other side brought to bear with equally fatal effect. Each word — at least each sentence — is a twenty-four pounder, and each paragraph a broadside. He looked mostly, not at the presiding officer, whom Order requires him to address, — but at Mr. Webster, whose arguments he was answering. His lofty port, his mind-quelling eye, his self-assured look of conscious truth and conscious power, and his resistless argumentation, held him forth incontestably the master-spirit of the assembly. — Van! little Van! — he is not to be named in the same day — I am ashamed of bringing him into the same page — with Calhoun. Yet there is no denying that he bids fair to reach the highest place first. Animals that

crawl as well as those which fly, attain, the loftiest elevations: and it may well happen, if the eagle's wing be crippled, or if unworthy obstacles retard him, that he may be outstript by the caterpillar.

"isaac hill is diminutive in person, as in morals; and limps in his gait, from some accident, or natural deformity. He has always been writing, when I have seen him in the Senate; commonly, letters — in a large, engrossing hand — so large, that I have read several words of one, from the gallery over his head. To-day, he was correcting the proof of a newspaper. Wonder if it was the N. H. Patriot, or a speech of his own, or one of his editorials in the Globe? — isaac has a strongly marked physiognomy, — a large and not ill formed forehead, black eyes, and an expression of countenance intelligent enough, but ominous of nothing good.

"The colossal bronze statue, meant for Mr. Jefferson, brought by Lt. Levy from Paris, and given to Congress, stands in the great Rotunda of the Capitol. Not a good likeness, by any means. Too broad-shouldered, and too stout every way. The color, nearly black, conveys unpleasant associations. Some Southerner the other day swore, that it ought to be tossed out of the Capitol; for, said he, "by G . . it makes old Tom a negro!"

Some pictures were exhibiting in the Rotunda: said to be master-pieces, of eminent artists. I could not understand the plots, or discern the merits, of most. — Col. Crockett and some ladies were looking at them, and at the statue. The Col. played the tame bear very quietly, for the ladies; and seemed to be a pet. I was disappointed at finding him so tame. He should always appear in character — i. e. with hunting shirt and tomahawk — moccasins and leggings of deerskin with the hair on. As it is, he looks like any Christian: you would never suppose him to be the man what can wade the Mississippi, tote a steamboat, whip his weight in wildcats, grin the bark off an oak-knot, — swim further, dive deeper,



and come out drier, than any other man in the Western Deestrick.

"In the H. of R. a debate of no consequence was going forward, in which C. Fenton Mercer, and Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, spoke. The latter is a young man — fluent and bold, as what Kentuckian is not? The former — oh, what a falling off, since I heard him in the Va. Convention, 1829! It is impossible now not to be struck with the slight attention paid him. His silver voice and pretty oratory, once so admired, could not command a quorum of listeners, tho' the House was full. His voice, formerly all music, verges upon a cracked treble. But his weight of character has chiefly gone, from his being reputed a visionary. — The yeas and nays chancing to be called, the clerk, Franklin, ran them over with such incredible speed, that I could not catch more than one in three — though reasonably familiar with them. How the owners could recognize each his own, when thus rattled off, is hard to say.

"Adjourned before the House. On the way home, saw several beggars — would not give them 'a single sous.' Called on Mr. Moncure Robinson (Engineer) at Brown's Hotel. We walked out: and on returning, whom should we meet at the Hotel door but Mr. W. Pope of Powhatan — Uncle Billy! he 'of infinite jest' — whose gibes, whose gambols, whose 'songs, whose flashes of merriment' so 'wont to set the table in a roar,' I have so often roared at with the rest! — But this evening he seems lifeless.

"Have removed to Mrs. McDaniel's boarding house, where Messrs. Patton and Gordon stay, and where the latter had arranged for my lodging, before I came. Miss G., and the Miss McD.'s — the latter, Catholics. Gov. Tyler, Moore of Rockbridge, and Col. Davenport of Pittsylvania, are also of the mess. Had a two hours' confab with Patton. Verily, he seems to me the most rational and independent man in Washington. — He thinks that Mr. Clay's friends give plain tokens of a

design to cease maintaining the constitutionality of Internal Improvements. And now I bethink me, something like it was manifested by Mr. Marshall, in his speech to-day. Whether principle or policy be the motive, the change will be a good one for state-rights.

"To bed at 12.

"Friday, June 20.

"Up at 5. — On my walk along Pennsa. Avenue, met Mr. Calhoun. Gen. G. was with me. While we were talking, Campbell P. White came up — the Irish representative from the city of N. Y. He is a merchant — said to be an adept in the mysteries of commerce, exchange, Banking, &c. Next to Cambreleng, he is the foremost administration-member from the city. Stoutly built, with a broad, English face, but Irish mouth and accent.

"At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, off for Baltimore. Mr. Calvert's estate, 4 or 5 miles from Washington: mansion house, and porter's lodges at outer gate — All symptomatic of great wealth. Descendant of Calvert, Ld. Baltimore. Remarkable, that so much hereditary wealth should have descended to the 3d or 4th generation. Primogeniture abolished in Md. 1786.

"Bladensburg — miserable, decayed village, on the Eastern Branch. The Battle ground is much flatter than I had supposed. The driver — I sit outside always, when it is practicable — shewed me where our militia valiantly awaited the enemy, till they came within little more than a quarter of a mile; and then — the Bladensburg races began. The Bridge, defended by Barney and his marines, does not look like an advantageous post. There seem several far more defensible, within a mile, than either that, or the militia station. — Country onward from Bladensburg to Baltimore, old Virginia over again. Gullies, red hillsides, bare of soil — broom-sedge — persimmon, sassafras, and stunted oak — rickety, ineffectual worm-fences — blue-birds, bee-martins, and red-headed woodpeckers — gave me a vivid reminiscence of my poor, good old commonwealth.

"Several sections of the Balt. and Washn. R.R. lay in sight as we drove along; its route now and then crossing ours. Several hundred Irish and Dutch laborers on it, at various points; mostly Irish. The Dutch perfectly steady and well disposed. All the turbulence is among the Irish. The scene of their great affray 3 days ago, in which 6 or 7 were killed, is close to the road. The ashes and fragments of the burned and torn down shanties are yet fresh. The rioters are not yet all taken. The militia are out to catch them, and repress apprehended riots. We passed 20 or 30 (militia) in uniform, drilling in a shady wood: and about as many more, refreshing themselves at a tavern by the wayside — their guns not stacked, but leaning at random (quite militia fashion) against the sides of house and porch.

"Crossed the two branches of the Patuxent — both, trifling streams. 10 or 15 miles from Balt., passed the site of iron mines, once copious and deeply wrought — their ore still discoloring the ground far around. The Frederick railroad — and a long train of cars moving on it — the first I ever saw.

"Thunder-cloud impending, 5 or 6 miles from Balt., but some kindly current of air divided it, just as it seemed ready to burst upon our heads; so that scarcely a drop touched us.

"The first view of Baltimore very imposing, though bewildering and unsatisfactory. Three shot towers of immense height, the Washington Monument as high, church steeples God knows how many, and the gas-works smoking like a mountain-sized tar-kiln, — are the objects my eye singled out. Could make nothing of the general plan of the city. Streets, surprisingly narrow. Some, traversed hundreds of yards by the Fredk railway, and its ramifications.

Stopped at Barnum's Hotel. First face on entering was Henry Quarles, just out of the Philada. steamboat, after a stay of some weeks in N. Y. Very glad to see him. At dinner a gentleman (English, I think) bound to

Washington, chancing to learn that I was just thence, asked me to take a drink of wine (which I declined) and then was very inquiring. Told him whatever he asked about things at Washington — Mr. Stevenson's nomination as Minister to England — his probable rejection by the Senate — his probable death thereupon — and so forth. No letter here for me yet. Miss — promised me one to Cambridge.

"In an area just before the Hotel, is the Battle-monument, in memory of the slain on the — of Sept. 1814. White marble.

"Went with H. Q. to the Washington monument — ascended it, by a corkscrew staircase within. 187 feet high. W.'s statue on the top is 16½ feet high, and weighs 16½ tons. Keeper gave us a lamp to ascend by, which went out about half way up — leaving us in perfect darkness — such as I never saw before. Hands, even a white handkerchief, invisible within 4 inches of our eyes. At the stairs' head, is a platform where visitors stop. It is edged around by a parapet, 3 or 3½ feet high, so as to be safe — affording a level space 5 or 6 feet within the parapet, for standing, and walking round the trunk of the monument which rises 8 or 10 feet higher from the platform's centre, to serve as pedestal to the statue. Looking down over the parapet tries the nerves. We had been up only a few minutes, writing our names on the pedestal, and gazing over the immense panorama below and around, when 2 gentlemen and 2 ladies ascended also. One of the ladies, on emerging from the stairway upon the platform, was so struck with unaffected terror at the dizzying prospect, that she shrunk back, almost fainting: and could not be induced again to go out of the stairs' door, which was 5 or 6 feet from the parapet. She lost a magnificent prospect by her weakness — the whole city, the Patapsco down to the Bay, Fort McHenry, many a jutting promontory, headland, and swelling hill, the country for many miles round, with countless beautiful farms and dwellings.

"Then to the Catholic Cathedral, large, but not strikingly well planned, or elegant. A sorry plank inclosure and sorrier plank steps, greatly hurt the imposing air of the building, and give token of unprosperous times for the Church. Over each door is a solemn text inscribed, legible from the street. The interior is splendid—gorgeous. Some fine pictures—especially (say connoisseurs) one, representing the taking down of Christ's body from the cross. Two others—visions of saints Nicholas and Augustine—were not bad imbodyings of the phantasies which may be supposed to possess the brain of a saint, ancient or modern. Our cicerone was an old Irish woman, brogued and glib-tongued. She showed and explained the pictures—the descent from the cross most minutely: and took occasion thence to harangue the company

(several ladies and gentlemen, besides us two) upon gospel truth—especially catholic. I hardly ever heard such fluency.—She would not tolerate the slightest semblance of disrespect to the holy place where we were. She stepped up to a gentleman of the party, and said something I could not hear: but his hat instantly came off. I was stupid enough not to take the hint. She presently drew near to me, and in a soft, low voice said, 'Will you take off your hat, if you please, sir?' Of course, it was off, directly. One of the company seemed an Episcopalian or Presbyterian minister: and one of the ladies at least was a Presbyterian. The blended marvel, pity, and contempt with which they listened and looked at the old woman as she preached, was very amusing.

"Idle till bedtime, except a chapter or two of Miss E.'s Helen."

### A DAY'S PLEASURE.

#### III.—THE EVENING.

"WELL, where is the lost child?" repeats Frank, desperately.

"Where have you got him?"

"In the kitchen."

"Why in the kitchen?"

"How's baby?" demands Mrs. Sal-lie, with the incoherent suddenness of her sex, and running half-way down the steps to meet the nurse. "Um, um, um-m-m-m," sounds, which may stand for smothered kisses of rapture and thanksgiving that baby is not a lost child. "Has he been good, Lucy? Take him off and give him some cocoa, Mrs. O'Gonegal," she adds in her business-like way, and with a little push to the combined nurse and baby, while Lucy answers, "O beautiful." and from that moment, being warned through all her being by something in the other's tone, casts aside the matronly manner which she has worn during the day, and lapses into the comfortable irresponsibility of young-ladyhood.

"What kind of a time did you have?"

"Splendid!" answers Lucy. "Delightful, I think," she adds, as if she thought others might not think so.

"I suppose you found Gloucester a quaint old place."

"O," says Frank, "we did n't go to Gloucester; we found that the City Fathers had chartered the boat for the day, so we thought we'd go to Nahant."

"Then you've seen your favorite Gardens of Maolis! What in the world *are* they like?"

"Well; we did n't see the Gardens of Maolis; the Nahant boat was so crowded that we could n't think of going on her, and so we decided we'd drive over to the Liverpool Wharf and go down to Nantasket Beach."

"That was nice. I'm so glad on Aunt Melissa's account. It's much better to see the ocean from a long beach than from those Nahant rocks."

"That's what I said. But, you know, when we got to the wharf the boat had just left."

"You *don't* mean it! Well, then, what under the canopy *did* you do?"

"Why, we sat down in the wharf-house, and waited from nine o'clock till half past two for the next boat."

"Well, I'm glad you did n't back out, at any rate. You did show pluck, you poor things! I hope you enjoyed the beach after you *did* get there."

"Why," says Frank, looking down, "we never got there."

"Never got there!" gasps Mrs. Sallie. "Did n't you go down on the afternoon boat?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you get to the beach, then?"

"We did n't go ashore."

"Well, that's *like* you, Frank."

"It's a great deal more like Aunt Melissa," answers Frank. "The air felt so raw and chilly by the time we reached the pier, that she declared the baby would perish if it was taken to the beach. Besides, nothing would persuade her that Nantasket Beach was at all different from Liverpool Wharf."

"Never mind, never mind!" says Mrs. Sallie. "I don't wish to hear anything more. That's your idea of a day's pleasure, is it? I call it a day's disgrace, a day's miserable giving-up. There, go in, go in; I'm ashamed of you all. Don't let the neighbors see you, for pity's sake.—We keep him in the kitchen," she continues, recurring to Frank's long-unanswered question concerning the lost child, "because he prefers it as being the room nearest to the closet where the cookies are. He's taken advantage of our sympathies to refuse everything but cookies."

"I suppose that's one of the rights of lost childhood," comments Frank, languidly; "there's no law that can compel him to touch even cracker."

"Well, you'd better go down and see what *you* can make of him. He's driven *us* all wild."

So Frank descends to the region now redolent of the preparing tea, and finds upon a chair, in the middle of the kitchen floor, a very forlorn little figure of a boy, mutely munching a sweet-

cake, while now and then a tear steals down his cheeks and moistens the grimy traces of former tears. He and baby are in the mean time regarding each other with a steadfast glare, the cook and the nurse supporting baby in this rite of hospitality.

"Well, my little man," says his host, "how did you get here?"

The little man, perhaps because he is heartily sick of the question, is somewhat slow to answer that there was a fire; and that he ran after the steamer; and a girl found him, and brought him up here.

"And that's all the blessed thing you can get out of him," says cook; and the lost boy looks as if he felt cook to be perfectly right.

In spite of the well-meant endeavors of the household to wash him and brush him, he is still a dreadfully travel-stained little boy, and he is powdered in every secret crease and wrinkle by that dust of Old Charlesbridge, of which we always speak with an air of affected disgust, and a feeling of ill-concealed pride in an abomination so strikingly and peculiarly our own. He looks very much as if he had been following fire-engines about the streets of our learned and pulverous suburb ever since he could walk, and he certainly seems to feel himself in trouble to a certain degree; but there is easily imaginable in his bearing a conviction that after all the chief care is with others, and that though unhappy, he is not responsible. The principal victim of his sorrows is also penetrated by this opinion, and after gazing forlornly upon him for a while, asks mechanically, "What's your name?"

"Freddy," is the laconic answer.

"Freddy...?" trying with an artful inflection to lead him on to his surname.

"Freddy," decidedly and conclusively.

"O, bless me! What's the name of the street your papa lives on?"

This problem is far too deep for Freddy, and he takes a bite of sweet-cake in sign that he does not think of solving it. Frank looks at him gloom-

ily for a moment, and then determines that he can grapple with the difficulty more successfully after he has had tea. "Send up the supper, Bridget. I think, my dear," he says, after they have sat down, "we'd better all question our lost child when we've finished."

So, when they have finished, they have him up in the sitting-room, and the inquisition begins.

"Now, Freddy," his host says, with a cheerful air of lifelong friendship and confidence, "you know that everybody has got two names. Of course your first name is Freddy, and it's a very pretty name. Well, I want you to think real hard, and then tell me what your other name is, so I can take you back to your mamma."

At this allusion the child looks round on the circle of eager and compassionate faces, and begins to shed tears and to wring all hearts.

"What's your name?" asks Frank, cheerfully, — "your *other* name, you know?"

"Freddy," sobbed the forlorn creature.

"O good heaven! this 'll never do," groaned the chief inquisitor. "Now, Freddy, try not to cry. What is your papa's name, — Mr. . . .?" with the leading inflection as before.

"Papa," says Freddy.

"O, that 'll never do! Not Mr. Papa?"

"Yes," persists Freddy.

"But, Freddy," interposes Mrs. Sallie, as her husband falls back baffled, "when ladies come to see your mamma, what do they call her? Mrs. . . .?" adopting Frank's alluring inflection.

"Mrs. Mamma," answers Freddy, confirmed in his error by this course; and a secret dismay possesses his questioners. They skirmish about him with all sorts of queries; they try to entrap him into some kind of revelation by apparently irrelevant remarks; they plan ambushes and surprises; but Freddy looks vigilantly round upon them, and guards his personal history from every approach, and seems in every way so to have the best of it, that it is almost exasperating.

"Kindness has proved futile," observes Frank, "and I think we ought as a last resort, before yielding ourselves to despair, to use intimidation. Now, Fred," he says, with sudden and terrible severity, "what's your father's name?"

The hapless little soul is really moved to an effort of memory by this, and blubbers out something that proves in the end to resemble the family name, though for the present it is merely a puzzle of unintelligible sounds."

"Blackman?" cries Aunt Melissa, catching desperately at these sounds.

On this, all the man and brother is roused in Freddy's bosom, and he roars fiercely, "No! he ain't a black man! He's white!"

"I give it up," says Frank, who has been looking for his hat. "I'm afraid we can't make anything out of him; and I'll have to go and report the case to the police. But, put him to bed do, Sallie; he's dropping with sleep."

So he went out, of course supported morally by a sense of duty, but I am afraid also by a sense of adventure in some degree. It is not every day that, in so quiet a place as Charlesbridge, you can have a lost child cast upon your sympathies; and I believe that when an appeal is not really agonizing, we like so well to have our sympathies touched, we favorites of the prosperous commonplace, that most of us would enter eagerly into a pathetic case of this kind, even after a day's pleasure. Such was certainly the mood of my friend, and he unconsciously prepared himself for an equal interest on the part of the police; but this was an error. The police heard his statement with all proper attention, and wrote it in full upon the station-slate, but they showed no feeling whatever, and behaved as if they valued a lost child no more than a child snug at home in his own crib. They said that no doubt his parents would be asking at the police-stations for him during the night, and, as if my friend would otherwise have thought of putting him

into the street, they suggested that he should just keep the lost child till he was sent for. Modestly enough Frank proposed that they should make some inquiry for his parents, and was answered by the question whether they could take a man off his beat for that purpose; and remembering that beats in Charlesbridge were of such vastness that during his whole residence there he had never yet seen a policeman on his street, he was obliged to own to himself that his proposal was absurd. He felt the need of reinstating himself by something more sensible, and so he said he thought he would go down to the Port and leave word at the station there; and the police tacitly assenting to this he went.

I who have sometimes hinted that the Square is not a centre of gayety, or a scene of the greatest activity by day, feel it right to say that it has some modest charms of its own on a summer's night, about the hour when Frank passed through it, and when the different groups that haunt the place in front of the closing shops have dwindled to the loungers fit though few who will keep it well into the night, and may there be found, by the passenger on the last horse-car out from Boston, wrapt in a kind of social silence, and honorably attended by the policeman whose favored beat is in that neighborhood. They seem a feature of the bygone village life of Charlesbridge, and accord pleasantly with the town-pump and the public horse-trough, and the noble elm that gives the Square a perpetual benediction of shade, and by night droops its boughs more pensively, and probably dreams of its happy younger days when there were no canker-worms in the world. Sometimes this choice company sits on the curbing that goes round the terrace at the elm-tree's foot, and then I envy every soul in it, — so tranquil it seems, so cool, so careless, so morrowless. I cannot see the faces of that luxurious society, but there I imagine is the local albino, and a certain blind man, who resorts thither much by day, and makes a strange kind of jest

of his own, with a flicker of humor upon his sightless face, and a faith that others less unkindly treated by nature will be able to see the point apparently not always discernible to himself. Late at night I have a fancy that the darkness puts him on an equality with other wits, and that he enjoys his own brilliancy as well as any one.

At the Port station Frank was pleased and soothed by the tranquil air of the policeman, who sat in his shirt-sleeves outside the door, and seemed to announce, by his attitude of final disoccupation, that crimes and misdemeanors were no more. This officer at once showed a desirable interest in the case. He put on his blue coat that he might listen to the whole story in a proper figure, and then he took down the main points on the slate, and said that they would send word round to all the other stations in the city, and the boy's parents could hardly help hearing of him that night.

Returned home, Frank gave his news, and then he and Mrs. Sallie went up to look at the lost child as he slept. The sumptuous diet to which he had confined himself from the first seemed to agree with him perfectly, for he slept unbrokenly, and apparently without a consciousness of his woes. On a chair lay his clothes, in a dusty little pathetic heap; they were well-kept clothes, except for the wrong his wanderings had done them, and they showed a motherly care here and there, which it was not easy to look at with composure. The spectators of his sleep both thought of the curious chance that had thrown this little one into their charge, and considered that he was almost as complete a gift of the Unknown as if he had been following a steamer in another planet, and had thence dropped into their yard. His helplessness in accounting for himself was as affecting as that of the sublimest metaphysician; and no learned man, no superior intellect, no subtle inquirer among us lost children of the divine, forgotten home, could have been less



able to say how or whence he came to be just where he found himself. We wander away and away; the dust of the roadside gathers upon us; and when some strange shelter receives us, we lie down to our sleep, inarticulate, and haunted with dreams of memory, or the memories of dreams, knowing scarcely more of the past than of the future.

"What a strange world!" sighed Mrs. Sallie; and then, as this was a mood far too speculative for her, she recalled herself to practical life suddenly. "If we should have to adopt this child, Frank—"

"Why, bless my soul, we're not obliged to adopt him! Even a lost child can't demand that."

"We shall adopt him, if they don't come for him. And now, I want to know" (Mrs. Sallie spoke as if the adoption had been effected) "whether we shall give him our name, or some other?"

"Well, I don't know. It's the first child I've ever adopted," said Frank; "and upon my word, I can't say whether you have to give him a new name or not. In fact, if I'd thought of this affair of a name, I'd never have adopted him. It's the greatest part of the burden, and if his father will only come for him, I'll give him up without a murmur."

In the interval that followed the proposal of this alarming difficulty, and while he sat and waited vaguely for whatever should be going to happen next, Frank was not able to repress a sense of personal resentment towards the little vagrant sleeping so carelessly there, though at the bottom of his heart there was all imaginable tenderness for him. In the fantastic character which, to his weariness, the day's pleasure took on, it seemed an extraordinary unkindness of fate that this lost child should have been kept in reserve for him after all the rest; and he had so small consciousness of bestowing shelter and charity, and so profound a feeling of having himself been turned out of house and home by some sur-

prising and potent agency, that if the lost child had been a regiment of Fenians billeted upon him, it could not have been any worse. While he remained perplexed in this perverse sentiment of invasion and dispossession, "Hark!" said Mrs. Sallie, "what's that?"

It was a noise of dragging and shuffling on the walk in front of the house, and a low, hoarse whispering.

"I don't know," said Frank, "but from the kind of pleasure I've got out of it so far, I should say that this holiday was capable of an earthquake before midnight."

"Listen!"

They listened, as they must, and heard the outer darkness rehearse a raucous dialogue between an unseen Bill and Jim, who were all the more terrible to the imagination from being so realistically named, and who seemed to have in charge some nameless third person, a mute actor in the invisible scene. There was doubt, which he uttered, in the mind of Jim, whether they could get this silent comrade along much farther without carrying him; and there was a growling assent from Bill that he *was* pretty far gone, that was a fact, and that maybe Jim *had* better go for the wagon; then there were quick, retreating steps; and then there was a profound silence, in which the audience of this strange drama sat thrilled and speechless. The effect was not less dreadful when there rose a dull sound, as of a helpless body rubbing against the fence, and at last lowered heavily to the ground.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Sallie. "Do go out and help. He's dying!"

But even as she spoke the noise of wheels was heard. A wagon stopped before the door; there came a tugging and lifting, with a sound as of crunching gravel, and then a "There!" of great relief.

"Frank!" said Mrs. Sallie very solemnly, "if you don't go out and help those men, I'll never forgive you."

Really, the drama had grown very impressive; it was a mystery, to say the least, and so it must remain for-

ever, for when Frank, infected at last by Mrs. Sallie's faith in tragedy, opened the door and offered his tardy services, the wagon was driven rapidly away without reply. They never learned what it had all been; and I think that if one actually respects mysteries, it is best not to look into them. How much finer, after all, if you have such a thing as this happen before your door at midnight, not to throw any light upon it! Then your probable tippy man cannot be proved other than a tragical presence, which you can match with any inscrutable creation of fiction; and if you should ever come to write a romance, as one is very liable to do in this age, there is your unknown, a figure of strange and fearful interest, made to your hand, and capable of being used, in or out of the body, with a very gloomy effect.

While our friends yet trembled with this sensation, quick steps ascended to their door, and then followed a sharp, anxious tug at the bell.

"Ah!" cried Frank, prophetically, "here's the father of our adopted son"; and he opened the door.

The gentleman who appeared there could scarcely frame the question to which Frank replied so cheerfully: "O yes; he's here, and snug in bed, and fast asleep. Come up stairs and look at him. Better let him be till morning, and then come after him," he added, as they looked down a moment on the little sleeper.

"O no, I could n't," said the father, *con espressione*; and then he told how he had heard of the child's whereabouts at the Port station, and had hurried to get him, and how his mother did not know he was found yet, and was almost wild about him. They had no idea how he had got lost, and his own blind story was the only tale of his adventure that ever became known.

By this time his father had got the child partly awake, and the two men were dressing him in men's clumsy fashion; and finally they gave it up, and rolled him in a shawl. The father lifted the slight burden, and two small

arms fell about his neck. The weary child slept again.

"How has he behaved?" asked the father.

"Like a little hero," said Frank, "but he's been a cormorant for cookies. I think it right to tell you, in case he should n't be very brilliant to-morrow, that he would n't eat a bite of anything else."

The father said he was the life of their house; and Frank said he knew how that was, that he had a life of the house of his own; and then the father thanked him very simply and touchingly, and with the decent New England self-restraint, which is doubtless so much better than any sort of effusion. "Say good night to the gentleman, Freddy," he said at the door; and Freddy with closed eyes murmured a good-night from far within the land of dreams, and then was borne away to the house out of which the life had wandered with his little feet.

"I don't know, Sallie," said Frank, when he had given all the eagerly demanded particulars about the child's father, — "I don't know whether I should want many such holidays as this, in the course of the summer. On the whole, I think I'd better overwork myself and not take any relaxation, if I mean to live long. And yet, I'm not sure that the day's been altogether a failure, though all our purposes of enjoyment have miscarried. I did n't plan to find a lost child here, when I got home, and I'm afraid I have n't had always the most Christian feeling towards him; but he's really the saving grace of the affair; and if this were a little comedy I had been playing, I should turn him to account with the jaded audience, and advancing to the foot-lights, should say, with my hand on my waistcoat, and a neat bow, that although every hope of the day had been disappointed, and nothing I had meant to do had been done, yet the man who had ended at midnight by restoring a lost child to the arms of its father, must own that, in spite of adverse fortune, he had enjoyed A Day's Pleasure."

W. D. Howells.

## HALF-WAY.

## A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER II.

RELATES TO THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT HALF-WAY.

THE day operator of the telegraph at Half-Way was a young girl, eighteen or nineteen more or less, with dark eyes of no particular color that I have ever been able to discover, but very bright good-looking eyes nevertheless. That she was somewhat delicate might have been inferred from her slender figure and thin but not sallow countenance. Of ill health there was no particular evidence, however. It is true that her nose looked a little pinched, while the thin nostrils sometimes worked nervously when she became perplexed with some mental labor. She was neither tall nor short, neither queenly nor the reverse, and, not to be too tedious over a description that in all probability will never be read, she was simply a very womanly woman, whose figure and deportment were calculated to interest and attract one, and whose good-nature and vivacity kept, as they had the appearance of keeping, her in good health, in spite of constitutional defects.

Her chief employment was to report the trains, and generally to do all the railway telegraphing for that place which might be required during office hours, with occasionally a private message whenever such were offered. The business was very light, although sometimes very tedious; she could read and sew and knit, but of these she became tired. The hot sun of the long summer days pouring down upon the lonely silent depot, which for hours and hours was tenanted only by herself, no company but the noisy machines, and all day long a prisoner, it was no wonder that she sometimes wearied of the necessity of her position too. Really it was a great relaxation when some one

came, and little matter also if it was only some one, to relieve the tediousness of those long silent sleepy hours. The old landlord sitting afar off in the doorway of the Metropolitan was a comfort, for he looked as lonely as she sometimes felt, and misery they say likes company. Those, too, were days to engender loneliness; when butterflies gather about damp places with the pigs, if such damp places may be found; when grasshoppers and locusts hop about in the dust like bats in daylight; when bees are almost too lazy to sip honey from the drooping flowers; when all the houses are darkened, and when in country places two P. M. is more silent and desolate than midnight.

Half-Way was revelling in the silence of one of these summer afternoons, and about the most silent portion of the afternoon too, when a gentlemanly dressed individual of twenty-five quitted the Metropolitan, and sauntered leisurely toward the depot. As he walked slowly along by the side of the roadway, he struck furious blows with his cane at the adjacent thistle-heads, as if they had been so many foes opposing the march of a conqueror. Really he was a strange-looking figure for those parts, in his white clothing, his broad-brimmed straw hat with fluttering ribbon, his patent-leather shoes and kid gloves, and the only individual to be seen out of doors too. No wonder the landlord of the Metropolitan watched him with curious eye, and ceased not to keep his aforementioned curious eye upon the door of the depot long after the stranger had disappeared within it. But the curious eye became a weary eye, and the weary eye a sleepy eye; but neither the curious eye nor the weary eye nor the sleepy eye looked beyond that doorway the livelong afternoon. Yet the hours flew by, nevertheless, and what with speculating and

smoking and dozing and dreaming the little landlord was watching the spruce young gentleman when he came out of the depot again, and of course he did n't imagine the strange individual had passed so many long hours to no profit. Indeed, had the little landlord been such a consummate blockhead as to imagine such nonsense, the appearance of the pretty operator of Half-Way at the identical moment would have confronted him with a visible evidence of his blockheadedness. Having been a witness to so much, the little landlord was about to close the curious eye; but when he saw the two walk away together, he opened it again, thinking he would just see which way they went. And now as they came near he opened a curious ear and tried hard to catch a word or two of the conversation; but he only heard the laughter and a kind of subdued chatting, which gave those engaged much more pleasure apparently than it did him.

How ungratefully the little operator repaid him whose chubby form, as seated on the veranda of the Metropolitan, had been not only company but comfort; not once did she even look toward him, not once toward the Metropolitan. It was in another direction she looked now, because the little landlord was in an eclipse. Ah! how very much interested in the young gentleman she appeared! How wistfully she looked at him! How musically she laughed! How fast she talked! How pretty and interesting she was, to be sure! And so she went over the hill with the strange gentleman, and the landlord of the Metropolitan saw no more of them for a time, but noticed how late the fine young gentleman came back to the Metropolitan that night.

He had arrived the night before, but had engaged no room; now, however, the landlord shook his head just a little when he proposed to engage the best rooms in the house for a week. But when that week was gone and he engaged them for another week, the landlord shook his head outright. And at

the end of another week, when he engaged them for one week more, it required all the mental exertion of the aforementioned landlord to resist an impulse to ejaculate "whew!" without further palaver, and so have the whole business of the interloper settled on the spot. But one day the stranger sat down and wrote a very short letter to his attorney, which, after giving certain instructions in regard to business matters, went on as follows:—

"... And now, Mr. Joe, about this trip of mine. I came here, as you know, to head off that sly old fox. But I've given that up for the present. I don't hear anything, and I don't know that I care anything now about losing the Bolton estate. This is the most delightful little place I was ever in, and I can't tell when I shall be home. If I am needed, write or telegraph to your client,

"WEYMAN."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, when that letter came, "there is better hunting than fox-hunting."

But another week having gone by, Mr. Weyman sat down and wrote another letter, which, after a very few words regarding business, read thus:—

"We have excellent fishing here, and such good times generally that I shall not go to any of the watering-places this season. Please communicate with me at this place until further notice.

"WEYMAN."

When this letter came, the lawyer longed to cast a fly in Weyman's stream. But after a week's longing another letter came, which was shorter than all the rest and whose burden was:—

"Business is all out of the question. I'm out of the mood. Please ask my opinion no more. Do just as you like for your client,

"WEYMAN."

At which last letter the attorney said his client was in the hands of the Philistines, and if he meant by that, that

his client was deeply in love, the attorney was right.

Mr. Weyman had mailed his last letter and was walking to join the pretty operator at the depot, and was very thoughtful. "It will never do," he said to himself; "no, no, no, it will *not* do." Then he felt sorely perplexed, and then he became angry with himself and struck spitefully at the thistle-heads until he got around to the depot, where the pretty operator was found waiting as usual.

"I must go home soon," said Mr. Weyman that night, in a tone he meant should sound feelingly, but which was indifferent.

"Go home!" said his companion, with surprise.

"Why not?" he asked, looking down.

"Sure enough, Mr. Weyman," she answered with an effort that Mr. Weyman was not sharp enough to detect. "I shall be very sorry to lose you, though."

"I have had much pleasure here, and shall be sorry to lose you, too," said Mr. Weyman; "but you know the world is full of farewells."

"Yes," she answered, smiling, "and more's the pity; but how soon must you go?"

"Within a day or two," he answered.

Then there was a long, long silence, and after that a hasty "good night" at the gate, because *he* feared that he might yield to a temptation his pride told him to resist, and *she*, because she did not dare to show her woman's weakness. But their hands did not separate that night till their backs were turned upon each other; and even then the finger tips parted with reluctance.

After he had gone, however, the pretty operator came out of the house again and stood at the gate a long time, looking up at the stars bonnetless. Then after a while she wiped away certain little drops that twinkled in her eyelashes, and went inside again, and then, O fortuitous circumstance! back came Mr. Weyman just to look up at the house which sheltered her, and bless it because it did shelter her. As

he walked by he looked up at the window which he knew to be her window, and felt sick at heart, for "what," he asked himself, "are all my possessions compared with this woman?" So the man who came out of the city to plot and discover had been shorn of his locks, and as he went on his way his pride yielded, for he spoke again unto himself and said, "I will see her tomorrow."

But at that moment a little man was sitting very quietly in the shadow across the way, twirling a gold-headed cane between his fingers, and looking up at the window too, but nevertheless looking at Mr. Weyman as well. Now this little man it seems did not look so favorably upon Mr. Weyman, if one may be permitted to judge from his subsequent behavior; for Mr. Weyman was no sooner out of sight than he got upon his feet and crossed over with about as many peculiar motions as they make when going through that figure of a quadrille, which motion he did not discontinue until he stood on the stoop, ringing the door-bell violently. Presently he made his entry in the same manner, the door banging heavily behind him.

Mr. Weyman, after "tossing" himself from side to side upon his suffocating bed, in the suffocating air of his room at the Metropolitan for a long time, during which he worked himself up to a fearful pitch of excitement and then worked himself down again, fell asleep, and dreamt innumerable dreams, not one of which, however, had anything to do with the hasty packing of trunks that night at the little brick house over the hill.

"Come, Georgie," said the little man, "hurry up, we have n't a moment to spare."

"Why can't we wait, uncle, until morning?" asked the pretty operator, hard at work.

"Because we must not, my dear."

"What will Mr. Dyke, the superintendent say, if I go away without notice?"

"Let him say what he pleases. He

"I'll ask your pardon for whatever he says against you, that's all. So hurry up, Georgie, *and* don't trouble yourself about that."

But the more she hurried the more perplexed she got and the less she accomplished. Then the little man began to lend a helping hand; but the more he tried to do the more he did n't do, with doing everything wrong, so that he put his niece out of patience and then got out of patience himself.

"Come, hurry up," said he, when Georgie's expostulations had driven him off. "Don't I say we have n't a moment to lose. Stuff 'em in, stuff 'em in any way."

"Well, uncle, you might have given me notice, I think. I can't spoil all these things because you're in a fidget."

"I'll buy new for all you spoil; you need n't be afraid of spoiling 'em. So hurry up."

"I am hurrying, uncle, as fast as I can."

"You need n't fold your dresses that way. It won't hurt to stuff 'em in, I know it won't."

"But they won't go in unless I fold them, uncle."

"Well, well then, hurry up, that's all," said the little man when he saw the flushed cheeks and the trembling hands; for he was a kind-hearted little man and would not willingly give pain.

"I don't like to go away, uncle, so in the night, without thanking those who have been kind to me here."

"Leave that to me, Georgie. You shall come back and thank them some day."

"May I not write a note, uncle, before I go?"

"To whom?" demanded the little man, arbitrarily.

"To Mr. Weyman," she replied, with a little spice of defiance.

"If we have time, yes," said the little man, thoughtfully; "but not until after we reach the depot. But come, come," he added, "I know we shall be left."

The trunk being ready by this time, the little man seized it frantically and

dragged it down the stairs, bumping and thumping all the way to the street, where he placed it on a wheelbarrow brought for the occasion; then he went back again and found the pretty operator settling her accounts, and bidding farewell to everybody, and leaving kind words for her friends which he thought were as innumerable as the sands of the sea. But the last word did come finally, and the little man seizing his vehicle set out for the depot, followed by the pretty operator.

"Hurry," said he, panting with his burden,—"hurry, Georgie, the train's coming." Whereupon he so hurried himself that he dropped his cane, and came within an ace of falling over it.

"Give me the cane, uncle," said his niece, feeling better for a good laugh.

But as they journeyed on they came to the Metropolitan, and up at this dearly beloved structure, which she had never been inside of, she looked so earnestly, that her laughter ended with a sigh. "The dear, dingy old hotel, containing so much sunshine"; and she blessed the old, old building because it sheltered him. 'T is thus that blessings as curses follow each other, shaded howbeit from human ken.

The little man, upon his arrival at the depot, found that it would take all his time to get his trunk, self, and niece aboard the train, which had just arrived. "No time to be lost in love-letters, Georgie," he said, taking that young lady's arm. "Come, come, my dear"; and he hurried her aboard, much against her will. So much, in fact, did he hurry her, that she left behind her pretty little gauntleted gloves, to say nothing of a little crimson-colored shawl. Having seated the pretty operator, however, he got out again and ran into the depot.

"Where's the night operator?" he asked of nobody in particular but everybody in general; and then, as his eyes fell on that gentleman, "Here, you, sir. Here's twenty dollars. Take the place of the day hand on account of that for a few days."



Of course he had no thought about the night operator's ability to run day and night together, not he. On the contrary, it was with a very peculiar satisfaction that he said, when on the train at last, "Well, Georgie, we're here all right notwithstanding, ain't we, my dear?"

But Georgie sighed as if they were all wrong. And the iron horse, regardless alike of congratulations and regrets, whistled "Off breaks" and went rushing through the night.

About ten o'clock the next morning Davy Dolder, the night operator at Half-Way, sat grinning in his office, while Walter Weyman was walking leisurely that way, still striking at the thistle-heads with his cane.

"O my eye!" said Davy Dolder, rolling about on his high stool, as if he would twist himself off with his convulsive laughter. "O my eye! O my eye!" and rolling and drawing himself together, and expanding and stretching and stamping and squealing and shouting and holding his sides, Davy Dolder gave evidence of his great and marvellous delight, because Mr. Weyman for many weeks had been an offence to the eye he alluded to.

"Good morning, Dolder," said Mr. Weyman to that gentleman's back, which still revealed the owner's delight, — "good morning, Dolder. Where's Miss Wilton this morning?"

"Don't know," answered Davy, with an evident struggle with his feelings.

"Don't know?" echoed Mr. Weyman, growing pale suddenly.

"No! I don't know," answered the gentleman appealed to turning around with a jerk and an angry look.

"What are you doing here, then?" demanded Mr. Weyman, a little excitedly.

"Tending to business. Which you're not," answered Davy, pointedly.

"May I ask when you saw Miss Wilton last?"

"I saw her last night at half past eleven, an hour or so after you saw her."

"Where did you see her?" demanded Mr. Weyman.

"Don't yer wish yer knew?" inquired Davy, with a sign like that which Knickerbocker records.

Mr. Weyman griped his cane nervously, and commenced walking back and forth to calm himself. But the more he sought to calm himself the more nervous and furious he got; so he just walked back to his rooms at the Metropolitan, and for two hours kept the depot in sight. But no Miss Wilton making her appearance, he took it into his head to go and make inquiry of the landlady at the little brick house over the hill.

"A strange gentleman fetched her last night, sir," said the landlady, — "a strange gentleman, that called her Georgie, and that she called uncle. So that he could n't have been very strange to her, after all."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"No."

"Was she coming back?"

"Yes."

"Did she leave any word?"

"She wished me to say good by to all her friends, and that she hoped to see them all again. And ever so many other words, too, which I can't exactly understand. And, now I be-think me as how she did say as how I was to say to Mr. Weyman as how, as how, Mr. Weyman was to come somewhere and see her; but we were both so full of tears and the what not, that I disremember all about it!" and the good old woman went to blowing her nose vigorously, and looking very much as if her vision had become suddenly dim.

"Can you describe this individual she called uncle?" asked Mr. Weyman.

"Well, he was short and dumpy-like, and good looking, and wore a eyeglass as would n't fit, somehow."

"Gray whiskers at the sides of his face?"

"A little, sir, I should say."

"A gold-headed cane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shoes? White stockings?"

"Yes."

"Was he nervous? always uneasy, always in motion?"

"Yes, sir. And he bothered the poor dear girl so with his notions and what not, that —"

"Old Sniffins, by Jove!" said Mr. Weyman, striking the air with his clinched fist emphatically, and he turned without another word, not so much as saying good morning or once looking back at the old house which he had blessed so reverently the night before.

That day he settled his bills with the landlord of the Metropolitan, and repaired to the depot with bag and baggage. Here he found Davy Dolder still in possession of the wires, much to his disgust. Nevertheless, that excitable individual sent a message announcing Mr. Weyman's intention of quitting Half-Way that very day. But while Mr. Dolder was performing the task of sending this despatch, Mr. Weyman's eyes fell upon the little red shawl and gauntleted gloves, and he thought to himself, "I will take these at all events." With the intent of carrying out this thought, he reached over the office counter and had just got them firmly within his grasp, when Mr. Dolder, having just completed the sending of the despatch, caught a sight of Mr. Weyman's arm, and seized it with a kind of demoniac yell. Having made sure of his hold, he next began to shout, "Stop thief! stop thief!" at the top of his voice.

Mr. Weyman, being taken at a disadvantage, could not release himself; and the more he struggled so to do the louder Mr. Dolder roared, "Stop thief!" Very lucky was it for Mr. Weyman that Half-Way was not abroad, as to have been so discovered would have been unpleasant. But Master Dolder was not to be compromised with. This was an opportunity he had long sought. He was in his glory. His revenge was very sweet. If "stop thief" would bring no one, he would shout "murder," whereupon he roared

"Murder!" incontinently. Then Mr. Weyman remembered the cane he held in his hand, and with it he began to thump the furious Dolder over the head. But the more he thumped and the harder he thumped, the more and the louder resounded the cries of murder.

"What do you want?" demanded Weyman.

"Murder!" roared Dolder.

"Let go!" said Weyman, fiercely.

"Murder!" was Dolder's only answer.

As he was becoming gradually exhausted, his cries grew feebler, and at length, by a sudden exertion on the part of Mr. Weyman, his hands were wrenched apart, and he fell back upon the floor behind his counter. But the Dolder blood being up, the present representative of that family got upon his feet in a twinkling and rushed headlong after his foe. Unfortunately, however, he met an obstacle half-way and fell back heavily, whereupon Mr. Weyman turned his back and walked away, leaving the unfortunate combatant to get up at his leisure.

But that afternoon, as Walter Weyman was getting aboard the train, he turned and saw Davy at his side.

"What do you want now?" he demanded.

"To shake hands," answered the boy, gloomily. "We've been hunting and fishing together, Mr. Weyman."

Mr. Weyman extended his hand.

"I wanted to keep something of hers," said the boy, retaining the hand of Mr. Weyman with a pleading look.

"Something of whose?" inquired Weyman.

"Of hers," repeated the boy.

But Mr. Weyman shook him off, and the train had soon left Half-Way far behind.

The next day, at twilight, Mr. Weyman sat in the office of his attorney, gloomily going over the adventures of a few weeks.

"And now, Joe," said he, when he had come to the end of his adventures, "you have hung those pretty crutches

upon your wall for some purpose of your own. Beneath them let me hang these little gloves, and I will come here sometimes to think of their owner, so that we may work while waiting together for the solution of our mutual problem."

### CHAPTER III.

RELATES TO THE PRESIDENT, DIRECTORS, AND STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NEWTOWN AND NEW MARKET RAILWAY COMPANY.

It was a stormy night in October. The spring with its promise, the summer with its glory, and the autumn with its abundance, were no more. Fast fell the withered leaves before the blasts, and fast the driving rain and hail beat them down, down, down. It was the earth's great harvest day. What man had refused the earth was garnering,—the dead leaves and the dead stubble, the buried dead and the dead unburied, dust returning to dust, earth reclaiming its own, ah! how relentlessly.

How chilly and damp it was that night! How clammy! Ugh! Every paper one touched seemed mouldy, and everything looked cheerless. The impressions and the influences were all bad. The furious gusts, accompanied by rain and hail, seemed determined to crush the window in as they swept by. The lamps in the street gave but little light in the gloom. Staying in was dismal enough, but going out would have been worse. It was out of the question, too, to think of going out; umbrellas could not be kept right side in, and the omnibuses and cars were as good as not running, the poor drivers being at fault on two dollars per day. Where, besides, could one go to if he should get out? Would he be likely to find company anywhere, except at the home fireside? And would n't the home people think him a fool, or in love, which is about the same thing they say, for turning out on such a night? To be sure he might stumble upon some poor artist or some

poor devil of an author, or local editor in search of something new, with whom a pleasant hour might be passed; but that even would be a mere possibility.

Subdued at the thought of such an undertaking, I turned from looking out of my office window and resolved, for one, to stay within doors; and in furtherance of this resolution took off my great-coat and overshoes, built a good fire in the grate, turned down the gas, and, seating myself before the fire, fell into what Tony Weller called a "referee." From my "referee" I was presently aroused by a heavy tramping up my office stairs. Then came the scraping of feet upon the mat without the door, and then in walked Mr. Walter Weyman, shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland dog, and looking more like one than he was ever known to look before.

"What in the name of common sense brings you out to-night, Weyman?" I suggested, when he had taken his seat and had grown somewhat calmer.

"A little consultation on the old matter, Joe," he answered, drawing his chair nearer the fire and blowing his nose. "You know, Joe," he went on, "that an act passed the Legislature last winter, incorporating the Newtown and New Market Railway Company?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, they have just organized, and whom do you think they have made president?"

"Judging from your manner, I should say old Sniffins, of course."

"Of course. You heard of it before. I could n't prevent it. He's a heavy stockholder, you know, and owns the Bolton estate, through which they design to run. Of course he's the president. Of course."

"Well?"

"Well, he's outwinded me again. He's an old sneak, Joe."

"Did you come to tell me that, Weyman?" I inquired.

"No. I came to make a proposition. I've a notion to have it out with him.

I've a notion to see him face to face. And, as for the company, I shall get rid of every cent of my stock before he shall control a penny of it."

"Weyman," I answered, "don't be hasty. At a great bargain pause awhile. You're just a little too sensitive. I know the old cove cut you out of the Bolton estate, and ran away with your sweetheart, and disappointed you in allowing himself to be made president of the Newtown and New Market Railroad Company; but these things would n't save you from getting angry with the old gentleman. Wait, Mr. Weyman, I still have faith in the little crutches."

Mr. Weyman got up and tramped back and forth nervously.

"He's a meddlesome old scoundrel. I hate his very virtues."

"Sit down, Mr. Weyman. You have just cause of complaint, but you have no reason to work yourself into a passion."

"Work myself into a passion!" he exclaimed. "Hain't I been in a passion for months? Joe, you don't sympathize with me. You don't know me."

"But what do you propose to do about it?" I inquired.

"I propose to demand an explanation. I shall not be bamboozled any longer."

"Bosh! Mr. Weyman. You'll do no such thing. I'm better acquainted with Mr. Sniffins than you are. He would n't hurt a fly."

"You may call it what you please, but it is n't bosh to me, and I'm determined. Why, look here, Joe, here's a letter from that pig-headed ninny at the station, and he has sense enough to see that Miss Wilton's uncle is an old tyrant she don't dare to cross. A veritable old hypocrite. 'You must n't ask me where I live, Davy. I've promised, and it would n't do to tell.' That's what she says to him when she came back to the station. Who is it she's promised, and why don't she dare to tell? 'I asked her,' he goes on, 'if the young gentleman that was a visiting

of her in the summer had anything to do with her daring not to tell, and she said, 'Don't ask any more questions, Davy.' Now this old hypocrite is setting her up to all this. Not that I care about her, Joe, but I do hate to be led by the nose."

"I don't see any danger of that, Weyman," said I, carelessly.

"And you don't care, I sometimes think."

"O yes, I do, Mr. Weyman."

"Tell me what I shall do then, and debit me for it."

"As a lawyer, Mr. Weyman," I answered, "I can give no advice regarding matters of the heart; but as a practical man, as I trust I am, I would advise you to imitate poor Micawber a little. In a word, I would advise you to sit down and wait patiently for something to turn up. This affair will see the light some day, in spite of Mr. Sniffins and all the Bastiles ever dreamt of."

So Mr. Weyman sat down moodily, and looked at the red fire in the grate despondingly; and then we both sat looking and thinking while the shadows deepened on the wall, exactly as if we were really waiting for something to turn up at any moment. But we were both immensely surprised when something did turn up. It was a light step upon the stair, a scraping of shoes upon the mat, a gentle tap at the door, and Mr. Sniffins himself standing there before us with raised umbrella. His pants were rolled up at the ankle, and his shoes and stockings bespattered with mud. About his throat he had tied a white handkerchief to keep the cold out, while in his hand he still held the gold-headed cane which was his inseparable companion in storm and shine.

"May I come in?" he inquired, somewhat deprecatingly, before I had recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to salute him.

"Certainly, sir," I replied, at length. "Walk in, sir, and be seated"; and I got up politely, handing a chair by the fire.

Having lowered his umbrella and removed the handkerchief from his throat, the old gentleman came in and sat down with a jerk. Whereupon Mr. Weyman turned his back upon him. Drawing nearer the fire, he stretched out his hands to warm them; and when they were thoroughly warmed, he proceeded to rub his knees in a most energetic manner.

"You're a great stranger," feeling that I must say something at all hazards.

"I have been much engaged," he answered, "and, to tell the truth, have had little encouragement for familiarity. But that's neither here nor there, sir. I've called on an errand."

"Ah!" said I, no doubt in a tone of relief.

"I thought I should find you alone," nodding toward Mr. Weyman, whereupon that gentleman arose.

"O, it's Mr. Weyman, is it?" continued the little man; "pray don't let me disturb you, sir, pray don't."

"No disturbance whatever," said Mr. Weyman, surlily. "I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to be where you are not."

"Ah, just as you like, Mr. Weyman. Just as you like, sir." And the little man rubbed his knees with great rapidity.

"It has generally been just as *you* like, I should say, if I may be allowed an opinion," retorted Mr. Weyman.

"Ah! not always, sir. But I beg of you to be seated, Mr. Weyman. My business with Mr. Joe here is applicable to you as well."

"I prefer to stand, Mr. Sniffins, until you have satisfactorily explained certain matters which have been of a deep interest to me, and until you have done so I shall hold no intercourse with you."

"Very good, Mr. Weyman, you will please proceed with the specifications."

"You know to what I refer. You have cheated me out of property. You have stolen from me what is better than property. You have maligned me

to gain a position of honor and trust for yourself. You —"

"Weyman, you're a great fool," broke in the little man; and I must confess I duly echoed the sentiment.

"Will you explain away these charges?" he demanded.

"No, I cannot now."

Weyman would have answered fiercely, but the melancholy tone of the usually brisk old gentleman made him pause, after which he soon became his calmer and better self.

So for a moment or two we sat still, looking at my old friend, whose eyes were on the floor, while his hands rubbed his knees more slowly; and as we looked, a tear gathered on his eyelashes, and fell thence upon my office floor. We both saw it, and I dare say both felt guilty. I know I did, because I sought to smother my guilty feeling with a cigar. Weyman took one too, and began to smoke furiously.

"Mr. Joe," said Mr. Sniffins at length, "and you, Mr. Weyman, are both invited to attend the meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Newtown and New Market Railway Company, to be held at my house Wednesday evening next, at nine precisely. Mr. Joe, we shall make you our attorney; and, Mr. Weyman, you must be present to cast your votes for your friend. This is what I came out in this storm to see you about. Will you accept?"

Of course I would accept, with more thanks than I could express. Really, so thankful was I that I forgot all about the pretty crutches, so that when the kind old gentleman presently departed, I shook his hand with gratitude and delight. Mr. Weyman, too, vouchsafed to extend the tips of his fingers, and promised attendance upon the meeting for my sake, if not for any other reason.

After he had departed, however, we sat stock still for several minutes, I dare say dumfounded.

"Joe!" Mr. Weyman was the first to break the silence, — "Joe! can you give me the composition of that man?"

"Really, Weyman, I cannot."

"Is he a hypocrite, a saint, or a devil?"

"I think he is neither, Mr. Weyman. I believe we shall both know more of him some day; and the more we know of him the better we shall like him."

Weyman sighed heavily, and presently left me alone without another word, so wrapped up was he in his own peculiar thoughts. Before he went out, however, he looked up at the little gloves on the wall. Of course I cannot vouch for his dreams that night; as for myself, I dreamt all night of railroads and presidents and directors and stockholders and fat clients and still fatter fees, until the morning dawned clear and cold. But for all my dreaming, the evening for the meeting at Mr. Sniffins's residence came, and Weyman calling around at my office, we walked together up town.

"What a place to call a meeting!" said Weyman, in a tone of disgust. "Way up town at a private residence. Just like him, though." And upon this remark he seemed to be biting until we stood upon Mr. Sniffins's front stoop, ringing the bell.

After getting so far, however, we were surprised to hear the confused jabbering of not only masculine but feminine voices, a veritable intermingling, as it seemed, of a great host. We should have made a hasty retreat, I imagine, had not the door at that moment been opened, not by a servant, but by Mr. Sniffins himself, fashionably dressed in a suit of black, his cheeks rosier, his eye-glass more troublesome, and his stockings, I doubt not, whiter than ever. Before we could offer excuses he had pulled us inside and slammed the door.

"Here, Tom," said he, "show these gentlemen up. Quick! boy, quick! Up stairs, gentlemen, Tom will show you." And Mr. Sniffins disappeared before we had time to slip a word in edgewise.

Tom, who was a colored boy wearing a white stand-up collar and a blue

jacket with brass buttons, forthwith conducted us to a dressing-room on the second floor; which feat having been accomplished, he stood looking at us from crown to heel in a very comprehensive manner.

"Anything wanted, gemmen?" he inquired at length.

Weyman having shaken his head, the questioner departed. We were not prepared for such a gathering; but, nevertheless, I induced Mr. Weyman, after a great effort, to descend to the reception-room, where we were presented to Mrs. Sniffins with due formality. Mrs. Sniffins was a tall, bony-looking lady of fifty or sixty, who had a very shrill voice, which voice introduced us to ladies and gentlemen generally, to our great annoyance; for these ladies and gentlemen, being all in full dress, looked wonderingly at our plain business suits. Mr. Weyman, however, tried and perhaps did set the matter right by roaring his excuses at Mrs. Sniffins, as if that lady had been nearly as deaf as an adder, for the purpose, as he afterwards explained, of making not only Mrs. Sniffins but everybody else hear.

"Just like him. Just exactly like him," said she, when the excuses had been rendered.

But for all its being just like him, Mr. Weyman and myself felt better when we got together in a corner, where for a little while we ceased to attract attention. Mr. Sniffins, when he found us there, however, would not let us rest. He brought all the ladies and all the gentlemen to us, as if we were especial guests, and he was determined to keep us busy. I tried hard to be sociable with the directors and stockholders, but it was no go. As for Weyman he was sociable with no one, so we drove them all away again, and took courage. But we had scarcely reached this comfortable stage, when up came Tom, saying, "Mr. Snuffin wants you two gemmen in de libry."

"Botheration!" ejaculated Weyman, "I'll stay here."



"O no, Mr. Weyman, the question may be put to vote at this very meeting, after all, and I may need your assistance."

So he got up reluctantly, and we followed the African.

"In here, gemmen," said he, "sixpence a sight now."

He opened the "libry" door, and we walked in, I dare say looking very much like the stupid people who think they see the world for that amount of money in a rarsee-show.

"My nieces, gentlemen," said Mr. Sniffins.

"Georgie," "Walter," "Julie," and "Joe" were names that somehow or another in the great hurry and rush got wonderfully mixed up with the rustling of silks and the shaking of hands, and I thought Mr. Weyman stooped to kiss somebody; but that's immaterial and irrelevant.

I do believe, however, that I never saw a poor fellow so taken aback as Weyman was. He looked like, — well, I don't know what he did look like, unless it was like his old, old self again, which he had n't been ever since he came back from Half-Way. He was looking down at Georgie and smiling, with his eyes full of tears, and "old Sniffins" and "Julie" and I stood looking at him there, and he did n't know anything about it. But I had my own surprise, too; and when I turned about and saw the lovely and graceful girl beside me, and when she turned about too, and looked straight at me with her deep blue eyes so full of delight, I thought of the crutches and forgot all about the directors and stockholders. Then Mr. Sniffins, standing by his centre-table, and smiling, and looking the happiest of men, made a little speech after this fashion:—

"Mr. Joe, and you, Mr. Weyman, will listen to the explanation I have tried hard not to make before now. It has cost me much pain to lose your friendship, but I knew it would some time come back again, and that has been my consolation. It has been painful to bear without anger charges

of dishonesty and fraud, but, conscious of my innocence, I have controlled myself. Marvel not, then, that upon this night which I have chosen wherein to right the wrong I should have prepared a feast and called together my friends. You think I fraudulently acquired the Bolton estate, or fraudulently deprived you of acquiring it. I admit it. But, gentlemen, these orphan nieces of mine, beloved and respected, if I do say it to their faces, were the cause. They, too, were the real owners of that estate, at the time of the sale of which, under mortgage, Mr. Weyman and myself were the only persons likely to appreciate its value. If I could keep Mr. Weyman away, I knew I could save it for my nieces, and otherwise not. Mr. Weyman was rich. They were poor. My interest became very great, and by myself I planned the device which Julie, bless her heart, carried out so admirably. It was mean, I admit; but this property had made them poor, and I was determined it should make them rich. One should no longer be a telegraph-operator, notwithstanding it was an honorable and suitable labor, and the other should no longer copy papers for a lawyer. And so this property has made them rich, richer, Mr. Weyman, than either you or myself. As for you, Mr. Joe, you left your travelling companion that night snugly cared for at her sister's boarding-house; but the girls will tell you all about the particulars. I thought myself justified then, and I think so now. I may have carried the affair too far since, but I had my own plans to perfect and my own object to gratify. For a portion of the time you must thank yourselves. When you would not speak to me, I could not speak to you. As for you, Mr. Weyman, I sought the office I now hold, that I might the better insure the value of the property I held in trust. I am now ready to resign it. And as for you, Mr. Joe, you are already elected to the attorneyship I mentioned. That was merely a dodge to get you here. And now, Mr. Weyman, and you, Mr. Joe,

give me your hands if I am found blameless, for my dear girls will tell you all the rest."

Who could resist such disinterestedness? Mr. Weyman could not, more than myself. Wherefore we both seized the proffered hand with avidity; and, had it been a lady's hand, I think poor Weyman, in the exuberance of his joy, would have covered it with kisses. But after a little private conversation with the pretty operator, as we will still call her, that gentleman approached the revered uncle, and with a trembling voice took us all aback after this fashion:—

"I have wronged you, sir, in act and in thought many, many times, but my love for your niece has been a great motive. For this reason I hope to meet your favor. I have long known and freely associated with — with — with her. And, sir, we love one another so well, that I beg I may be permitted to make amends for my misdeeds in a nearer relationship."

"Georgie!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking at that blushing young lady with astonishment depicted on his face.

"Yes, uncle," she answered, in the gentlest and sweetest of voices, which the old gentleman seemed to understand by a kind of instinct, and proceeded at once to give the desired consent. But, strangest of all strange things, everybody's eyes were full of tears, some even to the running over.

"Missus says you 'se wanted in de parlor, Mr. Snuffin," was the greeting of Tom, which broke the spell.

"I fear my guests have missed me," said Mr. Sniffins, blowing his nose. After which he wiped his spectacles and disappeared.

It was a painful duty that brought us to mingle that night with the directors and stockholders, but, nevertheless, it was a duty we performed quite to our own satisfaction. And if Mr. Sniffins's nieces were the belles on that occasion, I think it is proper to say that Weyman and myself were, at least, the happiest-looking single gentlemen.

Quite late in the evening my at-

tention was called to the appearance of a singular-looking individual I had somewhere seen before, dogging the steps of Mr. Weyman with a kind of desperation which was heightened by Weyman's persistent manner of keeping just out of his reach. So I called to Mr. Weyman to look about.

"Why, that is Davy Dolder," said he, shaking that individual by the hand. "How do you do, Davy?"

"Fust-rate, sir."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Weyman, feeling charitable toward all men.

"Perhaps," said the boy. "You might have got through with the red shawl, sir."

"Whose red shawl, Davy?"

"Hers!" he answered, throwing his head over his shoulder.

"I will ask her, Davy; and if she says you may have it, you shall."

"No, no, sir, please don't. Don't ask her. Don't."

"Well, well; Davy, you shall have the red shawl if I can find it," said Weyman; and he swept away among the directors and stockholders, some inches taller than in the morning.

Davy had come down, at Georgie's request, to share in the general good feeling; and from what I saw of him afterwards, I thought he had availed himself of more than his share, as did some others that I wot of.

And now, as it would be unsatisfactory to close this narrative without the usual last words, I am induced to part with very private information. It was about Christmas that I was sitting with Julie Wilton in that identical library of Mr. Sniffins's, when she handed me a paper whereon I had long before written a promise that I would never be angry with "Miss Julie," however great a burden she might become to me or however great an injury she might do me, and much more beside.

"You did get angry with me, after all, didn't you, Joe?"

"No, Julie, I think I was never angry with you. But I can't say that I might not have been just a little, but

for this little note." And I handed her the little slip on which she had written:—

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

"Have you lived to forgive me, Joe?"

"Yes, yes, dear Julie, long, long ago I forgave you, and long, long ago I loved you. Say then, dear Julie, that henceforth I shall not journey alone."

"Yes, I do, dear Joe. And Julie is no more unfortunate."

"Ah, Julie!" said I then, for the first time touching the rosy lips, "in that day I little thought you were to prove so great a blessing."

We have been married three, yes, three long years, and little Joe is the sweetest little fellow on the face of the earth. If he lives, as I trust and pray he may, he will inherit one half of the Bolton estate, or, what is better, one half of the avails thereof invested in government securities, to say nothing of the pretty crutches, and for all this good fortune he will be taught to reverence the name of his dear great-uncle.

*George Barrow.*

## A HANDFUL OF TRANSLATIONS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### CONSOLATION.

TO M. DU PERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

WILL then, Du Perrier, thy sorrow be eternal?  
And shall the sad discourse  
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,  
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending  
By death's frequented ways,  
Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,  
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction:  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction,  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn;  
A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,  
The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling;  
All prayers to him are vain;  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing,  
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,  
 Unto these laws must bend;  
 The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre  
 Cannot our Kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,  
 Is never for the best;  
 To will what God doth will, that is the only science,  
 That gives us any rest.

FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE.

#### THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel with a radiant face,  
 Above a cradle bent to look,  
 Seemed his own image there to trace,  
 As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"  
 It whispered, "come, O come with me!  
 Happy together let us go,  
 The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;  
 The soul in pleasure suffering lies:  
 Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
 And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;  
 Never a day serene and pure  
 From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock  
 Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears  
 Come to disturb so pure a brow?  
 And with the bitterness of tears  
 These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,  
 Away shalt thou escape with me;  
 And Providence will grant thee grace  
 Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower  
 In sombre vestments draped and veiled;  
 But let them welcome thy last hour,  
 As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;  
 There let the grave no shadow cast;  
 When one is pure as thou art now,  
 The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,  
 The angel, at these words, had sped  
 Towards the eternal realms of light! —  
 Poor mother! see, thy son is dead.

JEAN REBOUL.

#### MY SECRET.

My soul its secret hath, my life too hath its mystery,  
 A love eternal in a moment's space conceived;  
 Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,  
 And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed.  
 Alas! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,  
 Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,  
 I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only  
 Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.

For her, though God hath made her gentle and endearing,  
 She will go on her way distraught and without hearing  
 These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,  
 Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,  
 Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,  
 "Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

FÉLIX ARVERS.

#### REMORSE.

How I started up in the night, in the night,  
 Drawn on without rest or reprieve!  
 The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,  
 As I wandered so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed through the rocky height,  
 I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;  
 Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,  
 As they glided so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,  
 The stars in melodious existence;  
 And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;—  
 They sparkled so light  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed, in the night, in the night,  
 And again on the waves in their fleeting;  
 Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,  
 Now silence thou light,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 The Remorse in thy heart that is beating.

GRAF VON PLATEN.

## WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.

## I.

THOU that from the heavens art,  
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
 And the doubly wretched heart  
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
 I am weary with contending!  
 Why this rapture and unrest?  
 Peace descending  
 Come, ah, come into my breast!

## II.

O'er all the hill-tops  
 Is quiet now,  
 In all the tree-tops  
 Hearest thou  
 Hardly a breath;  
 The birds are asleep in the trees:  
 Wait; soon like these  
 Thou too shalt rest.

GOETHE.

## A REMINISCENCE OF BENTON.

IN the autumn of 1856, the writer, wishing to secure the success of a course of lyceum lectures by some celebrated names, it occurred to him, as one of the managers of the course, to apply to Colonel Benton, who was personally almost unknown in New England. He replied as follows: "I have meditated delivering a lecture this winter in different places, intended for practical effect in the present distracted state of the Union. I believe there is danger of disunion, and that the first step towards averting that danger is to face it and to fathom it. After the depth and nature of the disease are known, the remedy can be considered, which must be conciliation, an application to all the feelings of patriotism, national pride, and mutual interest, which certainly animate the great majority in both sections of the Union, and an attempt to unite them in a course of conduct which

should have harmony and reconciliation for its object. The subject is a large one, and, besides requiring care and knowledge in the preparation of the lecture, would require double the usual time in delivery, — say two hours. If I go into it at all, it will be to produce effect, and therefore to be delivered in many places and to thinking audiences, such as a literary institution and moderate-priced tickets would collect. I have never received anything for lectures, leaving all the proceeds to the institutions whose invitations I have accepted; but if I go into the business for a winter's work, I should expect the interest to be mutual," etc. Without giving a definite answer, he invited further correspondence.

I replied to him that such a lecture would be very acceptable to us, and, coming from a statesman of his age and long public services, must have a



marked effect. Mr. Everett had gone from city to city delivering his lecture on Washington, but the Union was a far nobler theme than even the "Father of his Country." After a little negotiation Mr. Benton decided to come, and the details as to terms and time were arranged.

I met him at the Tremont House, in Boston, as previously agreed upon. Sending in my card, though early in the morning, he requested me to come to his room, where I found him not yet dressed, in a loose wrapper, with a cap on his head, sitting at a table, writing. And this was my first interview with "Old Bullion," the "Great Expunger," the friend of Jackson, the man for years so cordially hated and hating, almost the only survivor of that long list of able men clustering around Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, who was better acquainted with our legislation, and had more participated in it, than any other living individual. He spoke with pleasure of the attention he was receiving in Boston. Mr. Everett, Mr. Winthrop, and others had immediately called upon him. He said he had agreed to favor a photograph artist, adding, "We must gratify these people, you know." And after some general conversation, informing him when I must call for him, I took my leave.

For several days after this I was much in his company, and was naturally anxious to hear his views of men and things, and to study a man who had been so prominent. He was very communicative and social, never hesitating to speak with the utmost freedom of any individual, living or dead, or of any measure. He used strong language, not always refined, accompanied frequently with that emphasis of tone and manner for which he had been noted in the Senate; and he not rarely, as is also well known of General Jackson, introduced expletives not approved by our Pilgrim fathers.

The lecture which he came to deliver, as above stated, was on the subject of the Union. It was in the November following the exciting Presi-

dential election between Buchanan and Fremont, in which the two parties occupied substantially the same position as in 1860, and which, had it resulted in Fremont's election, would probably have brought on the Rebellion four years earlier, and under circumstances far less favorable to the North. He urged that the agitation of the slavery question should cease, both North and South. He blamed both sections for the alienation and bitterness that had sprung up, and thought we should endeavor to cultivate the harmony and forbearance of former days. He depicted in forcible language the blessings of the Union, and the evils of disunion, to North and South; showed how closely our interests were interwoven, how connected with our prosperity was the Union, and how as two nations we could never live in peace. Slavery, revenue laws, the navigation of the Mississippi, and other elements of discord, would continually excite ill will, if not war.

The address contained nothing original, but was carefully prepared and able, and evidently spoke the earnest convictions of the author. His elocution was not particularly attractive. He used few gestures, and showed no animation, except occasionally a few words or sentences would be marked by strong emphasis. At times his voice would sink to a whisper, or rather his words would be *hissed* out. He spoke for about two hours, and the reputation of the man caused him to be listened to with attention, though not with enthusiasm, for he had never been a favorite in Massachusetts. The fear of disunion did not generally prevail at that time in New England, but was regarded as the dream of croakers and timid women. It had been so long threatened that our ears had become familiar with it. Though the audience respected the views of so aged and honored a statesman, the fact that he should be so disturbed by such forebodings seemed to them an indication of his mental decay, and they did not know, they could not know, that he was depicting what was to be fulfilled in their

own time with horrors of which no imagination could then have conceived.

He was much pleased with his reception, and said to me afterwards: "They sat like statues. I could have heard a pin drop. The sacredness of the place" (it was in a church) "did not restrain their applause."

The next day was Thanksgiving, and he expressed much pleasure at the opportunity to celebrate with us our time-honored festival. In the afternoon he rode with a party of gentlemen to Plum Island, and from that fine beach gazed long and much absorbed on the rolling waves, and the ships in the distance. I understood him to say it was his first visit to the seaside.

During the time that I spent with him I noted down many of his remarks, which have lost none of their interest, as the persons and events are still so fresh in our minds. They are given in a disconnected manner, and many of them were in reply to questions.

"Tyler was a trifling man, and to this characteristic he owed his preservation at the bursting of the big gun on board the Princeton. Word had been given that a song was to be sung in the cabin, and he rushed down to hear it. I was also saved by my characteristic habit of inquiry and investigation. I had been going round all day looking into everything, and as a compliment to the interest I took in the working of the ship I was invited to witness the firing, and had just before been requested to change my position that the smoke might not prevent my observation, by which I was removed from the point of danger. Tyler was a man of great good luck. It was a common saying in Virginia, that whoever stood in his way would die, and so they predicted the early death of Harrison."

Speaking of Mr. Clay, he said: "He once retorted terribly on a South Carolina man. Mr. Clay had censured severely some disunion sentiments recently expressed by a person from that State, when this man rose and stated that the author of the remarks was a relative of his. Mr. Clay straightened himself to

his full height, his eyes flashed fire, and in a voice of thunder he cried out: 'I care not whose relation he is, he is a TRAITOR who utters such sentiments.' Good God! it sunk him to the earth, sir; he was never heard from afterwards.

"Mr. Cass is very timid, poor man! afraid to take a decided stand. Mr. Wright" (referring to Silas Wright) "truly said of him, 'He is an amiable man, but afraid of his own shadow.' Though very peaceful in his private relations, never quarrelling with any one, in the Senate he is always for a war with England. He uttered so often in his speeches, 'War is inevitable,' that it became a by-word. I once turned it on him very much to the amusement of the Senate. After one of his war-speeches I rose, and, speaking of the little danger of war, ended with his words changed, 'Peace is inevitable.'

"Douglas was driven into the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by Atchison and others, the fire-eaters of the South. They threatened to drop him if he would not yield to all their demands.

"To advocate disunion is to gain the favor of this administration" (that of Pierce). "The last foreign appointment was an editor from Mobile to Mexico, whose last editorial was in favor of disunion. Those disunion dogs, vulgar fellows, get the appointments. One wrote that nasty, stinking letter from Turin. As soon as it was known there they dropped him, sir; would not notice him as a man at all in that refined circle; paid him only the attention due a representative from the United States; made a distinction between the *man* and the *representative*, you understand, sir."

I remarked to him that his vigor surprised me, and his erect and youthful appearance, so different from what I had anticipated in one of his age. He replied: "That reminds me of what occurred in Missouri last summer, when I was stumping the State. Two anti-Benton men wished to get a look at me for the first time, but would not come into the room, and so peeped in at the door. I was standing up, engaged

in an animated conversation with some friends, and suppose I looked more vigorous than usual, and one turned to the other and said, 'Good God! we shall have to fight him these twenty years!' I keep my health by horse-back riding. I might be taken by a foreigner for General Pelissier, on my black horse. But few ride so well as I ride. I was once, when riding on my black horse, with my little grandson on his white pony, taken for a riding-master. Few public men have kept horses to ride. Mr. Randolph, who rode much on horseback, was an exception.

"Contrary to the general opinion, Mr. Randolph was a very industrious man, and labored much in the committee-room. My seal" (exhibiting it) "was given me by him, after his duel with Clay. You will see all about it in my 'Thirty Years' View.' He ordered it for me in London, searching out the coat-of-arms of the Benton family. He said the motto should be *Factis et verbis*, instead of *Factis non verbis*."

In speaking of the industry of public men, he remarked: "John Quincy Adams was the most industrious man I ever knew. I have been often compared with him in this respect, though I cannot compliment myself so highly. I am now engaged on my 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' in about sixteen volumes, which will occupy me two years. I hope to live till 1860, and the remaining two years I intend to devote to a history of Pierce's administration."

He evidently did not have a very exalted opinion of Mr. Pierce, though he said they were always very polite to each other. "I have no favors, however, to ask of this administration, none, sir. Mr. Pierce had the high honor to come in almost unanimously, and he will go out with as great unanimity. At the Cincinnati Convention he did not know that Douglas had withdrawn, and was presented in the pitiable condition of holding on to the last for a nomination, after his chances had become hopeless." I asked him what influences determined the result at that

convention. "An outside pressure," he replied, with a manner indicating that he referred to himself, "decided the nomination."

In reply to a remark that Mr. Buchanan did not seem to have much decision, he observed: "It is too true, he is not a firm, decided man; he is too apt to be swayed by others." I asked him, if he had any idea who would constitute his Cabinet. "God Almighty knows, I don't. I am not in his confidence."

Alluding to the statesmen then living, he said: "I am much younger than Cass, Van Buren, and the other statesmen of my own age, much more vigorous than Buchanan. Last summer, in my electioneering campaign in Missouri, I made forty addresses of two or three hours each, to acres of people, under a solstitial sun, successive days, and travelled twelve hundred miles over rough roads, much unlike yours in New England. I have ever been temperate, and careful of my health."

I alluded to Silas Wright as an able debater, and asked how he compared with Mr. Webster. "They were very unlike. Mr. Webster was more labored and rhetorical. The arguments of Mr. Wright always seemed to be evolved naturally from the subject. He was very simple in his manner and habits, and a most amiable man."

In riding through Wenham, I pointed out to him the old farm-house of Timothy Pickering, calling his attention to the row of fine larch-trees planted by his hand. "I remember," he remarked, "reading in a letter of Mr. Pickering's, where he spoke of his fondness for baked apples,—the apples taken from trees planted by himself. I knew he must be a man of simple tastes, for no one who has pampered his stomach by rich food could relish so plain a diet as baked apples."

A gentleman observed to him that many here were very much attached to his son-in-law, Mr. Fremont. "I shall not quarrel with them for that. I did not support him for President, because his party was a sectional party, and I

could not then have delivered this address. They told many lies about him. The assertion that he was a Catholic was designed to act against him doubly; if believed, it would alienate the Protestants, if denied, the Catholics."

It was remarked to him, that he had been very kindly received in New England, yet he had always shown himself hostile to us and our interests; while were one of us opposed to slavery to go South, we should be in danger of personal violence. "It is true," he said, warmly; "I wish I had spoken of it in my address."

I alluded to the squatter-sovereignty views of Mr. Douglas, then much discussed, when he dropped the pen he held in his hand, threw back his head, and extended both arms, to give emphasis to his words: "Squatter-sovereignty! It is an insane, demagogical idea, as unreasonable as for a child to be independent of its father. I am utterly opposed to the further extension of slavery in any manner."

To the observation that he had often acted "solitary and alone," he remarked: "If I had always consulted others, I should never have done anything. There are ever timid people to hold one back."

I again spoke of his hostility to New England years ago, especially as manifested in the great debate between Webster and Hayne. "My feelings were at that time all Southern, and I did not believe Southerners entertained disunion sentiments. I supposed they merely meant nullification in the Virginia sense, which was simply remonstrance. I do not think Hayne was a disunionist at that time, though he became so a few years after; but Calhoun was. Webster saw through their disunion schemes before I did.

"The thirty years I was in the Senate will stand as the most momentous in our country's history." (How differently he would think now!)

"I have known intimately all the Presidents since Jefferson, and him to some extent.

"Douglas is now further from the

Presidency than ever. The South will ruin him.

"The abolition of the Missouri Compromise killed poor old Cass.

"Mr. Clayton was a very indolent man. He was accustomed to take off his clothes and go to bed at two o'clock in the afternoon. His soft-looking flesh indicated his habits."

He asked me if Taunton, from which he had an invitation to lecture, was not the home of the man who, after so many trials, was at last elected Governor by one vote; and he wished to know where the man lived who wheeled the barrel of apples so many miles to Boston, as the result of an election bet.

In compliance with my request to write his name in my autograph-book, he wrote as follows:—

"Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, Senator in the Congress of the United States for thirty years, and all that time devoted to the harmony, the stability, and the perpetuity of the Union."

I introduced to him the captain of a Newburyport privateersman during the war of 1812, who by his bravery had captured twenty-seven English vessels. He appeared much gratified with this interview, expressing his warm approval of the whole system of privateering. He requested me to write out and send him an account of the exploits of this captain, which I did, and received the following reply:—

"I am much obliged to you for the letter giving me an account of the vessels which he captured during the war of 1812. His name and exploits shall appear in the notes of the 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' which I am drawing up, and will constitute a part of the answer to the suicidal policy of the late administration to give up privateering, which I consider as cutting off our right arm in naval warfare."

The lecture, which he came so far to give, he delivered in many different places in New England, and everywhere he was well received, as it was

generally understood that he was inclining more and more to the free sentiment of the North. Every favorable notice of himself or of his lecture gratified him much, and he requested me to cut out all such as met my eye in the journals, and send to the editor of a friendly paper in Missouri for republication.

Two years after the close of his lecturing tour, April 10, 1858, Colonel Benton died from a lingering disease, laboring and retaining his mental faculties and interest in public affairs to the last. His "Abridgment" he finished in a whisper on his death-bed; the other work, the history of Mr. Pierce's administration, which he had planned, he did not live to accomplish, and it is just as well, for the judgment of the community has long been definitely formed on the subject he would have treated. He was never so much respected by the country at large as during his last years, when by his independence he

had lost political influence in his own State and with the national administration. He was a devoted husband; and from 1844, when his wife was struck by paralysis, to her death in 1854, he spent all the time he could spare from public duties in the sick-room, writing by her side. He died poor, though through government influence he could easily have become rich. Courteous and gentlemanly when in good humor, he was easily provoked, and shrank from no personal contest, of whatever nature. Under no circumstances did he despond. Able, industrious, surpassed by but few of the statesmen of his day in historical and political information, fearless, wilful, passionate, egotistical, true to his friends, never forgetting his enemies, his memory will long remain in the minds of the present generation, and keep its place in the history of the country.

---

## A DAY WITH THE SHOVEL-MAKERS.

ONE fine October morning we found ourselves in North Easton, where, as the smoke of the departing train cleared away, we saw before us, incongruously set in the very heart of the rural landscape, the metropolitan proportions and bustle of the most extensive shovel-works in the world.

The time-worn ledger of Captain John Ames, the stanch old blacksmith of Bridgewater, shows that as early as 1776 he had entered on this line of manufacture; and though the few hand-shaped and cumbrous articles he made were probably little known outside the limits of the Old Colony, the enterprise of his son, Oliver Ames, the water-power of the heads of Taunton River, and the midway location between the markets of Newport and Boston, established here in 1812 the works "whose trade-mark has become a key to the markets of the world."

The business has passed from father to son, and we met, on leaving the depot for our tour of inspection, a grandson of the old founder, who became our *cicerone*; and as we walked over to the works our attention was attracted by the numerous cars freighted with coal, iron, steel, or handles just arrived, or with manufactured goods ready for departure, which stood upon the "sidings." Here was one from Michigan with handles, that had not broken bulk since leaving their manufactory, and there another that, loaded with mining shovels, would not be unladen till it reached the Golden Gate. The early days of the business knew no such facility of transportation, but both raw and manufactured stock were laboriously carted to and from Newport, Providence, or Boston, and the first shovels Oliver Ames made were carried to Newport in his one-horse wag-

on. With the progress of the business the means of transit improved, and the one-horse wagon gave place to the six-horse team, and this in turn to the power of "the iron horse," whose roadway terminated at the manufacturers' doors. The buildings are all of stone quarried in the vicinity, constructed in the most substantial manner; and beside the central works there are scattered throughout the town shops for grinding, forging, etc., and at Bridge-water, Braintree, and Canton adjunct shops of very considerable proportions.

The building where the handles of the shovels are received and prepared for fitting to the blade is the initial one of the chain, and with it we commenced our tour. These handles are exclusively of ash, and for the most part are from Michigan and Maine, though many come from Canada; the latter, together with foreign steel, etc., being used entirely in orders from abroad, the entire customs "drawback" being thus obtained. Orders from Australia, South America, the Sandwich Islands, and the coast of Africa are the daily rule; and while we were there a large one, by no means the first, was received from China.

The handles come to the works in the perfectly straight and crude shape in which they leave their several manufactories, which, being situated near the ash-growing sections, can more easily and cheaply produce them than could be done at the works; with the exception of a patent variety, which has several advantages over the older styles, and which is made here from the stock furnished by the handle manufactories in a partially prepared state. The destruction of the ash forests of the country, and the fear that an adequate supply might fail, caused the manufacturers to consider how a retrenchment in the prodigal use of stock might be effected, and a handle equally serviceable with the old style produced; and the handle here made is the result of that consideration.

The width of the block required to admit of the old style hand-hole was

considerably in excess, as will readily be seen, of that required for the shaft or cylinder of the handle alone; and thus a large amount of wood that could not be rendered serviceable was thrown away in the making. To obviate this difficulty, a straight staff of the required length and calibre of the handle is turned out, and forwarded to the works at Easton, where, in a shop exclusively for that purpose, it is shaped by beautiful machinery into a handle possessing all the advantages of the old style, minus the clumsiness and plus a peculiar beauty and strength. The stick is first sawed at its head, or handle end, through the exact centre longitudinally for about six inches, and is then thoroughly boiled, after which the split is opened by a machine to the proper width for the hand, and at the same instant a block of exactly the size and shape the opening is desired to take is introduced, and retained till the shape is secure. A turned cross-piece is placed between the heads of the sides thus separated and riveted in; the whole is then trimmed up, and a tasteful, durable handle, with every requirement met, is thus produced, at the very considerable saving in stock of over sixty per cent.

When the handles are received at the works they are damp, green, and liable to shrink, and require, before being fit for the operation of "bending," to be thoroughly dried. For this purpose they are conveyed to the drying-room, where they are placed on raised platforms underlaid with steam-pipes, and hung up by thousands to the ceiling, so that on entering one might readily imagine himself in a cave overhung with a new species of stalactite. The temperature is maintained at 110° Fahrenheit, and here they remain as long as their condition requires, and are then removed to the bending-machines. So common an article as a shovel-handle would hardly attract a passing thought in every-day life; but here are evidences that years of toil and experiment have been spent to make only one of its features the complete fulfilment of its requirements.



To attain the proper, short, double curvature near the blade, which is a necessity in every ordinary shovel-handle, more time and thought have perhaps been given than to any other part of it, and it is only in the present year that this process has reached its greatest stage of improvement.

On one side of the bending-room are two low, curious machines, suggestive of Inquisitorial racks; their victims escaping, however, rather more quickly than those of old were wont to do, though with equally affected backs. Behind the operative of each machine is a tank of boiling water, in which a supply of handles is continually undergoing the softening process; for, being straight and brittle when they come in, unless thus rendered pliable they would split in every direction during the operation of being forced into conformity with the contour of the mould. As it is, a large percentage is somewhat damaged.

The mould is of the exact shape the blade end of the handle is desired to assume, and is composed of two pieces, an upper and lower, the upper embracing slightly more than half the calibre of the handle. This mould is laid upon the bed-plate of the machine, the lower segment in a groove, the upper being firmly keyed down upon it. The operative, seizing a handle from the tank, introduces its end to the mouth of the mould, laying it upon its edge on the bed-plate, and fastens it quickly and immovably in its place by a clasp, an ever-revolving arm coming up behind the mould, forcing it in its groove along up the shaft of the handle, and conforming it to its curvature. The key of the upper segment is then withdrawn, the clasp relaxed, and the now bent handle removed, the upper section of the mould being left upon it to keep it in shape until thoroughly dried. A new upper section is put on for each handle, and so on until the stock of uppers is all employed, when the operative knocks one from the earliest bent handle, and so continues the repetition. Each machine is double, that is, has the same

apparatus on both sides, and until recently has required a man to each side; but late improvements bring it within the ability of one man to tend both, and a saving of labor is thus made. The two machines can thus bend four hundred and fifty dozens per day. On the opposite side of the room are the machines for boring the rivet-holes through the handle-heads; and successive improvements have converted what was originally one of the most painful and laborious operations in the manufacture into one of the lightest and most pleasurable of them all. In general oversight of the handle shop is the oldest man in the employ, both as to his own age and his time of service. Over sixty years in the manufacture, old John Bisbee has known every turn of its progressive wheel, and his recollections of the history and methods of shovel-making as it was before it approached the dignity of an art interestingly contrast with the narration of what it is. For seventeen years all the boring mentioned above was done by him with the common bit-stock, until the drain on his energies provoked his inventive genius and led him to water-power for relief; and when his first water-bit was set up and found to work successfully it was believed that the greatest possible improvement had been achieved; but one advance led to another in this as in the other departments of manufacture, and the neat little machine that now bores a dozen handles in the time we have been writing about it is complete in its way. A workman, powdered like a miller with the flying dust, places the handle-head in a rest designed for it, and moving a foot-lever, brings four smart little drills to bear; two on each side, one for the upper rivet-hole and one for the lower. In the old style of boring from one side only, the drill, when it broke through on the opposite side of the wood, was apt to make unsightly splintering; but here this is avoided by the bits entering from each side, and by the cam motion on which the machine works, it is so arranged that as one re-

treats, having penetrated nearly to the middle of the handle, the opposite one follows it just far enough entirely to clean out the remaining substance. The riveting through these holes was formerly done by heading one end of a nail-rod and driving it through the handle, filing it off just far enough from the wood to admit of a bur being riveted on. The cutting of the rivets to the proper length from rods, and heading one end by means of a bur, is now neatly and rapidly done by dexterous little machines worked by lads; and the operation of driving the rivets through and heading the other end with another bur, both burs being nicely countersunk, is quickly performed by one man. The upper part of the handle shops is occupied for storage, and by a small circular saw, with which such handles as have been split at the blade end, either in bending, as mentioned, or otherwise, are sawed off square above the split, and, thus shortened, are used for tunnelling shovels, principally in the Australian mines.

Next in order of manufacture to the handle shop come the "hammer shops," where begins that chain of processes which converts the bar of iron, the rough product of the rolling-mill, into the complete and attractive utensil ready for market and for use. Here on solid bases of timber and stone is ranged the thundering row of mighty maple helves with massive iron heads, and these with the fiercely glowing furnaces, and the swarthy forgers hurrying to and fro, half hid in smoke, half bathed in the red light, make so weird a picture, that a stranger to the ceaseless stamp of the ponderous hammers, the fiery glow of the blasts, and the hissing shower of scintillating sparks, might well believe he had stumbled on the armory of Vulcan.

There are but three grand divisions of manufacture here, so far as metal is concerned, all tools being either "steel edge," i. e. of iron with a steel-service edge; "cast steel," i. e. a blade of steel with iron handle-straps riveted on; or "Antrim Patent," so called

from having been invented at Antrim, N. H., being a cast-steel plate with the iron handle-straps *welded* on, in which welding the patent process consists. The "steel edge" claimed our attention first; it is the cheapest tool made at the works and the one most largely in demand for the grosser work, as railroad and highway construction, cost being a consideration, and a fair serviceable article the requirement. To each shovel made here a definite number of pounds of metal is allowed, and each bar of iron after being weighed is marked off into such lengths as will be consumed to the best advantage in the different patterns made, and passes from the experienced workmen whose charge it is thus to apportion it to the heavy shears by which it is cut into the designated lengths with as much facility as a lady's scissors snip a thread.

Here, then, in this little cake of Norway iron, about as long as a man's hand and not quite as broad, we have the prospective shovel whose destiny it may be to turn up the "biggest nugget" the world ever saw, or break ground for the grandest enterprise man ever conceived. These cakes of iron are thrown into the furnaces, brought to welding heat, and then subjected to the hammers, upon whose polished surfaces a stream of water constantly plays and washes away the scale their steady stamp throws from the iron in the "necking down." By the process to which this term is applied, the middle of the red-hot piece of iron is lengthened and narrowed, and the whole beaten out, until we have two plates connected by a strap or "neck"; a depression being made in each plate by the pointed hammer close to the neck, which depression ultimately becomes the handle-socket. A few strokes at the hands of the hammers-man's assistant bends over this neck as it lies upon an anvil, and we have, as it were, two thin and narrow shovels, lying one upon the other united by the bent strap. Having again passed through the fire, the shoulders of these twin shovels are welded together by a hand-hammer,

and, coming a third time from the furnace, a strip of steel the width of the shovel is inserted between the open lower edges, and thoroughly welded in, giving the "steel edge." The shoulders and lower edges have now been united, and before welding the bodies of the two plates perfectly together, it is necessary that the small opening between the shoulders made by the hammer-point should be preserved in some way for the handle-socket. For this purpose a handful of earth is introduced into the cavity and the iron flattened, to retain it, by a light blow of the hammer. The shovel-form is then re-heated and thoroughly welded, during which process the earth becomes so much oxidized and beaten out as to suffer the walls of the socket sometimes partially to unite, and require opening by the driving in of a mandrel by the welder. These crude shovel-blades are now removed to another shop, the largest of the hammer shops, and here undergo the "plating and smoothing": the first consisting in repeated passage of the form through the fire, and under the hammer, until the desired size and thickness are attained; the "smoothing" being the evening of the surfaces and the finish work of the hammers. The deftness with which the forms are turned and manipulated between the quick and heavy blows of the hammers, and the action of these is brought upon any desired spot, is surprising and fascinating to a looker-on, and might well confirm Goulding's Jack Tar in his opinion, that "there are smart men in the world beside sailors." Bidding adieu to the heavy hammers, the now smooth and even-surfaced plates pass to an operative who stands before a machine, that on inspection we find to be a heavy pair of shears, the cutting parts of which consist of an upper strong steel knife just the shape the shovel-blade is intended to be, and a lower knife of the same shape, but a line larger. The upper knife barely works by the lower, — as one blade of a pair of scissors works by the other, — moved up and down in

a groove by immense power, beautifully shearing the hitherto wavy-edged plates, which are laid upon the lower knife, to true and uniform blades, cutting off the "neck" at its bend, so as to leave two pointed straps. Then the plates drop to the floor and are conveyed to the punches. The scraps of iron and steel which come from these shears as the trimmings of the various styles of blades, with all other scraps resulting from the different operations, are carried to the rolling-mills of the establishment at Canton. They return thence as sheets and bars from which the handle-straps for the cast-steel shovels and the caps of the spades are cut by operations to be hereafter described. The "punches" pierce two holes through the front and back handle-straps for the rivets which are to pass through the handle, and the blades are then thrown into the furnace to be heated for the action of the "drop-press," which is to give the surface contour of the shovel; for up to the time of reaching this press we have had only a perfectly flat blade, briefly serviceable perhaps as a weak snow-shovel, but without the curved-up rims and back imparting stiffness and forming the hollow which retains and conveys the material shovelled. The "drop-press" is a miniature pile-driver; the weight being of just the shape the shovel-blade is desired to assume, and instead of the pile we have the red-hot plate lying upon a die hollowed to conformity with the convexity of the weight, which is the upper die, and this, being forced down, presses the plate between itself and the lower and into similarity with the contours of both. To insure that the handle-socket already mentioned be not closed up, a triangular indentation is made in both the upper and lower die, of the precise shape the socket should maintain; and before the plate is removed from the press a mandrel is driven in, spreading the walls of the socket to the full extent of the indentation. The plate edges are next filed to the proper degree of sharpness and smoothness, and

the punching of the remaining strap rivet-holes ensues. The hardening process follows, and from this the blades pass to their final "setting," as it is called, which is performed by hand-hammers on common anvils, and is simply the complete evening and straightening of all irregularities of the surface and edges; and the row of men and boys engaged in this division of the labor creates not a little of both noise and interest.

The fitting of the handles to the blades follows the "setting," and consists of three operations, of which number one is shaving off the end of the handle obliquely to fit snugly into the point of the socket; number two is fitting the handle between the straps, and boring the holes for the rivets with a bit-stock, for which no substitute in the shape of a machine has yet been devised; and number three is riveting the handles and blades together.

The straps have, of course, remained perfectly flat throughout these operations, but must now be bent to conform with the rotundity of the handle and made to lie smoothly and closely upon it, that the hands of the shoveller may not be lacerated in using. To effect this the handle is passed through an ingenious pair of rollers, which bring the straps into close contiguity with the wood, but their edges require further depressing, and are therefore "set down," as it is termed, by hand-hammers, that is, beaten into the wood; for without this, when the straps were brought into contact with the emery-wheel in polishing, these edges would be worn off thin, weak, and jagged. We have seen that the socket in the blade was shaped by a triangular depression in both dies of the drop-press into a cavity with a diamond-shaped orifice, which it is plain the round shovel handle would not completely fill, and the stopping of the interstices constitutes the "wedging." This is done by boys who drive in wedges of cedar, cut by a sort of lever chopping-knife from long strips of the wood sawed in the neighborhood. From the lads who

wedge them, the shovels—and having now got their integral parts together, we may dignify them by the name—pass up stairs to a room in the great building of the chain, which is itself seven hundred feet long, where a row of spark-emitting emery-wheels are putting a beautiful polish on all the utensils subjected to their touch; fifty tons of emery and one hundred and twenty barrels of glue being used per annum in their construction and repair. The metal having received its polish the handle comes in for its share of "company dress," and under the action of swiftly revolving bands, covered with pulverized quartz, puts on a clean face at the same time that it covers the observers with the shower of dust removed. After this belting, the polished shovels are varnished, and all undergo careful inspection. So thoroughly systematized is the minutest item of the manufacture, that an imperfection in workmanship or stock is traceable at once to its author; for every tool made in the works bears on it the individual mark of every operative through whose hands it passed,—the steel shows its maker, and a comparative record keeps even the quality of the emery always under review.

The cast-steel implements next engage our attention, and the processes of their manufacture differ from those of the "steel edge" in many essential particulars. The steel arrives at the works in sheets of the required width and thickness, and is cut into "moulds," as they are termed, of the desired dimensions, the width of the sheet being the length of the shovel or spade. By a cutting-die the shoulders and points are sheared to the rotundity always observable in these tools, and the moulds then pass to the grinders, by whom the scale is removed from their surfaces. The slightly rough points and edges are smoothed and sharpened on a grindstone, and the plates then go to an operative, who passes them rapidly through a "punch," by one movement of which eight holes for the rivets of the handle-straps are made; and, hav-

ing been brought to proper heat in the furnace, they are placed in the drop-press, whose action here is similar to that witnessed upon steel-edged shovels. They are then "set," or trued by an air-hammer making four hundred and eighty strokes per minute, afterwards re-trued by hand-hammers, and are then placed in a bath of diluted sulphuric acid, in which they remain long enough to remove all remaining scale, that their polishing may be more perfect. From this they are transferred to a lime-water bath, which negatives further effect of the acid, and from this they pass to the emery-wheels to be polished. They are then smoothed with finer emery, oiled, and inspected, when they are ready for the riveting on of the handle-straps. These straps, cut from the sheets of re-rolled scrap iron, are stamped out by cutting-dies in two ways; by the first of which a large back strap is punched from the centre of the sheet, consisting of a triangle, with slightly bulging sides and a straight base, with a long strap running from the centre of the base: the triangular part to be riveted to the blade, and the strap to the handle. This, having been stamped from the centre of the sheet, there is left on each side of the cut whence it was taken a narrow piece from which an oval-headed front strap is stamped; thus completely using up the stock, a large strap and then two small ones being cut, until the sheet is exhausted. But by this means twice as many front as back straps are obtained, and to equalize, some of the sheets are cut into back patterns only, an alternation obliquely of the broad and narrow parts equally well utilizing the stock. The straps are then rolled out to proper length and tapering thickness by a wonderfully ingenious machine, in which the action of the rolls is so graduated as to exercise their force in increasing degree, so that the iron is left thick where most strength is required, and reduced to thinness where this is less requisite and clumsiness is to be avoided. The edges of the straps are

"swedged," i. e. in effect bevelled off; they are then annealed, shaped to conform to the blade-surfaces, their rivet-holes punched, their square ends pointed, and both are ready to be riveted on, in which process the front strap is first, and, both being secured, the point of the socket is riveted, and the shovel-blades pass to their handling, the processes of which are identical in all varieties, and have been witnessed already.

We come now to the shop of the "Antrim Patent," the pet of the works, and, beyond doubt, the best shovel in the world. As its main point of difference from the cast-steel implement lies in the *welding* on of the straps, we need not describe its manufacture much further than that. The "moulds" of steel are placed *seriatim*, under a pony hammer just adapted to scarf the plate at the point on its edge where the strap is to be joined; in other words, beating out a little lip, on to which the back strap may be welded. The straps of this shovel, unlike those of the other varieties, are not cut from the re-rolled scrap-iron, but from the best "Swedes," and it is designed that all the advantages of the patent handle, the improved method of manufacture, and all new approved devices shall unite in this, and sustain the reputation it now holds unchallenged as the *ne plus ultra* of shovels. The back strap is welded to the scarfed edge by a pony hammer, two holes are then punched in the "mould," and the front strap, which has been previously stamped out into much the shape of the back strap of the cast-steel shovel, is riveted on, simply that it may be firmly held in the proper position for welding. They are then reheated in a furnace especially designed for the purpose. As it is necessary to have only that part of the plate to which the triangle of the strap is attached brought to welding heat, an opening of just its shape and size is made through the bed of fire-brick on which the plate is laid. Through this the concentrated heat of the furnace is forced, by a blast upon the



surface thus circumscribed, quickly bringing it to proper condition for the action of the hammer, the face of which is so formed as to bear only on the edges of the triangle, leaving the socket undisturbed when the weld is made. This being completed, the further processes are those used with the other shovels.

Every description of shovel is made at the works, from the toy for the children to the great grain-scoops used at the elevators; and orders for particular patterns are of daily occurrence. The long and short handled square and round point shovels of common use form the bulk of the manufacture, and to these succeed the spades, mining shovels, grain and coal scoops, Benham's army shovel, "hedgers,"—narrow spades used in setting out the Osage hedge,—and a score of others, which, in their processes of manufacture, are all nearly identical with one or the other of the divisions we have described.

We have thus traced to their completion the now brilliantly polished implements, that, though destined for the arts of peace, make the grand ware-room of the works to glitter like an arsenal, and stand silently suggestive of labor to be done and enterprises to

be accomplished. The march of improvement has here been unfaltering, not alone in the ever-increasing manufacture that gave, as the product of 1845, twenty thousand dozen shovels, and of 1869 one hundred and twenty thousand dozens, but also in the measure of employment given and the quality of the work produced. A thousand tons of iron, two thousand tons of steel, and five thousand tons of coal pass yearly through the hands of the five hundred workmen into the great works, and reappear as those humble but invaluable implements.

When the old founder had in great measure given over to his sons and grandsons the active charge of affairs, he one day complained—as old men are apt to do—that the quality of the work was not equal to that he had turned out in his more active days. It happened that, not long after, the Governor sold the unused arms of the State, lying in its arsenal, and with them half a dozen shovels of the old gentleman's early make, which his son secured and sent home; but when the old manufacturer came to see them, and found, honest and solid as they were, how far inferior they were to those then being produced, he declared he "never made them."



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Private Life of Galileo. Compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols and Noyes.*

WHILE we shall never, we hope, lack a proper spirit of thankfulness towards any writer who, having to compose a personal history, forbears to make us familiar with the past by such impertinences with it as mark the picturesque and gossiping school, we must own that we do not think the author of this "Life of Galileo" has made the most attractive use of the materials. It is well enough not to trick out one's people with the Hepworth-Dixonian adjectives, or to expend much time upon conjectural descriptions of their appearance, clothes, and attitudes, and what they would have done if things had turned out differently, or what even under the circumstances they may be supposed to have done; but this self-restraint is not the whole of art. The book is written with good sense and good taste, but it is not vivacious at any time, and it is often sluggish. Yet we can imagine no opportunity for an entertaining history more flattering than that afforded by such a life as Galileo's, lived when and where it was. Of course, even the dullest book could not obscure the lesson of such a life; but then the world had already a pretty clear idea of the character of the man whose speculative daring was bounded by nothing, but who narrowly conformed his practical life to the political and theological conditions of his day; and in order to live in doubt and abhorrence of such a system, no one need read again the melancholy story of the cruelty with which thought and truth were punished in former times by the church which now lacks the power to repeat those terrors. In more ways than one Rome opposed the movement of the world, and still makes believe that all the heavenly bodies wheel round the Vatican.

As for the part that Galileo himself played in that atrocious drama, it is difficult to conceive how he, being the man of schools and courts that he was, should have acted differently. Nature works by a subdivision of

forces, and the scientific inquirer and the martyr are oftener in two persons than in one; and it seems as if it would even be a pity if either were devoted to the function of the other. Galileo's martyrdom could not have served science better than his abjuration, though doubtless he is not to be praised for the fact.

Sister Maria Celeste was his daughter Polissena, whom, with two other children, he had by his Venetian mistress; and she alone showed him a filial love. According to the thinking of this time and country, none of his children really owed him such love; but in Italy, two hundred and fifty years ago, notions were very different. The mother of these children, when Galileo left Padua, married very happily a man of her own class, who cherished a great regard and esteem for her former lover; Galileo's son was legitimated by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and his two daughters, who had no legal claim upon him, were glad to be acknowledged and protected by him; and Sister Maria Celeste's letters are in a strain of oddly mingled pride in her father's greatness and lowly thankfulness for his goodness. He was very good to her, and to all his family, who by no means showed her gratitude in return, but lived upon him without recognition of his bounty. He seems to have been a very amiable and benevolent man, of a type never uncommon in Italy. He was beloved by all manner of men, and even the Pope who persecuted him so pitilessly had been his personal friend, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany always remained so, and no doubt caused the mitigation of his sufferings. Galileo was a good enough man, according to the finite means of judgment, to dispense with the glory of martyrdom,—if any one may righteously forego that.

In this book one grows almost as much interested in the daughter as in the father. Neither she nor her sister entered the convent because they had a vocation, but merely for an establishment in life, or for the home for which women marry in Protestant countries. They were both sickly, as were nearly all the other nuns living in the poverty and hardness of their order, and the younger sister was querulous and bad-tem-

pered. The pictures of convent life which Sister Maria Celeste gives her father in her letters are descriptions of squalor and privation, and otherwise they often remind one of those in Manzoni's famous romance. All is borne by Galileo's daughter with patience, though she freely declares that she does not love the life. Now and then one of the nuns goes mad ; yet this does not cast any doubt upon the excellence of the system, in the mind of either father or daughter ; and Galileo prepares to immure his granddaughter in the same prison where his children drag out their sick and discontented days. The reader may learn somewhat of their existence from the following passages out of one of Sister Maria Celeste's letters. The Sister Arcangela mentioned is Galileo's younger daughter :—

“Your lordship partly knows to what inconvenience I have been put ever since I first came here, because of the scarcity of cells. Now, I must explain that the small cell for which (according to the custom among the nuns) we paid the mistress thirty-six crowns, two or three years ago, I have been obliged to give up entirely to Sister Arcangela, in order that she may be, as much as possible, separated from the said mistress ; for I feared that, owing to the extraordinary eccentricities of the latter, her constant society would prove most detrimental to Sister Arcangela. Besides, as Sister Arcangela's disposition is very different to mine, being rather odd and whimsical, it is better for me to give up to her in many things, in order to preserve that peace and unity which accords with the exceeding love we bear each other. Wherefore I find myself by night in the tiresome company of the mistress. Nevertheless, by the Lord's help, by whom doubtless these trials are permitted for my good, I get through it most joyfully ; and by day I am quite a pilgrim, having no corner of my own wherein to pass a quiet hour. . . . I explain my wants to your lordship with filial security and without ceremony, that I may not offend that kindness which I have so often experienced. . . . You might say that the sum I ask is large, and that I might content myself with the thirty crowns (6*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*) which the convent still has of yours. To this I answer that, besides its being impossible for me to get that money paid back at this moment, and the nun who wants to sell being in great want, you promised the Mother Abbess that you would not ask for the money unless the

convent happened to receive relief from some quarter, and that only if such an occasion arose was it to be paid down at once. But I do not think that for the sake of these thirty crowns you will hesitate to do me this great kindness, which I ask for the love of God. For indeed I belong to the number of those poor wretches laid in prison. And I may call myself not only poor, but also ashamed ; for, indeed, I should not dare express my wants so openly in your presence, or Vincenzo's either. I only venture on writing this letter, having full assurance that you can and will help me. In fine, I recommend myself affectionately to you, as well as to Vincenzo and his bride. May the Lord give you length of days and happiness.”

“Galileo gave the thirty crowns, but Sister Maria Celeste was no better off. The community was large, and the Abbess at her wits' ends to make both ends meet. From the nun's letter of the 22d of November, 1629, we gain an impression that Galileo was a very easy man to deal with in regard to money matters. Such at least seems to have been the impression of the Lady Abbess of St. Matthew. Sister Maria Celeste tries to keep the matter to herself, and for some weeks only discourses of such trifles as a pattern of a new collar, of which she is making a set for her father, or of cinnamon-water, or of the Brescian thread which she wanted for embroidering her sister-in-law's handkerchief, or of the phial containing scorpions preserved in oil, which Galileo had sent as a present to her and Sister Luisa, probably to adorn a shelf in the pharmacy. But the concealment weighs on her, and at length she resolves to make a clean breast of it.

“Now that the tempest of our many troubles is somewhat abated, I will no longer delay telling you all about them ; hoping thereby to lighten the burden on my own mind, and desiring also to excuse myself for writing twice in such a hurry, and not with the respect I owe you. The fact was, that I was half out of my senses with fear (and so were the other nuns) at the furious behavior of our mistress, who during these last few days has twice endeavored to kill herself. The first time she knocked her head against the floor with such violence that her features became quite monstrous and deformed. The second time she gave herself thirteen wounds, of which two were in the throat. You may imagine our con-

sternation on finding her all over blood and wounded in this manner. But the strangest thing of all was, that at the time that she inflicted these injuries upon herself, she made a noise to attract somebody to her cell, and then she asked for the confessor. In confession she gave up to him the instrument with which she had cut herself, in order that nobody might see it (though, as far as we can guess, it was a penknife). It seems that, though mad, she is cunning. And we must conclude that this is some dark judgment upon her from God, who lets her live when according to human judgment she ought to die, her wounds being all dangerous in the surgeon's opinion. In consequence, she has been watched day and night. At present we are all well, thank God, and she is tied down in her bed, but has just the same frenzy as ever, so that we are in constant terror of something dangerous happening.

"Now I have told you of our trouble, I want to tell you another which weighs me down. Some time ago you were so kind as to give the thirty crowns I asked for (I did not venture to tell you my mind freely when you asked me the other day whether I had got the cell). I went with the money in my hand to find the nun to whom the cell belonged. She, being in great distress, would willingly have taken the money, but she loved her cell so dearly that she could not bear to give it up. This being the case, we could not agree; so the matter fell to the ground, as I for my part only wished for the cell in order to have a little place to myself. . . . I should like to know how you feel now the weather is milder. Having nothing better, I send you a little quince marmalade, made poor man's fashion; that is, mixed with apples. If you do not care for it, perhaps others will. If you have a fancy for any dish made by us nuns, please let us know, for we shall be glad to do something to your liking. I have not forgotten my obligation to Porzia (Galileo's house-keeper), but for the present I can do nothing for her. If you have any more scraps (of cloth), I should be glad of them, as I have been waiting for them to begin working with what I have already.

"While writing the above, I hear that the sick nun has had such a fit that it is thought she cannot live long. If this be the case, I shall have to give the rest of the money for the burial expenses.

"I have a chaplet of agate which you gave

me long ago, which is quite useless to me; but I think it would do nicely for our sister-in-law. I send it for you to look at, and if you like it, would you take it back, and send me a little money for my present wants? I hope, please God, this will be the last time I shall trouble you for such a large sum; but in truth I have none to turn to for assistance, except your lordship and my most faithful Sister Luisa, who does all she can to assist me; but we are shut up here, and, in short, have not that power to act which oftentimes we want. Blessed be the Lord, who never forgets us! For his sake I pray your lordship to pardon me if I weary you. I trust that he will not leave unrepaid the many benefits which you have conferred and still confer upon us."

From these extracts the reader perceives that Sister Maria Celeste is not only a simple and loving daughter (though a little selfish in an ignorant, unworldly way), but a lady of intelligence and some refinement. She sent her father constantly little tokens of her handiwork and her culinary art, and she also assisted him in his literary work, copying manuscripts for him, and the like. Even after his book had been condemned and prohibited, she was eager to get it and read it. Probably no educated person in Italy regarded the action of the Church as a religious action, or as any other than a political one performed for the greater security and honor of the Jesuits and the Papacy. Therein lay its danger for that time, and for ours.

*In Spain and a Visit to Portugal.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Author's Edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

PRETTY nearly what sort of book Herr Andersen would write about Spain any one could tell from a general knowledge of his other books; and no one having this acquaintance need be surprised to find the present volume entertainingly sentimental and quaint, with a current of real or well-affected simplicity, and touches of delicate poetry—in the prose parts. We wish to be careful in regard to the locality, for Herr Andersen has seen fit to intersperse the account of his travels in the Peninsula with many copies of verses, which we suspect not to have been poetry in the original Danish, and which in the translation are made out very melancholy doggerel.

For example, here is a pretty sketch in prose, and the usual metrical appendage, which will illustrate what we have been saying in praise and blame of the author; but it is to be noted that the verse is rather better than it commonly is. An awkwardness in the versification of these undesirable lyrical bursts, and more than occasionally in the prose expression, forbids us to believe the translator's work quite well done, though we think he renders the author spirit well; and at any rate, we enjoy the characteristic Andersen flavor in the book.

"Here you come out again upon the Alameda, and if you continue straight up the river Guadalmedina you find yourself in that part of Malaga where the life of the lower classes is the most stirring; and that is not on the Plaza above but down below, nearly in the river's bed. The river has been almost for a year entirely without water, and now, in its dried-up state it had been converted into a market-place. Horses and asses stood in it bound in pairs; viands were being cooked in pots and pans over blazing fires; tables and plates were laid, — it would have made a good sketch! . . . Collin and I drove for at least a mile in the empty bed of the river. One of the rich merchants of Malaga, M. Delius, to whom I had brought an introduction, had invited us to make this excursion. He wished to take us to his villa and his beautiful garden. An impenetrable hedge of gigantic cacti crowding the sides of the hill fenced it in. The garden, laid out in the form of terraces, was rich in trees of every variety; there was a grateful shade under the orange-trees and the bananas. Tall pepper-trees, with their reddish-colored berries, like strings of beads, were drooping as willows do their boughs over the clear greenish water in the basins. Here stood lofty palm-trees and rarer pines. Here also were citro-trees and high-blossoming geraniums; passion-flowers hung in masses like the honeysuckle on our village hedges. Here flourished in the sunshine extraordinary lily-shaped flowers, — I thought I recognized them from the arabesque designs of gold and silver I had seen in the old story-books. The most expensive plant here, I was told, was the green grass. A couple of large fields looked so fresh and were kept in such beautiful order that it seemed as if each blade were trimmed and washed. The air was cool, almost too cool, for us, who had come from the deep, hot valley beneath, and had now ascended

on foot to the highest terrace in the garden. Malaga lay below us; the immense cathedral looked like an ark upon a petrified foam-white sea. We visited another villa on our way home. It had been forsaken by its owner; he had ruined himself by speculating in water, — that is to say, he had spent his whole fortune in constructing in his garden enormous stone basins in which to collect the rain-water from the hills, intending to distribute it widely for consumption. The garden was now overgrown with weeds, the water stood stagnant and green in the deep cisterns, as if it knew its importance, and yet it was not fit to drink. Reptiles were in abundance, but not a bird was heard to sing. The sunbeams were scorching here, but they were still more scorching as we drove through the dry, stony river-bed; we were devoured by thirst. It was very refreshing to get a cactus-fruit, — *chumbos* it was called. I vowed, in gratitude for its cooling drink, that I should put it into song, — it whose flowers and fruit bear the colors of Spain.

Yes, yellow and red are the colors of Spain;  
In banners and flags they are waving on high;  
And the cactus-flower has adopted them too.  
In the warm sunshine, to dazzle the eye,  
Thou symbol of Spain, thou flower of the sun,  
When the Moors of old were driven away,  
Thou didst not with them abandon thy home,  
But stayed with thy fruit and thy blossoms gay.  
The thousand daggers that hide in thy leaves  
Cannot rescue thee from the love of gain;  
Too often it is thy fate to be sold,  
Thou sunny fruit with the colors of Spain."

Our poet (for such he is when he writes prose) travels partly by railway through Spain, yet he finds it full of romance and quite the Spain of most people's castles. In fact, it would probably be hard to destroy the world of fantasy in which he lives by any excess of modern conveniences; and in Spain the railway has really adapted itself to the national humor, and trains arrive and depart with Castilian gravity and deliberation. Nobody, we dare say, will expect much information, strictly speaking, from such a traveller as Herr Andersen, but abundance of bright and happy pictures of the outside of life, done in the spirit of that we have given, he will expect and will get. Here is one from the chapter on Granada: —

"The following morning the scene of the fray appeared in its usual beauty and tranquillity. The sunbeams played through the branches of the trees; the fountains splashed; the clear water in the ditches streamed onward, bearing with it freshly

plucked roses. Castanets sounded ; a handsome young lad, clad in velvet, with well-combed hair, danced in the middle of the dusty road, with a little girl, scarcely twelve years of age, poorly but neatly dressed ; she wore a corn-flower blue frock, a rose-red apron, and a yellow dahlia drooped in her black hair. The dance was graceful, and as it proceeded full of passion. . . . There passed, too, a band of gypsies in holiday attire, probably a whole family, the women equipped in violent colors, and with fiery red flowers in their shining black hair. Even the tiny children, who were being carried, had each stuck a blossom into its hair."

This family the author later saw figuring in a part of the Alhambra which was being photographed.

"They stood and lay in groups round the court ; some of the smallest children were perfectly naked ; two young girls with dahlias in their hair stood in a dancing position holding castanets ; an old, fearfully ugly gypsy, with long gray hair, was leaning against a slender marble column, as he played the *zambomba*, a sort of kettle-drum ; a stout but extremely pretty woman, in a tucked-up embroidered dress, struck the *tambourine*."

Wherever he goes, in Africa, in Portugal, in Castile, as well as in Andalusia, he finds the picturesque and the sentimental, and his volume is really a series of sketches of the surface of life in those parts. Generally, a photograph goes as deep as these ; the study of the people, when there is any, is entirely subjective, and whatever is below the surface is Andersenish rather than Spanish. Yet it is an agreeable book, not certainly to be read unbrokenly, but to be resorted to again and again, as the impression of each successive picture and sentimentalization fades away. Of course the verses are not to be read at all, under any circumstances.

*Selections from the Prose and Poetry of ALFRED DE MUSSET.* New York : Hurd and Houghton.

MRS. OWEN WISTER has made a commendable effort to introduce a much-loved French poet to the English-reading public, and the measure of her success is much larger, it strikes us, than that of the ordinary translator from the same difficult language. If Alfred de Musset is greatest as a lyric poet, — and he certainly seems so

to the Anglo-Saxon critic, — Mrs. Wister has done wisely in making her "Selections" with a kind of lyric purpose even as to the prose. However startling it might sound in Gallic ears, very little is hazarded in the remark that the present translator has done her readers greater service, and the poet too, by giving them *Mimi Pinson* and "The White Black Bird" than she would have done by serving up to them the whole of *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*. That unequal performance of his younger years may seem De Musset's masterpiece to those who can understand all of his more sober poetry, but the English reader, we venture to say, will see more to admire and to be thankful for in the portrayal of Mimi Pinson's exquisite French human nature than in all the raptures of Octave and Madame Brigitte, or the calmer sentimentalities of the "honnête Smith." It is to be feared that Mrs. Bridget would be as prosaically unromantic as her name, if translated into our literature, and that the triumphant Smith would be only a plain Mr. Smith in English garments.

Of the two other pieces of prose with which Mrs. Wister has favored us, the little two-act comedy of "Fantasio" perhaps reads the better. Her rendering of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* ("No trifling with Love") does not fall short so much from any lack in her ; it is as well done as the former ; but the fault may be said to lie in the charming little comedy itself. Those who have seen it played as only French actors can play such pieces will understand why any reading of it in English or French must seem unsatisfactory. Published twenty-seven years before it was thought worth while to represent it, scarcely ever was there a play that shows so much better on the stage than it does in print. Indeed, after an evening of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, De Musset's original language reads like a translation.

If Mrs. Wister's success in the rendering of the nine poems which conclude her volume is not quite equal, it is certainly striking in some instances. All things considered, the poem in which the translator has best caught and conveyed the spirit of the original is perhaps that entitled "Advice to a Gay Lady" (*Conseils à une Parisienne*). Here Mrs. Wister has, in our opinion, wisely made up for what she may have lost in the movement of the French verse, by changing the succession of the rhymes : —



"Yes, were I a woman, charming and pretty,  
I think I should do,  
Fair Julia, as you;  
Without fear or favor, distinction or pity,  
Smile and make eyes  
At all 'neath the skies."

"Oui, si j'étais femme, aimable et jolie,  
Je voudrais, Julie,  
Faire comme vous ;  
Sans peur ni pitié, sans choix ni mystère,  
A toute la terre  
Faire les yeux doux."

This, we think, is very happily turned. It is, indeed, more within the possibilities of translation than the more heroic or the most vivacious of French poetry. The following from Mimi Pinson's song is less successful, though it is so perhaps because perfect success there would have been almost impossible. It is very doubtful whether Mimi's elfin gayety could be got into English words. Her exquisite vivacity is at least taken off here with her solitary dress : —

"Mimi Pinson is a blonde of renown :  
But one gown and cap has she ;  
The Grand Turk has surely more !  
Heaven gave her small store,  
Meaning her discreet to be,  
None can pawn Mimi Pinson's only gown."

"Mimi Pinson est une blonde,  
Une blonde que l'on connaît,  
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,  
Landerirette !  
Et qu'un bonnet.  
Le Grand Turc en a davantage.  
Dieu voulut de cette façon  
La rendre sage.  
On ne peut pas la mettre en cage,  
La robe de Mimi Pinson."

The next morning after the student banquet at which Mimi Pinson had sung her song she proved that it was not true, and in a way which illustrates the winning, contradictory nature of the lively grisette. The passage in which this is related gives a fair sample of the manner of Mrs. Wister's translation from De Musset's prose : —

" 'Mademoiselle has gone to church,' said the woman who answered the door, to the two students, when they reached Mademoiselle Pinson's lodgings.

" 'To church !' repeated Eugene with surprise.

" 'To church !' echoed Marcel. 'That is impossible ; she is not out. Let us in, we are old friends.'

" 'I assure you, sir,' said the woman, 'that she went to church about three quarters of an hour ago.'

" 'To what church did she go ?'

" 'To St. Sulpice, as usual ; she never misses a morning.'

" 'Yes, yes, I know that she says her prayers, but it seems odd that she should be out to-day.'

" 'There she comes, sir ; she is turning the corner ; you can see her for yourself.'

"It really was Mademoiselle Pinson coming home from church. Marcel no sooner caught sight of her than he rushed toward her, impatient to examine her toilet. She had on, in lieu of a gown, a petticoat of dark calico, half hidden by a green serge curtain, of which she had contrived to make herself a sort of shawl. From this singular costume, which, however, owing to its dark tone, did not attract attention, peeped her graceful head in its white cap, and her little feet in gaiter-boots. She had wrapped herself in her curtain with so much art and care that it really looked like an old shawl, and the border could hardly be seen. In short, she contrived to be charming even in this toggery, and to prove, for the thousandth time, that a pretty woman is always pretty.

" 'How do I look ?' said she to the young men, opening her curtain a little and giving them a glimpse of her slender waist.

" 'You look charming !' cried Marcel. 'Upon my soul, I never would have believed anybody could look so well in a window-curtain.'

" 'Do you really think so ?' returned Mademoiselle Pinson. 'I look a little bunched, though.'

" 'Like a bunch of roses !' replied Marcel. 'I am almost sorry now that I brought you back your dress.'

" 'My dress ? Where did you find it ?'

" 'Where you left it, most likely.'

" 'And have you rescued it from captivity ?'

" 'Yes, by Jove, I paid its ransom. Do you resent the liberty ?'

" 'No indeed ! provided you will let me do as much for you some day. I'm glad enough to see my dress again, for, to tell the truth, we have lived together for a long while, and I have insensibly become attached to it.'

"As she spoke, Mademoiselle Pinson ran briskly up the five flights of stairs which led to her little room, which the two friends entered with her.

" 'But I can only give you back the dress upon one condition,' said Marcel.

" 'Fie !' exclaimed the grisette. 'For shame ! Conditions ? I won't have it.'



"‘I have a wager,’ continued Marcel. ‘And you must tell us honestly why you pawned your gown.’”

Then it comes out that Mimi has pawned her only dress to save from starvation another grisette, with whom she had feasted sumptuously a week before, and with whom two days afterward she was feasting more sumptuously and expensively than ever, — on probably the last franc sent to their relief by sympathizing friends.

In the poem “On Three Steps of Rose-colored Marble,” which as a whole is very well rendered, we notice that the name of the Greek painter Praxiteles is used with the penult improperly long; and in the very next poem, and on the next page but one, the same word is given with its proper quantity, the antepenult long. Here and there, too, is a word or phrase which does not exactly convey De Musset’s meaning, but there are many more in which it is hit off in an idiomatic way truly admirable. Indeed, it is hardly fair to dwell on the few minor blemishes which, after all, it is much easier to pick out than to have avoided in a work so difficult.

If, as Sainte-Beuve has said, Alfred de Musset entered the lyric sanctuary through the window, “*Spécialité d’absinthe*” must have been inscribed on the back door through which he went out. George Sand by her scandalous portrayal, and his brother Paul equally by his scathing denial, have made the failings of the unfortunate poet only too well known to the world; and no small measure of gratitude, we take it, is due to the American lady who has so well contributed her share toward doing what Madame Sand and his brother would both better have done, namely, let Alfred de Musset speak for himself.

*The Lady of the Ice. A Novel.* By JAMES DE MILLE, with Illustrations by C. G. BUSH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. DE MILLE has already made a great many people laugh with good reason by his “Dodge Club in Italy,” and we think he has as neat a turn for story-telling as any American, — if we may claim him for our nationality. Not trying to go very deep into our poor human nature, which has perhaps already been sufficiently probed, he is free to pay greater attention to the surface, and he usually presents a lively and artistic picture of that; and many intense

and profound young writers might profitably leave off touching our hearts and analyzing our emotions, and take a lesson from him in the pleasant study of manners and characteristics. We are not going to say that Mr. De Mille’s plots involve any great degree of probability, or that he has any special fineness of touch, but we confess that we like this “*Lady of the Ice*,” and other things of his, quite as well as more probable and more subtle matters. The scene is in Quebec, and principally in what may be called garrison society, the two most prominent persons being young officers, handsome, good-humored, and not too intellectual, who are both very much and very intricately in love. They are managed so as to make an impression of reality, in spite of the improbabilities, and one likes them, as, in fact, one does all the people of the cheerful little novel. Of course, there are the ladies with whom these admirable warriors are in love, and an amusing old Irish gentleman, father to one of the half-dozen heroines. We do not know but Jack Randall’s extrication from his three engagements by the wise action of the highly consolable betrothed, who one after another throw him over, on hearing of his complicated relations, is as interesting as Macrorie’s rescue of the lady of the ice, and subsequent wooing of her. She alone of the young ladies appears a little shadowy and intangible; all the rest are like the delightful young ladies of actual life, allowing for a difference between Canadian and American girls. This difference we imagine Mr. De Mille to have noted very nicely, for his people seem a middle type between the American and the English; yet we are not sure of this, and may, in ignorance of provincial character, be doing him more than justice.

No one can help thinking well of Mr. O’Halloran, the Irish gentleman, who perfectly forgives Macrorie’s mistake in making love to his wife, and yet obliges him to fight a duel out of respect to the code, and then takes it as a mark of the greatest kindness when Macrorie consents to fire first. The whole transaction is deliciously Irish; and the novel has only the best-tempered and charming catastrophes in every respect. We must say for Mr. Bush, that he has illustrated it with the most lovely young ladies and handsome young fellows, and has come as near the ideal of light and agreeable art in one way as Mr. De Mille has in another.

*Carlino.* By the Author of "*Doctor Antonio*," "*Lorenzo Benoni*," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS is nothing but the story of how a simple and affectionate young Italian, in the quality of servant subdues the ferocious pride of an aristocratic master, and becomes, in the Baron's despite, his sole support and most loved and valued friend. There ought to be some kindlier and fairer word than servile for a character which is so nicely and truthfully sketched here: "Carlino was born a servant, by which we mean that nature had intended and constituted him for one. All the instincts, energies, and bent of his being lay in that direction, and once having reached it found full scope and satisfaction in that condition. He could conceive nothing within his range which he should prefer. To be dependent on some one in a position above his own, to have some one to please, to make comfortable, to look up to, to attach himself to, was a constitutional want with Carlino. Was his new master likely to satisfy this need?" His new master was the Baron de Kerdiat, ex-soldier, with theories of military strictness added to the instincts of the aristocrat. He "belonged to the same school as that lady of the old *regime*, who dressed in the presence of her footman, on the assumption that a valet was not a man. Servants, in this gentleman's eyes, were not men, but useful flesh-and-blood machines to be paid for hire, and so long as he paid them that hire, he considered himself quits with them." Such being the Baron, the reader will imagine the life he leads Carlino, and will not be surprised that, abhorring zeal above all things, he should discharge the excellent fellow for the impudence of clandestinely watching beside him during a sickness. When the Baron is thrown from his horse and made a cripple for life, he remembers with meekness and longing this despised friend, and for the rest the story is the account of their affectionate association. But it is full of charming sketches of French and Italian characters and manners; and though it is very brief, yet if it is really the business of an author to make his reader happier and desirous of being better, — which, in defiance of much imbecile wickedness about the sufficiency of art in and for itself, we suspect to be the case, — then Mr. Ruffini has here achieved success not surpassed by that of any other of his very delightful books.

We do not mean to hint that the little story is artistically defective; on the contrary it is the best literature, and of a kind of fiction, — simple, direct, and confident, like that of Auerbach, Björnson, and Erckmann-Chatrian, — which no one born to speak English has yet had the courage to attempt, though it is evident that nothing pleases English readers better.

*The History of Hortense, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE Rev. Mr. Abbott, who has so often taught the art of holy living from the example of the Bonaparte family, here holds up a connection of that blameless and beneficent race for the emulation of American youth. His sort of soft-soap is a highly erasive compound, and the reputation of Hortense comes like snow from his manipulation; and by a like process the blood-spots are removed from the history of her son, while the stains of license and excess are skilfully transferred from the imperial character to that of Pierre Bonaparte. The Emperor was elected to the throne of France by a loving people, and there was not, to Mr. Abbott's knowledge, any *coup d'état*. Thus are American youth instructed in history and morals, and prepared for the Parisian career in which they do their country so much honor.

The reader familiar with Mr. Abbott's former histories will readily conceive of the general method of this book; but we do not think that the author sufficiently improves an opportunity given him of defending Napoleon for the divorce of Josephine. It may yet turn out that this act was wholly justifiable as a measure of self-defence, for from the letters of Josephine here quoted we are vividly impressed anew that she must have been one of the most tiresome people that ever lived. One platitude follows another in her correspondence, and her glib rhetoricalities are so abundant, that it seems impossible she could have felt deeply any of the things she said. Imagine a mother writing thus to a daughter living unhappily with her husband, as Hortense does with Louis: —

"You wish that he resembled his brother. But he must first have his brother's temperament. You have not failed to remark that

almost our entire existence depends upon our health, and health upon digestion. *If poor Louis's digestion were better, you would find him much more amiable.*"

It is like Mrs. Nickleby. No one but the saint Napoleon really was could have stood this sort of thing fifteen years, and then voluntarily continued a correspondence with Josephine after the divorce.

*O. T. A Danish Romance.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

It is a great pleasure which the publishers place within common reach by printing in neat and handsome shape a uniform edition of the works of Hans Christian Andersen. Whatever else one may say of him, there is no denying that he is a man of delicate and petical mind, and he has been so long the eminent representative of Scandinavian literature, that his complete works would be expected in any accumulation of classics. But they are not only to be expected; they are to be welcomed, and very heartily. He is not a writer of strong imagination, and we are tempted to give his creative faculty no better name than fancy; yet he has somehow lodged himself securely in the hearts of old and young, where he holds a place that men of much greater power could not attain. Children perhaps know him best from "The Ugly Duckling," a subtle allegory so lovely that, whether you understand it perfectly or not, it is still exquisitely charming; and maturer readers think of him first as the author of "The Improvisatore," a story that, with many faults and imperfections, is always fascinating. And judging from the other works published by Messrs. Hurd and Houghton, we think that both the children and their elders know him at his best in these. He never reaches, in any other of the "Wonder-Stories told for Children," so high an effect as that attained in "The Ugly Duckling"; his fancy is apt to run wild, and his emotionality is so abundant that he too often indulges himself in the luxury of wringing his little readers' hearts upon no just occasion whatever. (There is a tale in the "Wonder-Stories" of the sufferings of an ambitious little fir-tree which longed to leave its native forest, and which became a Christmas-tree, and then after its brief glory entered upon a long period of neglect and final destruction;

and this tale is so pathetically and carefully told, that it is wickedly and uselessly affecting in a world where there is possible and actual human sorrow enough to make children wretched with, if they must be tormented before their time.) The same exuberance makes the author a superficial observer, as we have already hinted in a notice of his travels in Spain and Portugal. In his romances he is better. "The Improvisatore" is on the whole generally faithful to the spirit of Italian life; and "The Two Baronesses," though the plot is violent and extravagant to the point of offence, has many characters and pictures of Danish life which convey their own assurance of truth.

The present novel, "O. T.," is not so good as the former of these, but seems to us better than the latter. The scene is entirely in Denmark; and though the conception is theatrical, the story is wrought out with simplicity and reality. It is burdened, like the others, with overmuch episode, and the conversation is often indirect and trivial, not advancing the narrative, nor developing character. The story is that of Otto Thorstrup, a young student, whose mother had not only been betrayed by his father, but had confessed herself guilty of two robberies committed by him, and had borne his punishment. The seducer was the son of Colonel Thorstrup, an old soldier and magistrate; and when the hapless young mother died in the workhouse, after bringing into the world a fatherless boy and girl, Colonel Thorstrup took the boy home, and reared him in ignorance of his origin. But a worthless German mountebank, who had some knowledge of this, pursued the young man with dark hints of it, and pretended to know his sister; and so at last prevailed on Otto to release from durance a depraved and thievish girl, whom he declared to be this sister. The burden of his secret, shared by this wretch, darkens and embitters Otto's life, which is chiefly brightened by the friendship of a young nobleman, Wilhelm, who is in love with a beautiful girl of low condition. It turns out that this is Otto's real sister; she dies before her marriage with Wilhelm; and that gay and pretty sister of Wilhelm, with whom Otto is at first in love, marries a Kammerjunker, and then Otto finds that really it is another sister of Wilhelm's, Louise, namely, that he is in love with, and they are wed. The story straggles over much detail, as we have suggested,

but it is all very interesting, and parts of it are absorbing. The course of Otto's love for Sophie is very naturally and finely traced through all the turns by which he deceives himself in regard to her feeling; and his friendship with Wilhelm, if it seems a somewhat florid affair to men of our race, is still very charming. Doubtless the most affecting and forcible chapter of all is that in which the author goes back to depict the scenes of the punishment and self-sacrifice of Otto's poor young mother. The character of Rosalie, the old Swiss housekeeper, who will not return to her country in the ease and affluence of her old age, because all her friends, whom she can believe alive at a distance, she will find to be dead, is very nicely and feelingly portrayed, and the reader is everywhere conscious of admirable painting of local and individual life.

It is an odd fact worth noting, that an amusement in which Wilhelm and other young noblemen indulge on a certain occasion is that of masquerading in women's clothes, as those rich and idle gentlemen of London have lately been doing, to the dismay of many real old ladies of both sexes.

*Robert Greathouse. An American Novel.*

By JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT, Author of "Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East." New York: Carleton.

FROM Mr. Swift we think we had some right to expect better things than this novel; for "Going to Jericho," though it was rather more than sufficiently flippant, was yet a lively book, and showed a literary feeling and power which "Robert Great-

house" lacks. "Robert Greathouse" is, in fact, an awkwardly managed novel of an old-fashioned kind, which was a second-rate fashion when it was new; and though the scene is in the fresh localities of California, and the strong novel life there might have been effectively drawn upon for character and incident, we have nothing but a stock company playing standard melodrama. Good, bad, and indifferent, they are curiously dreary people, all of them; and the reader who cares to know what becomes of them must be the prey of a very morbid and unhealthy inquisitiveness.

We indulge a hope that this is an earlier work than "Going to Jericho," and that Mr. Swift, who can do better, will be sorry for "Robert Greathouse," when he has done better.

*Breezie Langton. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five.* By HAWLEY SMART, Author of "A Race for a Wife." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As it seems possible for any one, with the native brilliancy of the language, to be epigrammatic in the French tongue, so the structure of English society, and the vast mass of extant English fictions, enables any one to write novels. In fact, a great part of the contemporary English romance seems to be the effect of a kind of spontaneous generation. Upon this principle we account for the existence of "Breezie Langton." But even if such novels were written from an authentic and individual impulse, we should decline to praise them, and should advise people to do any not positively bad thing rather than read them; for utter waste of time is a sin, though the young ladies may not all think so.